

BLITZ

"UP YER BUM!!!"

LOOKING UP!

THE INSTANT STARDOM
OF EMILY LLOYD

GORE VIDAL
*in the court of
the poison king*

SPIKE MILLIGAN
the ups and downs

THE INLA
terror in the UK

FASHION:
THE SPRING/SUMMER 88 COLLECTIONS

PLUS GAULTIER GRILLED/RODDY FRAME/SOVIET COMMERCIAL ART/BILL FORSYTH/JOHN HIATT/NEW YORK POSSES


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C O N T E N T S



This month's
cover star,
Emily Lloyd.
Photograph by Russell Young.
Make-up by Sarita

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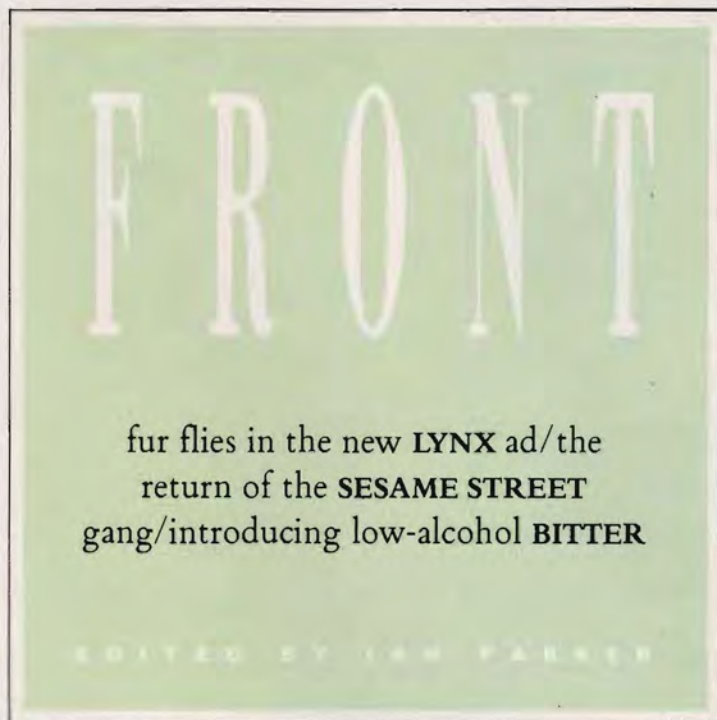
Strong Lager



Brought manfully to our small screens by Laurie McMenemy, Barbican made its low-alcohol splash in 1980, and what started as a drink-and-drive dribble soon turned to a downpour with Kaliber, Swan Light and Clausthaler. But good old bitter – with 57 per cent of the market over lager's 43 per cent – was surprisingly neglected. Suddenly, there are two lighter than light ales – HIGHWAY LOW

ALCOHOL BITTER from Elgoods, and Whitbread's WHITE LABEL (left). In a carefully controlled experiment, BLITZ found that, yessshh, eighteen pints of White Label are equivalent to six of the real stuff.





Controversy and acclaim greeted 'Dumb Animals', David Bailey's blood-spattered commercial for LYNX, the anti-fur pressure group. To further their incontrovertible argument, the organisation has now produced 'Scavengers', directed by Chris Hartwill at Ridley Scott Associates, with sufficient maggoty nastiness to make an 18 certificate likely. Working on the premise that animals killed for their fur have two sets of scavengers – flies and people – the 90-second ad intercuts insect activity on a carcass with a man's molestation of a woman in furs. "The flies," runs the endline, "don't know any better." All who worked on the ad gave their services for free – keeping the cost down to an extremely modest £10,000. Made commercially, the same would cost a cool £200,000.



Brothers Bert and Ernie (right) play a game of suitable ideological soundness in **SESAME STREET** – which returns on November 30th after a long and tragic absence. An international best seller – versions include Sesamstraat (Netherlands), Rechov Sumsum (Israel), Barrio Sesamo (Spain) and Iftah Ya Simsin (Kuwait) – Channel 4 are running the show during every school holiday from here to eternity. Spread the word – the word is Big Bird.



FRONT

ralph steadman's **SCAR STRANGLED BANGER** / **HARP PREMIER EXPORT** COMPETITION / the favourite things of **PAUL SMITH** / **ASHWORTH** exhibited

Here are four Americans having a nice day in **SCAR STRANGLED BANGER** (Harrap, £15.95), Ralph Steadman's wonderfully foul representation of all things grotesque in the Land of the Free-Parking. Further Polaroid Paranoids – this time including eerie mergings of Thatcher and Reagan – combine with rabid sketches (under such headings as 'Campaigns In The Ass' and 'Up Yours God'), and a text which does its damndest to match the illustrations. This from a boat trip during the America's Cup: "... I finally overcame my miserable three-day seasickness with a pill that drove me from reasonable consciousness to wild and dribbling vandalism, intent on only one act. An act so unthinkable as to render it impossible... With readily available red and black spraycans, it seemed my only mission in life was to write 'Fuck the POPE' on the side of the GRETTEL, or maybe it was the INTREPID, what the hell, one or other of the racing boats would do just as well for my painting surface. I wasn't taking sides. I was the artist."

This photograph of John Lydon is an example of the work of **PETER ASHWORTH**, whose first solo exhibition takes place at the **AFAEP Gallery**, 9–10 Domingo Street, London EC1 from November 30th to December 4th. The show, sponsored by Sapporo beer, will feature examples of Ashworth's commissioned work in music, fashion and editorial as well as some recent personal work.



Last month, 300,000 Anglophiles visited the 'British Fair' in Tokyo's giant Seibu department store. **PAUL SMITH**, with ten Japanese shops to promote, willingly selected his 'favourite things' for a display of unabashed nostalgia (above). Note the pine floors (specially laid), the mahogany doors, the oil paintings, the cricket bat and prewar globe. The 1953 Bristol car is Smith's own. "The show is distilled, quintessential Englishness," says his office, "... so Japanese."



HARP PREMIER EXPORT COMPETITION

Those relatively sharp people at the Harp Lager Company not only brew one of Britain's most stylishly packaged lagers but have also offered us **ten crates** of the stuff to give away free to our stylishly packaged readers.

We are speaking, naturally, of **HARP PREMIER EXPORT**, and if you would like a crate to help you while away those evening hours, all you need to do is answer this simple question:

What was the Russian Premier Kruschchev's first name?

Send your answer together with your name and address on a postcard to 'Harp Comp, BLITZ Magazine, 40–42 Newman Street, London W1P 3PA' to arrive no later than December 7th, 1987. The first ten correct answers out of the hat on that date each win a crate of Harp Premier.

A S H O T O F S H E R R Y

By Anne Pigalle



PARTICULAR

THE PALEST ALTERNATIVE BY CROFT



Put a taxi next to the word 'age', and you have a 'rebus' for cabbage. The designs above are taken from **THE DREAM**, a fifty-page rebus by Kim Palmer (Pagoda, £4.95). The publishers promise a lapel pin for all correct answers. Represented here, we reckon, is "Loom Dew Right Angle Odd Shoes Table Bird On Twig Quill Sedan Chair Tenpin Bowling Very Large Gate Man With Pick Axe And Light On His Head".

Too easy.



Before being sacked, RCA design professor Gert Dumbar had his students redesign the British passport and five pound note right). "He was trying to suggest that design can be bettered," says his disciple **MIKE BENNION**, "even in those things which we take for granted." Bennion has since moved on to redesign the 1,000 Yen note (above) — soon to be exhibited on an RCA tour of the Far East. Painted on Japanese newspaper, the note is both forgery-proof and, in those quiet moments, highly readable.



The CD jukebox, already finding favour in the United States, makes its British debut in the top-heavy shape of DISCMASTER (left). You get touch-screen controls, access to 1,000 tracks... and very little Lonnie Donnegan. With a mere 150 CD singlés on the market, the sadly scratchless sounds will come from albums only. "It'll have everything," say the manufacturers, "from Eric Clapton to... er... Jimi Hendrix."



JOAN SIMMONDS

FRONT

interpret **THE DREAM** and win a
pin/**DISCMASTER** cd
jukebox/bash a yuppie with the
ALUMINIUM FILOFAX

GERRY 'Gobshite' SADOWITZ (left) only cleared his throat of phlegm once during our little chat, which I thought was sweet. As waggery goes, he's up there with the giants. He also has a cock like a fire-hydrant. Without beating about the bush, it's worth saying here and now that foul-mouthed Gerry is funnier than life itself. Just one quintessential vignette from his relentless one-hour stage act (this man will never be allowed on television) can keep your cheekbones hovering until sunrise. And the most quintessential moment, perhaps, is when he tosses himself, literally, into a vivid Jimmy Saville parody, further details of which would probably stain the pages of this magazine. And he does it all on an Enterprise Allowance Scheme ("Pathetic, isn't it?").

Titled 'Total Abuse', Sadowitz's one-man act (sold out every night for three weeks during the Edinburgh Festival, and now going national) is a festering obscenity – a barrage of one-line put-downs, evil asides, character assassinations, ludicrous and violent magic tricks and vivid minimalist comments on the remorseless anguish and surreality of life itself. His pacing is monumental. And he's also the only comedian on the club circuit to admit that Ben Elton isn't funny as a stand-up.

Sadowitz has no time for 'non-sexist, non-racist' tags – "No one's getting off the hook in my act," he proclaims; and his stage patter transcends any notions of topicality or political bias in a whirlwind of esoteric and vitriolic juxtapositions. Gerry knows that 'Life Is Shite'.

"As a kid I was all innocent and as good as gold," he remembers. "I thought everyone and everything was wonderful. Then, at 13, it suddenly clicked – I realised what was happening. It's obvious. I don't understand why so few people suss life's basic premise. I'd love to get in that quotations game and have credited to me 'Life is fucking shite!' It's as simple as that. Name anything and I'll prove it, right here and now."

Gerry is 26, comes from Pollock Shields, Glasgow, and is a sure-fire case of 'genius is pain'.

"It's classic and it's corny," he apologises, rather seriously, "but my upbringing was shite! My parents divorced when I was five, so my mother brought my sister and me up. My father – who's a complete wanker who I never think about – went off to America years ago. That's why I hate myself – I see a lot of him in me."

OK – if you had only two choices for a change of personality, who would you rather be? Bernard Manning or Norman Tebbit?

"Neither! Neither! Even if you forced me."

OK then, Neil Kinnock or Thora Hird?

"No, no, no! You'd have to kill me, or I'd kill myself first."

Even on your deathbed, you wouldn't say, 'Oh, alright then, I'll take Thora Hird'?

"No, for fuck's sake! Not with lumbago!"

This is Gerry's one big mistake. I think he would be perfect on *Songs Of Praise*. Until such a thing happens, though, you would be sick or sad to miss his 'Total Abuse'.

This sweet little kosher thug will go far. **JOHN HIND**

(GERRY SADOWITZ appears at London's ICA Theatre, December 8th–12th.)



Ian Whittaker's ALUMINIUM FILOFAX (right) packs a mean punch. "It's the ultimate yuppie-basher's accessory," claims the former aviation engineer. "It started off as a piss-take, a kind of punk Filofax, but then I thought, why not market it as a fashion accessory?" Piano-hinged and in five finishes (pictured is 'Five Bar'), Whittaker's designer cudgels are selling for around £50 in suitably smart outlets. Enquiries to the 101 Gallery, 84 Camden High Street, London NW1. Tel: 01-388 7452.



This picture of Jim Morrison comes from the lavish pages of 20 YEARS OF ROLLING STONE (Ebury, £12.95). Besides advice on how to avoid proffering cocaine to unwanted guests (you say, "Well, I sure have to go to the bathroom, and so do Robert and Susan and Alice, but Jim and Fred and Bob don't have to go..."), the book features king-size interviews from the last two decades with the likes of Lennon, Springsteen, Dylan and Nicholson, plus some classy photography... and, of course, that charming story about Johnny Rotten cutting off his piles with a razor blade. As the subtitle puts it, 'What A Long, Strange Trip It's Been'.



Winner of this year's Fuji Scholarship Awards (for film college films) was **MACHEATH**, elegantly directed by Andrew Higgs and produced, with evident efficiency, by Ashish Kotak. The 15-minute narrative has John Hurt as a blind 18th-century magistrate distressed at a wave of fearless highway robberies. Are these crimes inspired by Garrick's Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera*? Are these cocky crooks victims of a theatre nasty? Historical realism airs an issue of Whitehousian interest.



"Well, as people buy designer everything else, why not designer plates?" insists Luciana Martinex de la Rosa of ARTPLATE, "and they are dishwasher-proof." Left is an original design on procelain by Jasper Conran, in a series which includes Rifat Ozbek, Vivienne Westwood, Stephen Jones, Manolo Blahnik and Zandra Rhodes. The plates cost a tidy £25, but no crockery could be more chic. Enquiries to Artplate, 186 Westborne Park Road, London W11 1BT.



Our apologies to Kirstin Chalmers, whose make-up credit was omitted from the photographs of Ben Elton in the November issue of BLITZ.

The holograms of Scarlett, Boy George and Lindow Man in the October issue were photographed by Tim Hawkins.

bylines

"Please thank **PAUL MORLEY** for one of the most interesting pieces ever done on me." Surprisingly this message comes not from **GEORGE MICHAEL** but from one **STEVE MARTIN** of California, who teleaxed specially to Warner Brothers in London to express his heartfelt gratitude for by far the cheapest psychiatric session he has ever undergone. The shy and retiring Mr Morley will naturally not allow such praise to go to his head... Congratulations to **JOHN GALLIANO**, who appeared on the cover of the October issue of BLITZ and within days had been elected the new Designer Of The Year... And still on a fashion note, this month sees a new addition to the BLITZ masthead in the shape of the gorgeous **KIM 'KIM' BOWEN**, who is our new Fashion Editor... Imagine. A **JEFFREY ARCHER** biography. This is the treat in store from ex-Observer journalist Jonathan Mantle. Archer is giving his full co-operation, but we can't help wondering why he isn't writing it himself... Collins have spent a record £100,000 hyping **CLIVE BARKER**'s carpet-life caper, *Weaveworld*. There was no champagne, however, at the Limelight launch - merely speeches of vast sentimentality, one of which dwelt for an eternity upon Barker's "new grammar". We presume, for a book so badly written, that this just means plain old-fashioned "bad grammar". Meanwhile, proof copies of the book are changing hands at £200... Which is undoubtedly a lot more than anyone would pay for a proof copy of **NAIM ATTALLAH**'s *Women*. The Quartet publisher's transcripts of women talking at considerable length about this and that received a grand launch at a party at the V&A. Blue champagne was passed around and a Grecian statue in the centre of the room turned out to be a *real live woman* painted white. The truth came out when she was spotted smoking a cigarette midway through the evening. As far as we know she was not interviewed for the book... Against all the odds, it seems that **NICK BEGGS**, of Kajagoogoo, um, fame, is set for a second fifteen minutes as one third of **ELLIS, BEGGS & HOWARD** (described as "Motown R&B"). Much hushed excitement has surrounded their secret signing with RCA. With the help of Terence Trent D'Arby's management, the trio are set to be the mega-success of the New Year... TV commercial manufacturers Mendoza Productions, commissioned to make 26 TV dramas entitled *The A-Z Of Sin*, have been forced to acknowledge the sorry state of British script-writing. The slimmed-down series is now scheduled as *Seven Deadly Sins*... Where Manchester leads, it seems, London follows, at least when it comes to Taxis. **VIDEOCAB** is already installed in 300 of Manchester's 500-odd cabs and London may be next. Punters get a half-hour programme - twenty minutes of editorial and ten minutes of ads - on a six-inch screen lodged between the swinging seats. The volume control is in the hands of the cabbie, but the passenger is within grateful reach of an on/off switch (Videocab promises Tom O'Connor and Rick Wakeman interviews). "I 'ad that video in the back once..." ●



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The new Braun Linear is designed to perform like a Porsche. Smooth.

It zooms through your weekend stubble in seconds. And for the average guy, that means around 5,874 bristles per minute.

First your hands feel its designer grip with contoured ribs. You shift up. Your face feels the smooth, comfortable closeness of its ultra-thin platinum-plated foil.

Then suddenly you're cruising through those tough, awkward areas with the ease and speed of a high performance turbo, and you know it's the only smooth machine. Put your foot down.

Braun Linear Shavers from £17.95 to £29.95.

BRAUN



"Quiche nien danke," scrawls **BRUCE MCLEAN** (as respectful of German spelling as cheese pie) on a sketch for his new bar – soon to be installed in Bristol's Arnolfini Centre. Working with that old-fashioned modernist David Chipperfield – architect to Issey Miyake – McLean is creating a space for serious drinking, but with echoes of turn-of-the-century Glasgow tearooms. "I like to go to bars, and I like to drink, and I like to look at visual arts," says a cheerful McLean. "I think it's the best thing that's ever happened to me. All art should have a function." The bar and restaurant should put new life into Bristol's docks, once smart but now, according to McLean, falling into "a mucky, grubby, quichey situation". But is McLean sure that there won't be an Arnolfini quiche? "Well, I bet some bugger will bring a quiche out of somewhere. Maybe I should bring a little, just to cover myself. What do you think of a quiche suit?"

(The **BRUCE MCLEAN BAR AND RESTAURANT** opens on November 28th.)



Set in the stunning surroundings of a Roman amphitheatre, **THE CURE IN ORANGE** (above) is a summer night of pop made pretty by promo director Tim Pope. But despite ample dry ice and cameras with more pan than Keith Floyd, the dreary soullessness of the band begins to show through. Where there's smoke there ain't always fire.



This is the car you've been waiting for... the "power" car of the year! It's the sensational, off-road Super "88" Oldsmobile – packed with more "power" features than you've ever seen in any automobile! New "Rocket" Engine for doubling new "Rocket" action! New Power-Shift Power Brakes for quicker, more stopping power! New Power-Shift Chassis for a smoother, safer ride! Power Steering for easier, more parking, turning, maneuvering! New Power Steering for brilliant new beauty! All in all, it's the "Big Feature" car of the year... Oldsmobile's superb new SUPER "88"!



Mom is swapping Tupperware tales, Dad is sipping a tie-loosener in his favourite bucket chair and Junior is washing fintaits in the drive. This is the glorious so-called Populuxe family, those who sprang lithely from the pages of House Beautiful to take possession of America's rolling suburban tracts. For a decade the nation went shopping and came home with objects steeped in fantasy futurism. Rescuing a bizarre iconography from its assorted parodists, Thomas Hine's

POPULUXE

(Bloomsbury, £16.95, pictured left) is a history and a celebration of America's great Howdy Doody hiatus.

FRONT

a look at the **CHRISTMAS GAMES**/the quiche art of **BRUCE McLEAN**/more **HOLOGRAMS**/the **POPULUXE** generation/on stage with **THE CURE**



"A marketing freak" is how the manufacturers joyfully describe the success of **PASS THE PIGS**. "It was actually designed for children, but is now being played by pig freaks in dank basements." With minimum advertising ("There was a little PR, but we haven't killed ourselves"), Pass The Pigs has become a hip best-seller. The idea is this: two plastic pigs are thrown as dice. Players score according to how the creatures land. Should both pigs come to rest head first, a Double Snouter – worth a fabulous 40 points – has been achieved. We recommend it.

With the same virtue of simplicity, **INITIAL REACTION** asks only that players should shout a famous name possessing the two initials indicated by spinning arrows. RR is easy, ZQ is not. A directory of names inhibits excessive bluffing. Also recommended.

For the rest of this year's Christmas games, **BLITZ** brought together two stockbroking friends. Accompanied by their partners, they met in the understated grandeur of a bijou Docklands apartment. Now read on:

"Who's for **SPORTS TRIVIA**?" asked Giles. There was a silence. "**WINE TRIVIA**? **ROYAL TRIVIA**?"

"Royal Trivia?" Henrietta was confused.

"I know," smiled Giles. "Let's start with **LENNY HENRY'S STAND-UP COMIC**. That will be incredibly funny."

It wasn't.

Rory took control. "**SPITTING IMAGE: THE GAME**. Here we go."

There was a buzz of excitement. Of the plastic heads, there was only one Mrs Thatcher.

"I'm not going to be Kinnock," said Giles.

"Who's Gor... Gorbachev?" asked Rory.

"It says here that the fattest person starts."

Camilla winced. Henrietta picked up a new box. "**HOW TO BE A COMPLETE BASTARD: THE GAME!**" she screamed.

A little more champagne was poured. "According to this card, Rory, you have to eat your own earwax."

"What is earwax?," bristled Rory unsportingly, and the game went back to its box.

Corks flew. **WHO'S HAD WHO** was next.

"This looks as funny as the book," giggled Camilla.

It was.

"**DINGBATS!**" cried Giles.

"Dingbats?" puzzled Henrietta. "But Dingbats isn't the name of a tacky book or a TV series."

Some more drink.

Giles held up a card. It said DAB in big letters.

"I've got it, I've got it," said Rory.

"Big dab! Am I right? Am I right?"

He was wrong.

"**TIMBER**," suggested Giles, and the party tried to build a tower out of plastic

blocks. "I can't wait to read the book," said Rory.

"**PICTIONARY**," announced Camilla. As instructed, she drew a camel.

"That's a champagne bottle!" Rory leant back smugly.

The evening was coming to an end.

"Look," said Camilla,

"**CONNOISSEUR**. It teaches you how to be a wine snob!"

There were icy stares. "Camilla," Giles admonished, "we are wine snobs."

"Silly me," said Camilla.

(Approximate retail prices: **PASS THE PIGS**, £6; **SPORTS TRIVIA**, £13; **WINE TRIVIA**, £13; **ROYAL TRIVIA**, £10; **SPITTING IMAGE**, £20; **BASTARD**, £13; **WHO'S HAD WHO**, £20; **DINGBATS**, £15; **TIMBER**, £10; **PICTIONARY**, £27; **CONNOISSEUR**, £22.)



The Royal College of Art is the only British college running a holography course. Patrick Boyd, whose work is on display in the window of Zandra Rhodes until mid-December, is a final year student. "I want to use holography as a fashion medium," says Boyd, whose hologram model (left) sports new Rhodes finery. So successful have the images been, grumbles the shop, that the mannequins are neglected, (Zandra Rhodes is at 14A Grafton St, London W1).

Official!!! BRUTE! is back. Number Five in the handy pocket-size editions of **Classified Pulp Nasties** promises "unnecessary sex, violence and football" and is launched at London's **Forbidden Planet** bookshop on **November 29th** (where the range of very fashionable **BRUTE!** T-shirts can also be obtained). But as **Brute boy Aldan Hughes** explains (a victim of "free lunch vertigo" at the time), he and partner **Malcolm Bennett** are being absorbed into **Swamp Thing** publishers **Titan** and "this may be the last **BRUTE!** for some time, if not ever". The team will be moving into a larger format and international distribution. The new issue includes the story of a man who turns half-man half-bicycle and a bullfighting story, *à la* **Ernest Hemingway**, about a man losing his genitals. By a strange coincidence, there is also a tale entitled '**BLITZ**', all about some magazine or other...

CLASSIFIED PULP NASTIES



FRONT

a new **BRUTE!**/the orangina art of **BERNARD VILLEMOT/BLITZ**
BONANZA news

If you are one of the many thousands of people who sent off for a present in September's **BLITZ BONANZA** and you're wondering what's happened to your present, do not worry!



Because of the unexpectedly huge number of replies we received, it's taking us longer than expected to process all the applications. Some presents have already been sent out and the rest will be despatched soon.

And while we're on the subject of the **BLITZ Bonanza**, our thanks to the following who donated extra presents to meet demand: **Durex Gold, Obsession, Calvin Klein, Dylon Natural Fabric Dye (pictured), Revlon Flex Conditioner, Red Stripe The Protector.**

On a cold and windy October day in **Marseilles** this giant mural (below) promoting **Orangina** was unveiled to assembled notables and a large number of men in waistcoats who were competing in a waiters' race. The design was done by the French artist **BERNARD VILLEMOT**, who has been producing striking posters for the drink for over thirty years. Villemot's work was recently exhibited in Paris and it's hoped that the exhibition will come to London early next year. **Orangina** itself has already been here since the spring.

Photograph by **Russell Young**.

SNAILS: "It's shell wars," says **Charles Wells** of **Britsnail**, representing the budding British snail industry. This year sees the first commercial harvest of snails in Britain. Farms are being set up at the rate of two a week. "It's exciting," says **Wells**, "because the market could absorb 1,000 tons of the product. Yes, the intention is to sell to the French." At **Soho's L'Escargot** restaurant, there is caution. "We've been approached by British manufacturers, but for the moment we're sticking to our Parisian importer..." **STAINS:** For the man who has everything, coffee stains included, **Tie Rack** have launched **Tie Shield**, which – sprayed from a distance of ten inches – protects your tie from those embarrassing little marks. "A preventative rather than a cure," explain the manufacturers thoughtfully... **NAIL BITING:** First question – what's short, stubby, unattractive and hurts? First (rather disappointing) answer – bitten fingernails. Second question – why are treatments for fingernails for women only? Second (entirely expected) answer – they are not. The questions and answers come from **Nails Unlimited** (01-372 5895), who offer a complete nail care service to men which includes covering your nails in "an acrylic overlay and bonding agent". The nails become so hard that "nail biting becomes impossible"...

FACIAL HAIR: From **Braun**, promoting their new **Exact Universal Beard Trimmer**, comes a small booklet entitled 'The Braun Beard Book', which includes all the information you never needed about beards. For instance, there are different names for different shapes of beard – the 'Van Dyck', the 'Imperial', the 'Pencil', the, um, 'Beaver'...

GAMES UPDATE: As a footnote to our review of Christmas games, mention should be made of 'Oppression', a board game designed by South African exile **Ismail Darsot**. Its subject is apartheid. "This is a game," says **Darsot**, "in which the colour of your skin, and therefore your lot in life, is dictated by the roll of a die." Since arriving in Britain, **Darsot** claims to have suffered constant harassment. His game – seven years in development – is now being patented. **Darsot** says it will soon be available "...if the Government of South Africa leaves me alone..."

COFFEE TABLE JOBS: First in the picture book list this month is *The Fugitive Gesture: Masterpieces of Dance Photography* by **William A Ewing** (Thames) Hudson, £25.00). Plenty of leaping and not a little posing in a wide-ranging study of the genre. *Henri Cartier-Bresson: The Early Works* by **Peter Galassi** (Thames) Hudson, £22.95) shows the formative years of one of the greats. And lastly, one of the most sumptuous books you will see this year, *Brassai: Paris After Dark* (Thames) Hudson, £35.00). All areas of *la nuit Parisienne* of the Thirties examined by the old prowler. The black paper surrounds add the perfect finishing touch...

THIS MONTH'S GOOD CAUSE: The 1988 calendar of the **Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign** is just one of a heap of ideological goodies to give to the right-on person in your life this Christmas. For a catalogue write to **NSC Christmas Sales**, 23 **Bevendon Street**, London **N1 6BH**. ●

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BREWED IN GERMANY. DRUNK ALL OVER THE WORLD

DESPATCHES

Last month in America, 155 Jamaicans were arrested during a 16-city swoop by Federal agents. It was the first authorised crackdown on 'Posses' – Jamaican underworld gangs involved in crack dealing and gun-running whose recent violent activities recall the bloodthirsty days of early organised crime. RICHARD GUILLIATT reports from New York.

When the Jamaican communities of New York were looking for a picnic spot during the first hot days of August 1985, they chose the FRG Sports Complex in Oakland, New Jersey, a 50-acre picnic ground 25 miles from Manhattan which adjoins the Pleasureland resort. They hired 11 buses to ship families from Brooklyn, the Bronx, New Jersey and even Toronto across there. They had 2,000 people, plenty of reggae music and perfect weather. What they didn't realise was that they also had a small contingent who had packed sub-machine-guns and machetes along with the sandwiches and beer.

The shooting erupted around 4.30pm and it didn't stop for 10 minutes, sending picnickers scattering in a panic. Riccardo Quiles, one of the bus drivers, died in the crossfire. A 39-year-old Jamaican from Brooklyn, Hoptron Reid, was shot in the neck and also killed. Claudette Allen, another black Brooklynite, was playing cards on the grass when a bullet pierced her stomach. An eight-month pregnant woman was shot in the leg. Seven others were shot and 10 people were hurt in the stampede to get away from those firing.

When the Oakland police arrived on the scene, the gunmen simply turned their fire on them and a gun battle erupted until the cops managed to subdue and arrest seven men.

At the time it seemed like one of those senseless weekend outbreaks of violence that are a staple of Monday's newspapers in New York. A couple of the wounded said the fight was a Jamaican political feud erupting far away from Kingston, a gun battle between followers of Prime Minister Edward Seaga's Jamaican Labour Party and Michael Manley's People's National Party. The police talked about possible drug gangs. Whatever the cause, those involved had come prepared, because 28 pistols and a 'boxful' of knives and clubs were picked up when police scoured the bullet-ridden picnic ground later on.

Two years later there is an explanation for the incident. According to the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF), the shootings were part of a long-standing feud between the Shower Posse and the Spangler Posse, two Jamaican crime gangs which have risen to prominence in New York and assumed responsibility for a large part of the city's crack-dealing and gun-running operations.

The Shower Posse, says ATF special agent Bill Fredericks, 'comes out of the Tivoli Gardens housing project in Kingston, a poor area... I mean, basically these guys are coming out the hard way, y'know, and coming to the US, the land of plenty. Legitimate plenty, and illegitimate more plenty, you know what I'm saying? You basically have a tough bunch of boys here. They live by a pretty hard code.'

'At the time of the Oakland shootings we realised right then and there from our

the US. Last month, in a 48-hour swoop covering 16 cities, Federal authorities arrested 155 Jamaicans and seized drugs and automatic weapons in the first authorised crackdown on the Posses. Then they held a press conference to show off their seizures – 64 handguns, five 'Type 2' weapons (machine guns or rifles), 25 ounces of coke, 30 pounds of marijuana, \$168,000 in cash and one hand grenade.

'I should point out,' said ATF spokesperson Dot Koester, 'that we didn't go out to collect weapons and drugs. Where we found most of these people was on the street, so we just got what they had on them or in their cars.'

'I said, you remember Peter? Well his posse tried to kill me...' *'9mm Goes Bang* by Scott La Rock and KRS One.

'Blood through and through, the boys don't play/I seen 'em tax and run an operation today/They got too-too-too much posse...' *'Too Much Posse* by Public Enemy.

A Jamaican immigrant moving to the scarred blocks of the South Bronx or the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn would find himself in not altogether unfamiliar territory. After all, there are nearly as many Jamaicans in New York as there are in Kingston, and the word 'posse' is as common among New York blacks as it is among those in Kingston. As a nomenclature, 'posse' is equally as vague in both cities, it's an all-purpose slice of street slang that refers to anything from a loose-knit gang of friends to a tight-knit gang of criminal killers.

Scott La Rock, the DJ half of South Bronx's Boogie Down Productions, knew about the common roots shared by reggae and rap, about how the Jamaican DJ Kool Herc moved to New York and set up his sound system in the parks, playing to street gangs like the Savage Nomads. 'The gangs became much smaller and were called posses,' recalled La Rock in the last interview before he died. 'They'd be stick-up crews like the Casanova Boys wandering all over the park.' La Rock was unfortunately a little too close to the action his music depicted – he was shot to death earlier this year in a neighbourhood confrontation.

For Jamaicans, the term 'posse' is rooted in an infatuation with the Wild West,

particularly the mythologised Wild West of Hollywood. Anyone who has listened to Dillinger, Clint Eastwood, Peter Tosh or sundry other reggae acts knows about the Jamaican predilection for outlaw chic and cowboy imagery, just as anyone familiar with the history of the early Jamaican sound systems of the Sixties knows about the nexus between gangs and guns and reggae. The recent shootings of Tosh, Prince Far I and Carlton Barrett seem to demonstrate that not a lot has changed in 20 years.

But the fear among some Jamaicans in the US is that 'posse' may become a catch-all phrase that causes confusion among police, lumping Rastas and teenage kids in with heavy-duty gunmen like those responsible for the Oakland picnic killings. The New York Police Department has already issued its officers with an intelligence memo – 'The Spoken Language Of The Rastafarian' – which offers a translation of such staple Rasta vernacular as 'baldhead', 'puppy', 'Babylon' and 'gong'. The problem with this is that the Posses and Rastafarians are separate groups, and although some ex-Rastas may be involved in Posse activities, the idea of a devout Rasta being involved in crack-running is pretty unlikely.

'Your real Posses are just organised drug-dealing cartels,' says Bill Fredericks. 'Real Rastafarians wouldn't be involved in the distribution of coke. They have a ritualistic use of marijuana as part of their religion, but any linkage between Rastas and the Posses is, to me, a historical misuse of the term.'

In the Jamaican community there are some who go further and see the recent raids and their attendant publicity as an attack on Jamaican-Americans without any real proof of their involvement in organised crime.

'There are no organised Posses as such,' asserts Winston Anderson of the Jamaican umbrella group NAJASO. 'It's a term that comes out of the whole dance-hall tradition in Jamaica, it's a group of friends who party together. It's got nothing to do with crime as such. They've blown the whole thing out of proportion.'

'As blacks in this country we have no power whatsoever to organise ourselves in such a way and create the kind of disturbances the police are attributing to us. Jamaicans don't co-operate in a group manner that way. Jamaicans are terribly individualistic. One of the reasons Michael Manley had a problem bringing about social

'The police claim to have identified 20 groups by name, to have traced their gun-running operations and to have connected them to more than 625 drug-related murders.'

informants what it was. We knew what the origin of the dispute was.'

According to Fredericks, the Shower and Spangler Posses are top dogs in a burgeoning Jamaican underworld of crack-dealing and gun-running in the US, running guns up from Florida and Texas where they're easily bought. And to add political fuel to the fire, police sources say the Shower Posse supports the Seaga Government, while the Spangler Posse backs Manley's opposition.

The volatile results of this mix are obvious, and two years after the Oakland shootings the police and Federal authorities are claiming that the Posses, like all efficiently run businesses, have now diversified. They're in Miami, Dallas, Fort Lauderdale, Kansas and other points, and they have earned a reputation as 'the youngest and most violent' crime group in

U.S. Rounding Up Jamaican Drug Gangs

118 Members Arrested in Sweep Conducted Here and in 13 States

Shootings at a Jersey Picnic Linked to Jamaican Politics

JAMAICAN POSSES LINKED TO 100 SLAYINGS HERE

New brand of violence A Rookie Police Officer Is Killed In a Shoot-Out in a Queens Alley

change is because of that. Even the criminal element won't take orders from the boss in the way of the Mafia."

Other Jamaicans are less vehement. "I guess we've heard about them just like anybody else," says Ken Williams, a Jamaican music producer. "But it's unfair that this whole episode reflects on Jamaicans generally. It's really just a particular contingent."

The police claim to have identified 20 groups by name, including Dog Posse, Dunkirk Posse, Tel Aviv Posse, Water House Posse and Banton Posse, to have traced their gun-running operations and to have connected them to more than 625 drug-related murders.

In particular, they point to a series of vicious shootings as Posse incidents. Four days after the Oakland picnic shootout, for instance, another erupted on 169th street in the Bronx between two carloads of men. As usual the victim was a bystander, a seven-year-old girl who was standing on a nearby fire escape and was killed by a bullet-wound to the head.

Last May the police in Brooklyn arrested Trevor Bailey, a Bed-Stuy murder suspect, handcuffed him and proceeded to drive him down to the 77th Precinct House. Halfway there Bailey, sitting in the back seat of the patrol car, managed to pull out a .45-calibre pistol hidden in the small of his back, and shoot both cops as they sat in the front seat.

He then tried to flee with his hands still cuffed behind him, only to be cut down in the street by police gunfire.

A month later came an incident which nearly caused police to review firearms procedures, when a rookie 22-year-old officer was called to a Brooklyn domestic dispute and chased the suspect, Errol Campbell, until he cornered him in a basement entrance on the street. The pair exchanged 15 shots until the officer ran out of bullets. While he was reloading, Campbell allegedly shot him behind the ear with a 9 millimetre pistol.

"These are the kind of individuals you are dealing with," says Fredericks. "This was a family dispute that the guy was involved in, but something like this triggered an assault on a police officer. This guy had a 9mm pistol which had 14 rounds and that's indicative of the violence of the groups."

"The Shower Posse, the origin of their name is that these guys used to shower their enemies with bullets. There were two incidents, one at The Headquarters, a Jamaican Club in the Bronx, and then at the Fireman's Hall in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, when they were just getting their reputation. They threatened to go in there and shower these places with bullets. And that's exactly what they did."

The Federal authorities also point to the Posses' favoured guns as evidence of their uncommon brutality. One is the Intratec

KG99 Luger pistol, an enormous black 9mm handgun about 10 inches long which carries 36 rounds and fires them so quickly it needs a self-cooling barrel. The others are machine guns — the Uzi and the Tech 9.

"Some people have compared them to early organised crime," says Bob Creighton, another special agent with the ATF. "A lot of violence, a lot of retribution, lopping off heads, really brutal murders. When they're arrested they come up with quality attorneys, like anyone in the dope business. You see some kid, he's nineteen or twenty years old, he's got a high-priced lawyer, he's got \$600 in his pockets... I mean, is that his walking-around money?"

"There's definitely a leadership, but the leadership changes. There's more to be learned about how they're run and what the hierarchy is. It isn't just haphazard, there's a plan, there's organisation, there are people responsible for things in the organisation. It's like everything else — narcotics, guns — it's a business. It may not be as organised as Macy's, but it resembles it."

"They got the name and they got the nerve. We're seeing a tremendous number of guns being moved interstate, and that's probably just the tip of the iceberg. They're making their own crack and they're right at the street level here in New York."

The Feds are cautious about saying that the problem has been imported from Jamaica, although it seems clear that the

ruthlessness of the murders mirrors the heavy duty gang warfare of Kingston.

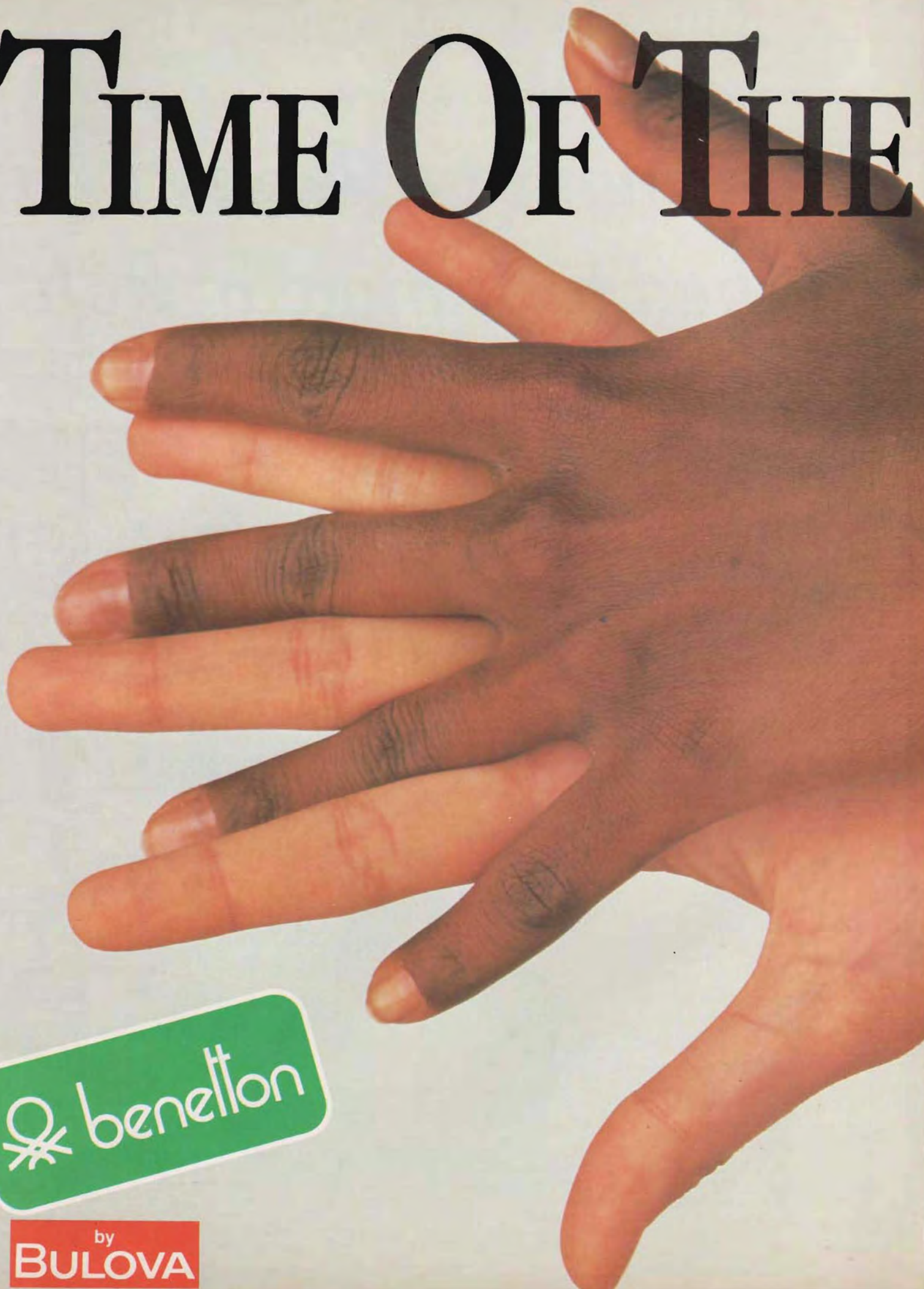
"I wouldn't want to characterize Jamaican upbringing as breeding violence," says Creighton. "This is only a small element within the Jamaican population who aren't involved at all in narcotics. We wouldn't want to paint them all with the same brush."

"They're poor youths who grew up in the ghettos of Kingston or in rural towns, knew each other there through their involvement in crime and, with the influx of illegal immigrants, came here. They're ruthless kids who obviously have a very low concern for life and property. A lot of the ones we come across start off young, they're already involved in narcotics and firearms from an early age."

At this stage the 155 suspects arrested last month have not even been indicted, and convictions are by no means guaranteed. In the Oakland picnic shootings, for example, the chaos of the incident made it almost impossible to draw a connection between the seven arrested suspects and the bullets that killed the victims. No one was even convicted for attempted murder in that case.

"The good news is that we're aware of the problem," says Bob Creighton. "The bad news is that it won't go away." ●

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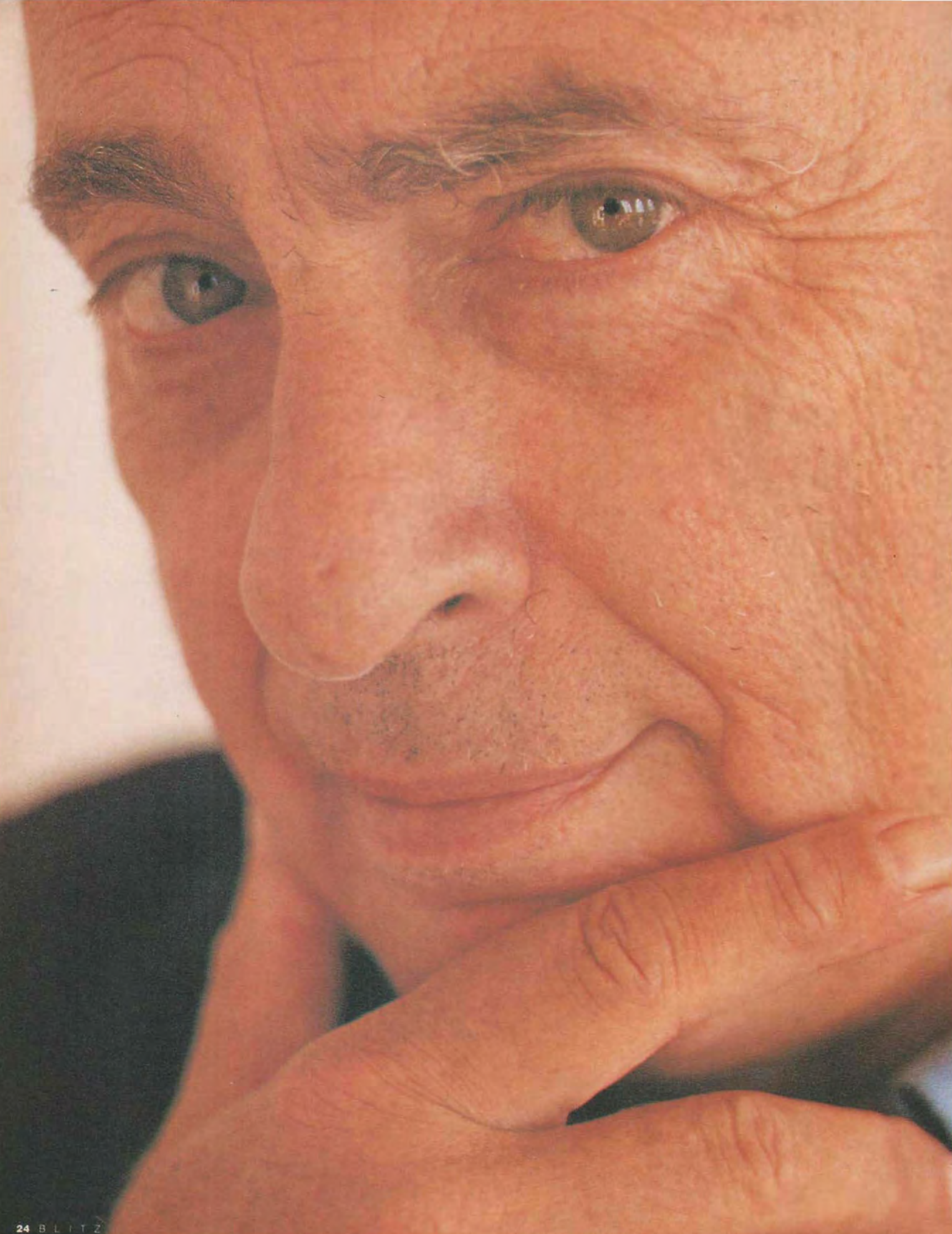


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G O R E D O M

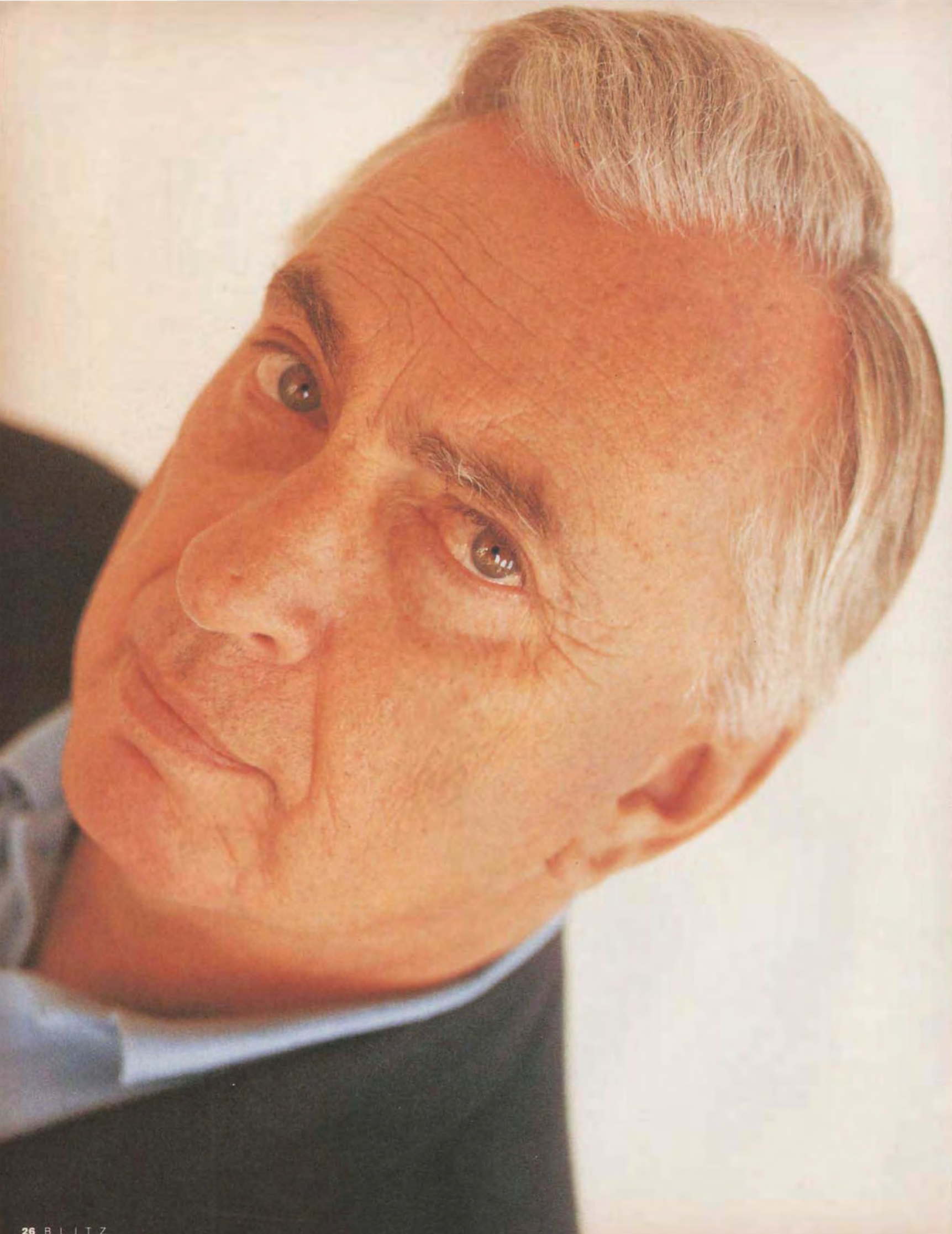
Gore Vidal is America's most controversial literary figure. As a novelist, he has written a string of best-selling erotic and semi-historical classics and as an essayist he has constantly attacked the American right wing establishment. As a purveyor of vitriol he is practically without peer.

I arrived at Ravello on the Naples night train, wrapped up in couquette-gauze like a corpse, fazed by speed-dreams of the Kingdom of Gore, not certain if I had slept or if I was still dreaming.

Goredom lies behind a solid iron gate, down a long dirt footpath – a nine-acre slice of paradise chipped into a ring of mountains which shimmer all around you like blue shadows against a Klein-blue sky which drips into a Klein-blue sea. Past his vine terraces, olive orchards and lemon trees and the neighbours' crumbling Kane-like mansion, Vidal's white villa clings to the cliff above a sheer 200-foot drop, looking out over Salerno and Amalfi, a suffocating haze of blue bay, where the yachts sunbathe in the hounding 40 degree heat and the specks of speedboats crawl across the vast view.

Late, lost, I find him by a purple swimming pool – a fat cat on a sun-lounger, white towel wrapped round a white-haired ball of belly. He invites me to take a swim. Wearing an old man's pair of shorts, I slip into the purple pool and slip away into Goredom, where ▶

INTERVIEW BY JIM SHELLEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCUS TOMLINSON



gore vidal

"The idea that intelligence is a liability could only have been invented by a Brit. 'Too clever by half' is the worst curse you can deliver."

the only conflict is the force of boredom against the lap of luxury. It hasn't rained for two months and every form of pain has been removed.

"Do you ever get tired of this?" I ask him – the most stupid question of my, and his, life. No reply. No need. We all ask stupid questions. When he heard that his good friend Paul Newman was doing a coffee commercial in Japan for \$2½ million, Gore Vidal asked him *why*. Newman replied, succinctly, "I'd have to think up a damned good reason not to."

Gore is gracious enough to let me lie on his lounge, soak up his sun, even puff up his pillows, but on this sleepy Sunday he greets my first questions with sighs of supreme weariness and utter indifference. Livening up later, his conversation is, like his writing, a stylish, subtle triumph of blending gossip with ideas, intellect with facetious provocation, flirting with theory, all spiked with elegant malice and mordant irony. But then he has no shortage of material, for Gore Vidal is or has been: the grandson of the founder of Oklahoma; author of twenty-five novels and plays; MGM screenwriter; pansexual polymath and self-appointed biographer of America. He put the homoeroticism into *Ben Hur*, stepped out with Anais Nin, created *Myra Breckinridge* and *Caligula* and after twenty years of clever controversy remains the spiteful, playful scourge of the American Right, as well as America's most consistent serious best-selling novelist. He can talk (try and stop him) about his ideas for the next Constitution of the United States (abolishing the Presidency, the CIA and the legal right to have children, legalising all drugs and pornography, that type of thing); he can gossip about Gorbachev and Ollie North; and he can tell stories about his friends Eleanor Roosevelt, Joan Collins and Tennessee Williams, whom Vidal once took to meet John F. Kennedy. "Nice ass," leered Williams. When Vidal told JFK of Williams' assessment, Kennedy enthused, "Now that's exciting."

"One could weep for what might have been," says Vidal now.

When he wrote *An Evening With Richard Nixon*, he received death threats – "well-written death threats, too" – and fan-mail from President Marcos. He recently discovered his novel *Duluth* was, quite overwhelmingly, the most popular book in the Women's Penitentiary of Lima, Peru.

"I thought, *now* we know who the fans are, what my true audience consists of!"

Vidal does not care to be interrupted, but he does not particularly care if I'm listening, or if I tell him I've read the story before. He figures the words were so good when he wrote them that they're worth repeating. An interview, he expounds, no doubt with a future essay or chatshow in mind, "should introduce a new thought to the reader. Like... the fact that since 1949 England has been an occupied country by the United States military. We do not allow you any form of Government of which we might not approve and if ever you asked us to remove our air bases, we would refuse."

Clearly this is to be our subject. I am to listen. Lulled by his aristocratic American burr, his quietly camp English irony and the cicadas' relentless, shrill violins, I shut my eyes and lightly dream.

"Jim Shelley, meet Lauren Hutton." Goredom is a fine place to live. Vidal has lived a life of subversive

American socialism and merry socialite-ism. The mildly divine Lauren Hutton dances in, bright eyes, see-through silk skirt and no shoes, all energy and grace, to advise Vidal on a photo-session for *Gioia* magazine. "That's a fine name for a boy like you," she says. Gulp. "Have you heard him tell the story about the Duke and Duchess of Windsor?" Not yet. Vidal potters about like an honourable headmaster, made up and stuffed into a suit, holding in his stomach, repeating his two photo-poses: his author's-nasty-smug-sneer and his air-of-presidential-dignity. John Forsythe or Larry Grayson would play him in the mini-series.

It's a Bunuel setting. I am to play the part of the poor relation, between Vidal and Hutton. Vidal is right to say he'd make a perfect plastic TV President. "I feel intimacy with the camera I never feel with a live audience. It's the only time I totally relax," he has said. He insists on being shot from his best side. "Are you shaded?" hisses Howard Austen, his companion, secretary and friend of thirty years or more. Vidal gives him a cold sneer straight out of *Earthly Powers*. Hutton changes and tells me she's going into the grounds to do the weeding. I rub my eyes.

"The last time I saw Dorothy Parker, Los Angeles was on fire," Vidal announces as one of his favourite anecdotes approaches. "She lived in one of those funny little streets off the Strip. All the hills were aflame and smoke filled the sky. Dot was standing out in the front yard, huge whisky in one hand and long comb in the other, staring at the flames... slowly combing her hair. I said, 'What are you doing?' She said, 'I am combing Los Angeles out of my hair...'"

Vidal's version of Dorothy Parker's wide-eyed distraction drops from lipstick-stained lips. "She had lethal delivery. 'Oh, wonderful to see you,'" Vidal sings in a voice of sweetest Southern innocence. "The play I went to see was wonderful... If it's not the worst play ever written in America I just don't know what is. This was to the author! Hahaha, she really was wonderful."

"I've practically seen everything, yes. It's true you do less as you get older, you want to do less. One does find one sleeps quite a lot here."

Vidal's eyes are open but he's talking in his sleep. Boredom haunts us, hounds us, the boredom of idyllic idleness conquers us. The burden of boredom. I could pretend otherwise, of course, but to be honest, Gore was bored – with his stories, his life. I bored him to death, to tears. I bored Gore stiff. I have no gossip about "little Martin Amis"; I am ignorant and vain. I keep agreeing when he wants me to argue. But then Gore was always bored by the idea of life. He knew in advance: *he was right all along*. He never wanted to be born, let alone (thank God) Born Again.

"I dreamt quite regularly about going through a tunnel, a rocky sort of place, very claustrophobic, with a light at the end that I could never get to. I asked my mother and she said it was a terrible delivery. Her

pelvis was too small. My head was too big."

His story *The Ladies In The Library* was entirely a dream, he tells me, yawning. Dreams lead to *Dallas* and *The Colbys*. Apparently, Fallon has been swept away to space.

"She's been in space ever since," he purrs. "With Shirley MacLaine. (He smirks suavely.) Shirley had eight hours on television proving she was God... I've always known, but I didn't know it was official."

He watches my laughter and forgets he is bored.

Dragged into living on October 3rd 1925, Vidal has had a lucky life, so much so that he's tiring slightly from the luxury of his luck. His only hardship has been the criticism that he cannot re-create pain in his fiction. He was born Eugene Luther Vidal Jr. at the prestigious West Point Military Academy, where he was educated and where his father (an early aviation pioneer) was an officer and, his son has written, "the finest all-round athlete in the history of the Academy". His father married Nina Gore, the beautiful daughter of Senator TP Gore of Oklahoma, from whom Vidal took his name at the age of 14. He had inherited his grandfather's belligerence and opposition to American imperialism.

"He was blind from the age of 10. Totally self-invented, unlike myself. He learnt to memorise a page that was read to him, invented the state of Oklahoma and wrote the only socialist constitution of the United States."

He worshipped his grandfather, adored his father and despised his mother.

"I hated my mother. She was quite a character – she had great charm – but she was a shit. She was also an alcoholic. It didn't affect me, no, I was protected by servants, brought up at boarding schools. I didn't see that much of her. When I did, I didn't care for what I saw. My life has not been very filled with emotion."

His mother's family fought for the Confederacy, his father's for the Union: they divorced when he was 10 and his mother married Hugh Auchincloss whose next wife was Janet Bouvier, the mother of Jackie Kennedy-Onassis.

Was the child like the man?

"I was never a successful child, but being a human being I had to pass through that stage. I couldn't bear to be a victim. I hate being dependent. I had a fair complement of friends, yes. I only liked people who made me laugh, still do. Most of my friends have been women. I don't have that competitiveness I have with men. As a boy, I wanted to be a movie star but I blew it."

Boredom reclaims the conversation.

"God, I was bored! I can remember sitting in class – I went to quite a good school, perfectly good teachers – thinking, 'How can this go on another minute!? Why is nothing interesting?'" God, the boredom."

The sigh, decadent and dramatic, is so stylish I almost applaud.

"I was already writing. I'd read all of Shakespeare by the time I was 15. I said, 'Why don't you teach the Roman Empire?' That fascinated me. We did lethally

gore vidal

"Whenever I hear someone say they've got writer's block, I say, 'Wonderful, don't do it. There's quite enough writing in the world already'"

► dull American history – they make it deliberately boring so that you won't find out what the country's about."

Asking Vidal about himself, his self, incites the sort of yawns you yourself might give if repeatedly quizzed about which shoe you put on first. Although his wilful narcissism and immodesty are legendary, he has never been the subject of his own writing.

"It bores the life out of me. America's my subject. I was never introspective, it's the way I was brought up. I was never encouraged to talk about myself. I was so busy passing judgement on others, it never occurred to me to judge myself. I never took seriously the world I was in. I still don't. Mind you, having my biography written has made me more reflective, although I fear I felt a bit ill when I heard Walter (Clemons, of *Newsweek*) was receiving such a vast amount of money, though I wouldn't have done it for all the money in the world."

Are you a kind person?

"My instinct is to say no I am not. I'm everywhere in the books but I could not be more unlike, say, Myra Breckinridge (sodomist, subversive and film critic). I deeply admire her, but where she came from, I don't know. I hate the movies she loves."

Would you like to have been a woman, or been like Myra?

"Good heavens, no. I like reading about her, they're a joy to write. She's into mega-low sex. Doesn't coincide with my fancies at all, no."

Sex? So soon? Alright. Vidal will not – intriguingly resolutely – talk about his sex life. In America he's been widely branded as a fag, and a Commie fag at that, but, "It doesn't hurt at all," he says, preferring to be hurt when his clever, calculated comments are misquoted or mistimed by journalists. Talking about sex (you guessed it) bores him.

"We have fiction to satisfy our prurience. I've just done Oscar Wilde's biography for the TLS. I said how deeply boring it was to read about him and Bosie again. Totally non-sexy. The Orton diaries were really sexy – a sexual tension you get from art, seldom from life."

The "startling sexual escapades and orgies" referred to by Martin Amis in his Observer interview were "plainly a spoof". But *Myra*, *Myron*, *Julian* and *Caligula* – it all seems fairly evident. He believes "everything should be available to everyone", and includes pornography amongst the things he finds erotic. He'll install screening facilities for Italian porn cassettes when he can be bothered.

"Certainly masturbation's going to be pretty big in the next few years, with AIDS," he ponders. "I have a friend who's mad for Mrs T. I find her rather pretty. He wants her body. In the Fifties, a Borstal survey found the objects for masturbation were often Royal ladies. They're maternal and power figures. Ken Tynan and I discussed this. I said, 'Well, it's the face on the money, they're wanking and thinking about money at the same time.' Sooner or later everyone's going to realise AIDS is like 'The Russians are coming' – just scare tactics from governments trying to keep us in our cages. I cannot read the British press any more. By my calculation, according to the Daily Mail everyone in England has been dead of AIDS for two years. It's a sad place now. I'm always amazed at how little my friends earn there. The idea that intelligence is a liability could

only have been invented by a Brit. 'Too clever by half' is the worst curse you can deliver. To which I usually reply, 'And too stupid by two-thirds'. Still, at least Mrs T is of above average intelligence by any standards. Ronnie's below, by any standard. Armageddon will take place fifty-five miles North of Tel Aviv, between the Russians and the Americans, using nuclear weapons, God will come down, played by Charlton Heston... *Our President actually believes that.*"

We move into the cool white house, which is decked in paintings and statues. He shows me his loyal typewriter, his grandfather's chair, the framed magazine covers showing the mild decline of his spectacular cheekbones.

"I don't like possessions. I never wanted a house."

He has one in LA, a small penthouse in a 17th-century palace in Old Rome and this villa in Ravello for his 10,000 books.

"Are there any houses down there?" I ask, looking down the cliff.

"Oh, there's a small village down there somewhere," he sighs.

Huge rugs cover the floor. In the corner, a lonely pile of dogshit hides behind the cream sofa set. Vidal sees it, sighs and leaves it.

"The war saved my life," Vidal tells me, without irony. "I don't know what would have become of me otherwise. The war was less boring than school."

He left school at 17, and ended up in an army boat off the Aleutian Islands writing his first novel, *Willilaw*, and nearly dying from hepatitis.

At 22 he published *The City & The Pillar*, the first serious and sympathetic American novel about homosexuality, which scuppered his literary reputation, and then went to work for MGM on *Ben Hur*, *Suddenly Last Summer*, *The Best Man* and *The Left-Handed Gun*. When he returned to fiction after ten years, *Julian* (the story of the Roman Emperor), *Washington DC* and *Myra Breckinridge* all reached the top of the best-seller lists in Britain and the US. This month sees the publication of three Vidal books – his fourth collection of essays, *Armageddon?*; a double edition of *Myra Breckinridge* and *Myron*; and *Empire*, another part of his absorbing re-assessment of the creation of America. Fictional characters blend with the likes of Roosevelt, Hearst and his hero Henry Adams, further evidence that his motives are as much political as literary.

Myra and *Myron* (in which he replaces the swearwords with the surnames of the judges on a censorship committee) are hilarious, scurrilous, erotic parodies of Hollywood and pop intellectualism.

"For a real writer, writing is inevitable. Whenever I hear someone say they've got writer's block, I say, 'Wonderful, don't do it. There's quite enough writing in the world already.' I've never stopped. The two books

I'd leave? *Myra* and *Duluth*. Nobody else could have written them. Somebody else could have written *Julian* or *Creation*."

This is true.

The reviewers' adjectives have showered down on his essays: entertaining, funny, instructive, brutal, witty, vicious, caustic, frank, snobbish, bitchy, erudite, superbly argued. Of course they are. He is.

In *Armageddon?* Vidal continues his serious attack on those he claims not to take seriously: Israel, Jewish intolerance, fag-baiting, "God-hungry Americans" and Reagan ("The Ancient Acting President"). Another constant cause for grief is the state of "Lit", as he caustically calls it. He bitterly despises the Right-controlled American university system, "experimental literature that can only be taught and not read", writers who pass from Creative Studies courses to teaching Creative Studies courses with no real life in between, and "Literary Theory, which has replaced Books and Reading".

"There's real rage that I didn't become a schoolteacher like ninety percent of other writers, that I'm a best-seller who has supported himself by writing without university grants or writing books about How To Be A Good Person. If you are A Bad Person, you must be A Bad Writer. Most people can only do one thing well. Like Burgess, I can do several things pretty well."

His advice to any young writer?

"Go straight into television. Forget literature. Universities have killed it on one hand and television on the other. People will stop reading altogether soon."

Vidal will go down in the encyclopaedias of quota- tions as the man who said:

"Whenever I hear the word 'love' I reach for my revolver."

"I'm all for bringing back the birch but only between consenting adults."

"Whenever a friend succeeds, something in me dies."

And my own favourite:

"Never miss an opportunity to have sex or appear on television."

"Diane Saunders of CBS mentioned that to me on *The Morning Show*. I said, 'Well, we have seven minutes... It's just the right length of time for me. I hate foreplay.' The whole place fell apart."

Vidal reads, rests and writes in Ravello, returning to America for the political fray. He wanted to be President but "was born to be a writer". Besides, "no one who has written *City & The Pillar* or *Myra Breckinridge* will ever be President."

A strange mix of political sophisticate and ideological naif, his career has been incredibly successful but never victorious. In 1960 he ran for Congress, winning 20,000 votes more than JFK ("as I never ceased to remind him") and in his last run for the Senate he came in second



B2 The Studio, Etc.



Dave,
 Wen I stumbled on this B2
 studio I wuz buzzin around like
 a blue arsed fly, but I tell you it
 stopped me dead. I fort 'nice place
 to take a breather' I mean, they
 got everyfink includin a pub
 on the premises.

I no you wuz lookin for a
 studio to rent for a couple of
 days so I got the geezers
 number. Steve's his name,
 Reel helpful he wuz.

Give 'im a ring me old mate

01-251 1635

gore vidal

"I was never encouraged to talk about myself. I was so busy passing judgement on others, it never occurred to me to judge myself."

with half a million votes.

"I spent 100,000 dollars. The winner spent 700,000. The Republicans would have spent 100 million dollars to keep me out. Gary Coglin made a ninety-minute documentary, 'Gore Vidal: The Man Who Said No'. They will *not* show it on any channel in the country. You see the reaction when someone quite radical starts speaking."

Quite radical? Vidal wants to cut the defence budget by two thirds; nationalise resources like coal, oil and water; legislate against inheritances of over half a million dollars; restrict political advertising; cut the election campaign period from four years to four weeks; abolish the drug agencies and legalise all drugs.

"It would abolish all crime, the Mafia, corrupt police, playground pushers, old ladies being mugged for drug money. Of course it's too much for our Jesus Christes to comprehend."

He'd replace the Presidency with a Parliamentary system.

"I don't know how we get political parties. We've never had any. Our owners don't want us to have them. I'm one of the leaders of the Party that doesn't vote. The other party is the Property Party... Our economy's wrecked. We don't know how to get the markets back from Tokyo, Taiwan. We've gone from the greatest creditor nation in the world to the greatest debtor in ten years. We're 2 trillion dollars in debt. Even in quality of life we're down to number twenty-seven. That's known as fucking up on a major scale."

"The system's corrupt, the problem's systemic. It's gonna blow up. There's a lot of poverty (*he yawns*). Downtown New York is like Calcutta now. East Los Angeles is depraved."

Pessimism is boring. His weariness is shown when I ask him if there are any decent politicians coming through.

"It wouldn't matter if there were. To be a Senator in California costs 10 to 20 million dollars. Either he's born with the money, or he's given it or he's made it, in which case I'd look out."

Vidal has charted the state of American Right hostility for over forty years and he says it hasn't changed. He has accepted the risk of being shot and will occasionally deal with the abusive letters from "crazed Jesus Christes" with a neatly typed postcard.

"Dear Madam, the book you requested, *Brutal Dykes*, is out of print. We here at Sapphic Stores have some wonderful lesbian videos like the ones you ordered last month. Hahaha. Highly gratifying."

Vidal's laconic swagger conceals the polished and poisonous wit, which is revealed with the sardonic raising of one eyebrow as he says, "We hate Communism because we're such good people", positively choking on irony. He learnt a lot from Dorothy Parker and has the anecdotes to prove it.

Tennessee was "the best company in the world"; Capote was "a bad writer - I'm nowhere on record as having liked him". Mailer, Isherwood, Gide, Santanyana, Burgess, Calvino, Huxley, he met them all. "Or did they meet me?" he purrs.

"I was with Graham (*Greene*) in Moscow. He got through a bottle of vodka at lunch. But like Hemingway used to say, 'How else are you gonna end the day?' Neither Greene nor I fuss about the extraordinary difficulty of our *art* as much as Hemingway. That's a very strenuous approach to art I don't suffer from... I

told Gorbachev's second-in-command. Gorbachev reminds me of Roosevelt. The New Deal saved Capitalism to the horror of certain Capitalists. Gorbachev's saving Communism is the horror of certain Communists."

Politicians fare little better.

"Hart never learnt to make a speech or appear on television. Very eerie. I put it down to the fact that he's not very clear who he is. Like Nixon, who was always trying to remember who he was that day."

"What the Marcoses did not steal, the Aquino family will. Mrs Marcos is actually quite nice. They had a very nice daughter, whom I used to know. She got an autographed copy of *Julian* for the President. I've never been a starfucker but I am a power-groupie. I never say no to a President. I got this two-page letter saying *The City & The Pillar* had changed his life. I can't imagine President Reagan writing such a letter, even though it *might* have changed his life. *Myra Breckinridge* had proved too much for Mr Marcos, however. *Lincoln* was found on the President's night table after he'd been ousted. Will Cory continue? Who cares? It's the most unimportant country on earth!"

Vidal lives in Ravello with Howard, two scraggy adopted pups and a bony white cat that thinks it's a dog. He reads five hours a day and never watches television. He's going back to LA to oversee a new production of his 1959 study of a candidate race, *The Best Man*, which he's re-written for the '88 election. *Lincoln* is to be a mini-series and he's just returned to writing for television, twenty-five years after the days of live television plays, with *Dress Gray*, about a homosexual murder at West Point.

"I was deeply satisfied and very excited by it. Twenty-five million people watched it in the States."

He's reading up for *Harding*, the next instalment in the biography of America, and his "missionary work" - the essays - has him reading and reviewing nineteen books by Dawn Powell for the New York Times Review of Books which will take a year and for which he will make just \$2,000. Just to keep him busy he has become the first writer to take the Screenwriters Guild to Federal Court after losing the credit for Cimino's *The Sicilian* to a former President of the Guild. Having sued to take his name off *Caligula* and lost his *Ben Hur* credit, it's no wonder he's said, "In middle age I find litigation replaces sex, with many of the same thrills."

"If somebody doesn't break them, who will? They do it all the time. Really, the egos of the untalented are very considerable. Creative book-keeping and stealing credits are Hollywood's only contributions to the Seven Lively Arts."

There is nothing more boring than listening to the rich complain about the very rich.

"I think how nice it would be to be very rich. Travel at my age is sheer discomfort. I know the very rich from my movie days, they have their own airplanes. The rich

are different from us, they never suffer."

He puts up as best he can, travelling to Moscow, Mongolia, Brazil - "where they take their literature seriously. They're committed to the idea that a writer defines the landscape. An idea unheard of in my country or yours. We spend the winters in Asia. I like up-country Thailand, though I now know my way round Hong Kong a little too well. Then back to LA."

A hard life.

Boredom is as contagious as yawning. Bored people become boring. Pornography is boring, money is boring, pessimism is deeply boring.

"What do I want to achieve? Nothing. I now wait until the boredom becomes unbearable before I start writing."

Laziness is boring. Vidal is a gifted mimic but he can't be bothered to do better than a gruff Americanised Italian accent. To cheer him up I let him tell his Joan Collins anecdote, one of his best.

"She's a funny girl, makes me laugh," he says fondly. "All the others have ended up grumpy or in horror films. We all came to Hollywood together - Paul Newman, Anthony Perkins, Joanne Woodward. We had a lot of fun, after the war, making all that money, re-enacting our adolescence, a little late in life... Anyway, Joan was living with Arthur Loewe Jnr. We were at a party, she said something to him and he said, 'Do you know, you are a fucking bore.' And she said, 'And you are a boring fuck.' Never looked back..."

Daydreams, wet dreams, there is nothing more boring than listening to other people's dreams. Death dreams? Gore's got them.

"You start to see the dead - your father, grandfather, it's always a signal. They don't know they're dead. You always have to remind them, they're very embarrassed."

"What was the happiest period of your life?" I ask him, crushing him with boredom.

"Oh, the period before death, I should think. Death will be so nice, back to that again."

I suppose between birth and death was the worst. "It's the busiest certainly," he mutters with obvious disinterest.

He leads me back to the real world, past the piles of weeds.

"Ah. She's been here."

Hutton's hands have been busy.

"On my tombstone? No, nothing, no instructions. Don't you want the last word?"

"I've had that. It was 'no'. The most beautiful word in the English language."

Then Gore Vidal tells me to stop and I do. I go home, phone Lauren Hutton and ask her out for an ice cream.

(EMPIRE, ARMAGEDDON and MYRA BRECKINRIDGE & MYRON are published by Andre Deutsch.)

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Exciting writing





**A lot of smack-heads
have the same supplier.
Their mum.**

The first time you try smack, you might not be thinking about the next few dozen times.

But if they happen, they'll cost you money. And what easier place to find it than home?

Even if your mother finds out, she won't tell the police, will she? On the other hand, talking your way out of that won't be much fun.

And if that sounds bad, try talking your way out of this one.

You've used a needle. (Everyone says 'not me,' but people still do.)

If it was someone else's works, they could have had the AIDS virus, although you couldn't tell by looking at them.

And now, your mother wants to know why you look so worried.

SMACK ISN'T WORTH IT

Spring summer 88

**Kim Bowen
reports on the
Spring/Summer '88
collections last
month in London and
Paris.**

Battles are raging in fashion circles everywhere, as the cry goes up, "The future lies with Christian Lacroix!" Fear stirs in the breasts of those concerned for the well being of the women of the nation. Will the silken Lacroix ripples spread to high streets everywhere, causing organza skirts to ride awkwardly up around the ears during visits to the gynaecologist?

Fear didn't particularly stir when Vivienne Westwood first designed the mini crini. In fact, most fashion writers scoffed in disdain. I even remember when Westwood showed the first provocative puffball at the Paris show and a frighteningly chic Frenchwoman shouted at the top of her reedy voice, "These are not real fashions! No Frenchwoman would ever wear this rubbish!" Well, it's funny how wrong you can be.

They are odd, the French. At Martine Sitbon's dreadful excursion into the Sixties this season, they were absolutely charmed. Loved it. There is only one kind of fancy dress that they would consider wearing, and it must be French.

In London the week before, I found it disturbing and dispiriting when Michiko Koshino and Katharine Hamnett also dug up the Sixties. I wish there was a law against reviving it. Something strong, ferocious and frightening that would see it off and lay it to rest once and for all...

Fashion week starts with **RIFAT OZBEK** in the opulent Gamba room in the V&A. Buyers and press are fresh faced and optimistic, not too crowded, and not too wet despite the teeming rain outside. There are fashion victims aplenty, one in a *Comme des*

Garçons ribbon frock, which really looks best worn with a mournful expression and no make-up or heels; this girl has styled herself to look like Madonna. It doesn't work. Another wears a hat that makes her look like a mushroom; she is too short, looks very sweaty and the hat doesn't fit.

The theme is Mexico. Life. Verve. Colour. Ozbek makes clothes that women want to be seen in — Capri pants sparkling with coin side seams; the hugest sombreros; enormous Incan gold jewellery; larger than life, heavier than a ten-ton truck, more colourful than Walt Disney ceramic bracelets. Manolo Blahnik has created shoes with lascivious fringed tongues which cause the fashion pundits to pant at the floor and miss an outfit or two. Shoulders and shawls, flares, shirred tarty skin-tight skirts. For evening the shortest, sheerest dresses. Flagrantly coloured, hot pink, turquoise, yellow, red-orange, pink, parrot blue. *Hot*.

The second big show of the day is **MICHIKO KOSHINO**. The wait is agonising, the crush is agonising, the people are agonising, in their carefully chosen clothes, calculated to enhance a vicious sense of self. Bad haircuts as neatly chopped as sushi and not as appetising. Brightly coloured contact lenses provide gaudy splashes of colour in otherwise drained and porous faces. Evil and

penetrating 'fashion stares' are sharpened and practised. Kisses are exchanged with gusto between total strangers...

Finally the DJ speaks (a new fashion show gimmick never before tried): "Let's hit it... Theeeeeee Sixties!" My heart sinks. I *hate* the Sixties, so it's a case of bravely enduring the next thirty-five minutes of pumping, desperate vitality and a catwalk peppered with 'real' people just like the ones described above.

The buyers' pens are frozen in shock. The zip-tit outfit is fabulous, the shoes are so good. Some wonderful graphics are splashed across outfits. The leather shorts are great. But Michiko is capable of greater things than this. Tik or Tok or whoever it is modelling adds to the sad revivalist feel of it all.

ALISTAIR BLAIR is Fergie-styling at its best. Save for one important fact — you've got to be thin to wear this. Very Ascot, very Royal. Margaret Thatcher should have taken time out of her fashion industry visit to see this, it's right up her street. One of the models looks disturbingly like Francesca Thyssen, who is a living example of how to be too rich and too thin. The male models look horribly British and brutish; the female models smirk their way up and down the catwalk. Some of the evening wear is perfect for wealthy dowagers, other designs are fresh and young in the most powerstruck and repulsive way. The beautiful peasant-style embroidery really looks as if some leather-fingered prole has been working away at it for years. A high spot is when a flouro silk evening gown is shown, and the Blair employees strike up a dreadful baying.

continued on p.40

RICHMOND CORNEJO



RICHMOND CORNEJO

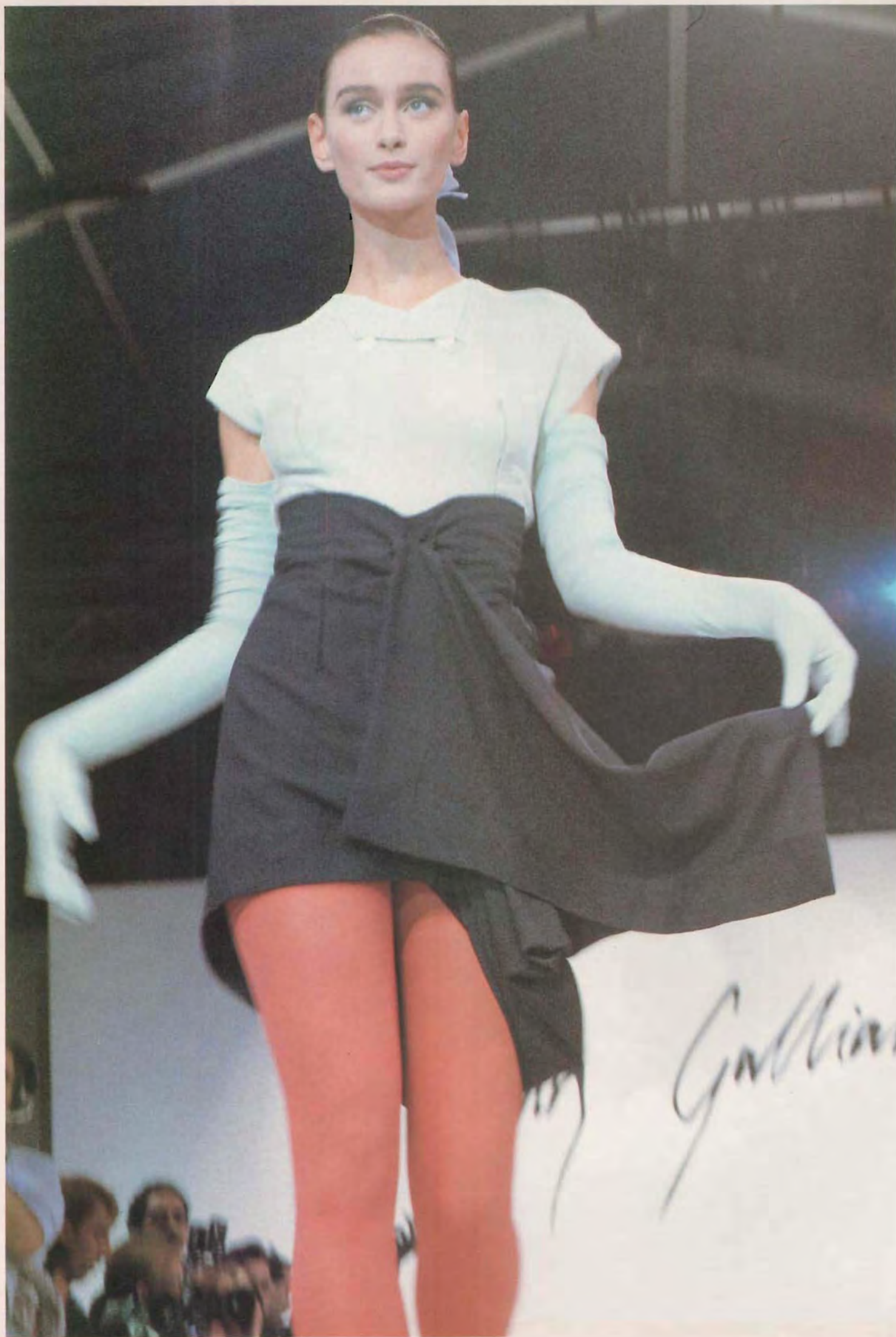


VIVIENNE WESTWOOD



VIVIENNE WESTWOOD





JOHN GALLIANO

JOHN GALLIANO



JASPER CONRAN



JASPER CONRAN

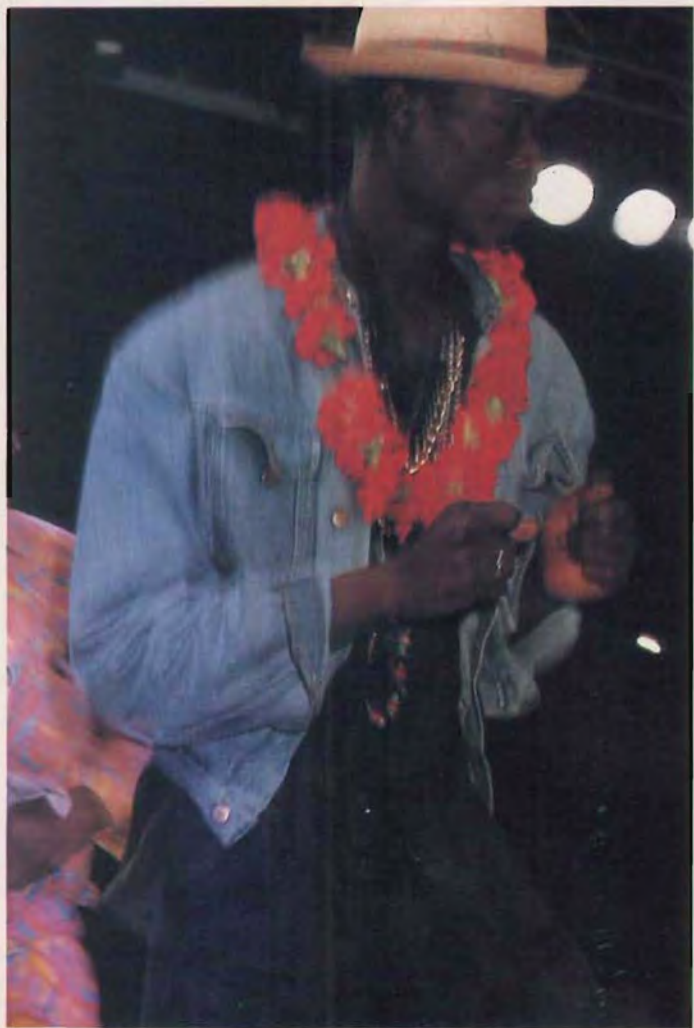




STEPHEN LINARD



ALISTAIR BLAIR



KATHARINE HAMNETT



KATHARINE HAMNETT

NICK COLEMAN



RIFAT OZBEK



RIFAT OZBEK



► The stylist Paul Frecker says to me, "It's how Jasper Conran would design if he didn't have any taste."

After a boring forty-five-minute wait in the pouring rain and cold, the **KATHARINE HAMNETT** show begins with an incense-laden atmosphere, Latin yelps and a psychedelic backdrop. It's bursting with flares, sexy flower children and an optimism which was quite appropriate in the Sixties but no longer really means anything.

Sexy Cuban-looking pimps stride about the place, Mandy Smith slithers gracefully down the catwalk, ignoring paparazzo Richard Young's attempts to snap her. This fashion show was as annoying as every other Hamnett show I have ever attended, but I did like quite a lot of the clothes, as well as the colours – Parrot and Primrose, Lipstick Red and Hot Purple. These designs are either sexy, free, elegant, unpretentious clothes or body decorations for the Hooray Henry or yuppie. Take your pick.

EIGHT NAMES provides an opportunity for a few younger designers to show. **STEPHEN LINARD** and **NICK COLEMAN** star. **SARA STURGEON** shows trousers so tight that you can see the models' cellulite through them. Very gratifying. **JOE CASELY HAYFORD** does some fiddly bits that are interesting. But it's Coleman's stylised gangster suits for both men and women that are the most wearable.

WORKERS FOR FREEDOM astonish me. I, along with the rest of the world, undertook the dash in the pouring rain through a huge Ayatollah demo to witness their offering for Spring/Summer '88. In the Mayfair Arts Club my ears are assailed by hideous power rock. Bruce Springsteen. Repulsive. Everyone sits by and watches as these clothes with a 'pedigree' waltz past. I am sure that these right-wing times provide the climate for companies like this to achieve such esteem. The clothes are very ordinary, very well made, very English, very safe. Very boring.

Bob Geldof and re-freshed blonde Paula Yates are seated in the front row of **JASPER CONRAN**'s show clutching Fifi Trixibelle. They look regally about as they are assailed by cameras and journalists.

Long, floating, flapping collars and wisps of skirts lap at the edges of the catwalk like water, all in the livid, beautiful colours which are Conran's greatest strength. It is a delectable show, revealing a new, lithe and adventuresome spirit. His much publicised friendship with confirmed bachelor John Galiano has unleashed a new, wilder spirit which electrifies the audience.

GALLIANO delights an eager crowd with impossible twists and flourishes of cloth which spill and swirl madly over hips and bosoms. Huge bows are planted on shoulders, as the voice of Blanche Dubois booms on and on about the kindness of strangers. Tap shoes and tomato sorbet tights. Minty green gloves. Low ponytails tied in little bags like lavender. As usual, Galiano provides a spectacular flourish at the end with astonishing waffle-like skirts and layers and layers of organza, which are greeted with wild delight. Galiano,

Designer Of The Year, races on at the end looking panic-stricken and tearful as screams of delectation lick at the ceiling.

Later, during the laborious seating procedure for the **RICHMOND CORNEJO** show, George O'Dowd trades abuse with Steve Strange. George triumphs when he comes up with the clever tag 'Steve Syringe'. Richmond Cornejo give a fabulous show, despite a few hints of the Sixties which cause me to twitch. But modern sex warriors they are. Black rubber leg shields, brilliant new shoes, body-hugging black cire, graphics, strong bright colours combined with the dark. Elegant, anarchic and horny.

The **VIVIENNE WESTWOOD** show is attended by Leigh Bowery, Rachel Auburn and Andre Walker. Gene Krell does the door, looking a bit helpless as he wants to let everyone in but isn't allowed to. Phillip Sallon stands there as mad as a hatter in headgear decorated with at least five pounds of enormous pink rubber flies. Sarah the crini girl opens the show by limping out and caressing herself, mindlessly dressed in one shoe and singing about "my lipstick turns them on, they all want to kiss me".

Vivienne Westwood is mad, but she is very, very special. She moves faster than any other designer. There are so many good ideas in her collections, a lot of which are only truly used by her imitators. Some of this is so puzzling, some is beautiful, but it's all relevant. Mandy Smith appears again, this time in a tiny silk jersey Greek goddess bikini, worn with tiny devil's horns and panne velvet hats which pull off to become shawls. Loose tops hang from structured corsets and parasols are twirled by little Edwardian misses. Corsets are offered with a teddy printed on the front. Lord Barnsley strides about, his face twisted into a parody of itself. Sarah the crini queen sings again, while pulling up her skirt to reveal pubes to the world. "Swing mini crini all around the world, swing mini crini ring the bell." The photographers crouch low in the hope of seeing more of what's up her skirt.

Her navel, perhaps.

A week later, over in Paris, **COMME DES GARÇONS** is watched by John Galiano, who peers through his wire glasses like a jeweller. Lucy Ferry also attends, later claiming she hated it. It's a ravishing show, demure, fresh and composed. Pale faces and matt mid-brown lips. Kawakubo's models race back and forth to specially composed music in predominantly black and white, decorated with freshly minted sequins. Tiny diamante crescents swing from harsh black collars worn over white suits, spangled frills spill out of pockets. Perfect elegance. No pouting Lacroix courtesans here. A modern show.

MARTINE SITBON's is not, featuring more horrible Sixties rubbish which is well received here in Paris. Tight graphic shapes with cutaway sides in jackets. A-line dresses. Peach, lime, lilac. Lady Penelope hats. Tons of evening dresses overdone and in shot taffetas with dreadful patch pocket bits all

over the front. Leaving the show, Vanessa de Lisle of *Vogue* said she thought it dreadful and had had "quite enough of wearing wigs and false eyelashes in the Sixties anyway, thank you."

YOHJI YAMAMOTO is hard and serious. This collection appears to be based on Japanese workers – dark and restrained, asymmetric folds and flaps, semi-skirted trousers. A few discreet frills on very controlled jackets. Swirls of fabric magically become jackets and skirts joined together. Some things are almost like mourning clothes. The hair is a pile of snarled curls, make-up natural. Browns, sages, navys. Jackets are decorated with a variety of buttons in tough, structured shapes. A series of mad hats, reminiscent of piles of woodshavings. Dramatic and enormous. Both Comme des Garçons' and Yohji's models have a stern resonance to them. Willowy yet strong, like young trees.

The **GAULTIER** show is attended by Rei Kawakubo, Yohji Yamamoto, Grace Jones, Cameo and Beatrice Dalle, whom I am seated next to. This is the social fashion show of the Paris season. Five thousand eager ones cram in. Young and old parade around in high fashion, and mutton and lamb meet far too often on the same person.

The show is opened by Yvette Horner, a postwar heroine of the accordion. She treads delicately around the catwalk and a triumphant show begins. Exactly the same mad mixes of colour as in London, but in more sombre shades, inspired by film stars and concierges. Gaultier leads us firmly into his *pièce de résistance*, his black berets sitting archly on the sides of marcelled heads. He has the best fabrics, impossible body soufflés that skim and kiss the curves yet appear to mould. Jackets lose their shoulders and grow shawled yokes or retain conventional tops and grow swimsuit shapes on the bottom. Debbi Mason of *Elle* graces the catwalk with her delicate beauty, mouthing rudely at the hooting photographers. Silk chiffon aprons printed with sludgy cabbage roses are worn authoritatively over suits. Also dungarees in the same fabric over jackets. Shawled scarves wrap the throat and little sheer dresses are worn over trousers. Beige, navy, black, dark mulberry, rust. Remember the vulgar rubber floral swimming hats of the early Sixties? Gaultier presents skirts made of this material. He also titillates with huge dramatic hats with shivering electronic butterflies hovering above.

MARC AUDIBET entices a hippy audience but glimmers with taste and madness, a few too many shades of orange for my liking but some truly aquatic designs and shapes. A Rick Wakeman-style lamé coat is rather glamorous in a fearful sort of way.

ISSEY MIYAKE treads a careful but righteous path, some horrible hot sellers, but the best hats. Simple squares in grey industrial foam, or in black floppy rubber. He receives a standing ovation with his biblical gold, soft, layered outfits. He also has the best models, who, as I sit outside chatting afterwards, cause us crusty mortals to gulp in shock as they glide past, gilded and beautiful in the dark. ●

COMME DES GARÇONS



COMME DES GARÇONS



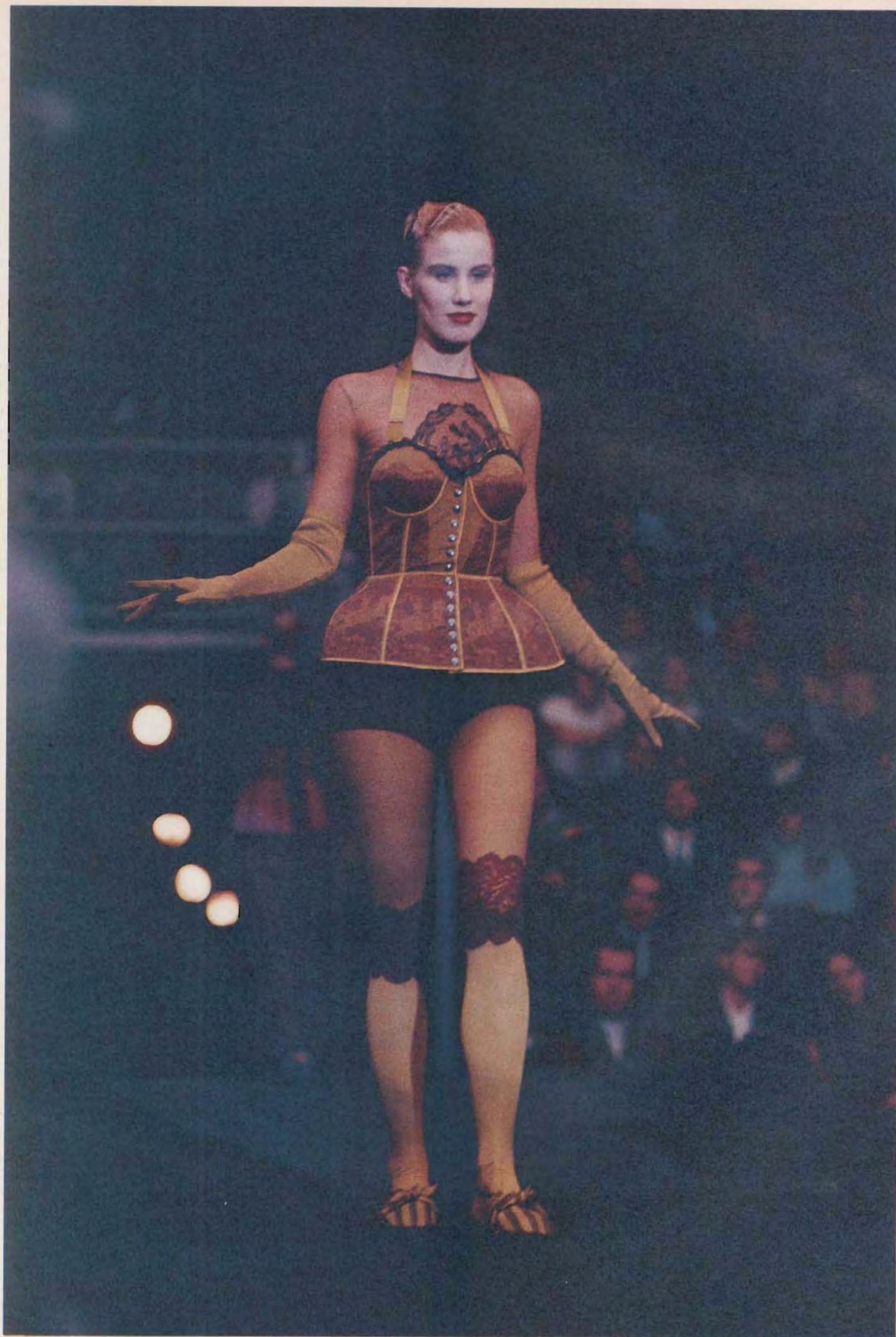
COMME DES GARÇONS



COMME DES GARÇONS



JEAN PAUL GAULTIER



JEAN PAUL GAULTIER



JEAN PAUL GAULTIER



JEAN PAUL GAULTIER



JEAN PAUL GAULTIER





YOHJI YAMAMOTO



YOHJI YAMAMOTO



ISSEY MIYAKE



YOHJI YAMAMOTO

CHRISTIAN LACROIX



CHRISTIAN LACROIX



MARTINE SITBON



MARTINE SITBON



super



tennent's **super** strong lager

sonic



WISH YOU WERE HERE?

INTERVIEW BY PAUL MATHUR
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL YOUNG
MAKE-UP BY SARITA

Emily Lloyd makes her film début as a rebellious teenager in David Leland's film *Wish You Were Here*. Released in Britain in early December, the film has already done excellent business in America and Lloyd is learning to cope with the considerable pressures of instant stardom at the age of seventeen.

Sometimes she thinks she's getting used to it, begins to blur the inquisitive tape machines into one another, stops thinking about why and when and where, and just *rides* it all. Then it stops for a bit and wobbles into focus.

"It's like a drug. You can understand how all these big stars turn to drink and drugs when people stop being interested in them."

Emily Lloyd has just turned seventeen and is beginning to understand.

When Emily Lloyd was chosen to play Lynda in David Leland's film *Wish You Were Here*, she could hardly have imagined the speed with which fame ►



emily lloyd

"The people who I thought were my real friends don't ring any more and I have to spend ten hours every day talking to people I don't like. It gets very lonely, starts to crack you up."

would come her way. At one of its first major screenings in Cannes, she was given a standing ovation and suddenly became the hottest property in town, captivating and confusing critics by her portrayal of a rebellious, awkward girl coping with a succession of life's little blows. It was a demanding role, requiring her to be on screen for almost the entire film and leaving her with few hiding places. The precocious confidence that she brought to the part fully deserved the acclaim that came her way, the snowball beginning to turn into an avalanche.

So she finds herself doing interviews like they're going out of fashion (something approaching 300 in the last six months), handling photo sessions with a prodigious assurance and being asked the same question every single time.

"Yes, I am a bit like Lynda, but it is only a role, not a reality. I think these people want me to be her. It makes it easier for them."

Sure enough, almost every interview with Lloyd has tried to rub at the edges, fade her into Lynda, suggest that she goes around punctuating every breath with "PIG'S WILLY UP YER BUM!!!" She's no shrinking violet, but neither is she Lynda. Critical myopia can be a pain sometimes.

So what about all this acting lark then, Em?

"I love being in front of a camera but I hate all the stuff that comes afterwards, the film industry and how it works. If you get caught up in it, it starts to make you go a bit mental, a bit Radio Rental. You have to be realistic and try and keep it in proportion. Cannes was amazing, but the States was worse. They're trying to make out you're the hottest thing since God knows when and you're trying to say to yourself, 'But I'm only Emily.' I'm not complaining but it does get really confusing. One day I'm Emily, going out with my mates, the next I'm doing things that even a forty-year-old wouldn't be able to handle."

Maybe it's time to hack through the hype. How good are you? Really.

"I don't know. Good enough, I think. I've obviously still got a lot to learn and I believe in self-achievement more than anything else, I'm going to set my own standards, not just start living for other people. It's hard for me to talk about what's happening without sounding big-headed, but really, these things are so strange. You go to a chatshow and there's all these agents there, then someone says to you, 'Oh, they're after you and they're going to buy you a pony.' I ring my mum up and say, 'We can keep it in the backyard and feed it sugarlumps.' It's all very odd."

Somewhere in the dizzy disbelief and frantic adulation, the edges must start to crumble.

"I get insecure, in fact I'm far more insecure now than I was before I did the film. Because you're always being talked about, you think that's what you have to live for. That's silly because it doesn't matter whether you're a tramp on the street or the Queen of Sheba, you can still have something to give."

Was *Wish You Were Here* a wise first film to do? There was a huge responsibility there, a reinvention of personality that was maybe too close to home.

"It was a really demanding part and after a while it did start to wear me down, but basically I'm a very energetic person and it gave me somewhere to channel that energy."

How much did you like the character?

"Oh, I love Lynda, she's an undeclared heroine. I can understand, condone what she does. I never, ever hated her. There were little bits that were improvised based around David Leland's ideas, and I really grew to know what she'd do. You have all these thoughts before, but then once you get in front of the camera, they're just a springboard for spontaneity. That's the way I love to work most."

Do you like being other people?

"I love it. I'm schizophrenic. So am I. And me. Me too. It's a great escape. You can get away with doing anything when you're acting. You just say, 'No, that's not really me, that's just a character. It wasn't me who stabbed that person!'"

What do you want to escape from?

"Reality, I suppose. I hate reality. I hate tidying my room and all that stuff. People judge you even more when you get to this stage. It's very easy to put an act on all the time, live one permanent part, but I have to force myself to be just me, even if it means I get hated. Acting is only a job and it helps if you've got that impulse before you start. People act in life, the only difference is that I get paid for it. You can be a vet, a lawyer, a delinquent, anything you want if you act."

Would you have been a good delinquent?

"Oh yes, I don't have to act much for that."

What's the worst thing you've ever done?

"I've always wanted to be Indiana Jones and I was in my friend's boyfriend's car once. I suddenly got this urge to leap onto the roof, and climbed up there. We were going along at eighty miles an hour and if I'd fallen off I'd have had it. I'm still not really sure what made me do it, but it felt brilliant, scary and exciting at the same time."

"Sometimes I'll pretend to have an epileptic fit on the tube just to see what happens. Most people get really embarrassed, it's weird. I did it in the back of a cab once and the worst thing was that the driver had an inhaler. I had to bluff for half an hour, making up the names of pills and things. I got a free cab ride out of it, though. But that's not really delinquent, is it?"

Is it a good idea to make a vow to yourself to tell a lie every day, just one, no more, no less?

"Yes, definitely. It's a good discipline. I could be lying all the time now. I love telling lies."

Are you scared of growing up?

"I am, terrified. There's nothing to grow up for. I just want to be Peter Pan. The worst thing is when you see girls my age trying to be older than they are, this whole Wild Child thing."

Lloyd is already being lauded as some kind of Wild Child goddess ("I like the goddess bit"), an icon for a thousand little girls now that Emma Ridley's got herself hitched. Of course it's not Emily but Lynda that they're admiring, even if Emily herself shares some of the Wild Child impulses – Curiosity as favourite band ("me and a friend got thrown out of one of their concerts in Japan for getting the audience too uncontrolled by screaming all the time, just as a joke"), a distinct, and some would say justified, lack of faith in her elders, and most of all as an example of the legend that anyone can make it if they try hard enough. These days you don't have to be glumly earnest to be a star.

"You obviously have to have some talent there to start off with, but you don't need all the formal training. I just went to a normal school, well to a lot of normal schools actually. When I was young they thought I was mad at school because I drew a smiling face on the sun. It was them that were mad, not me. I used to have lessons at a sort of part-time stage school but I hated it there. You only got on if you behaved like Bonnie Langford or something. The worst thing was that if you argued with them you had to stick to your principles really dreadingly. There was no space for you to be playful or anything, you just had to get their 'respect', which usually just meant that they patronised you. I vividly remember this lesson where we all had to stand around pretending to be chocolates. I ask you, chocolates! Everyone's going, 'I'm a strawberry chocolate', 'I'm a Turkish delight', 'I'm a caramel chocolate', all that. I just said, 'I'm stale' and walked out. There's absolutely no point in doing anything like that and thinking that you're being taught to act."

Does privilege rob you of your innocence?

"It certainly does in the case of the whole Wild Child thing. If all these Wild Children are identifying with Lynda in the film, they're completely missing the point. When she stands on tables and shouts, 'Pig's willy up yer bum', it's actually a sign of her innocence. She has nothing and the only way she can make herself noticed is by doing things like that. These fourteen-year-old rich kids in rubber dresses have got everything already, they don't need anything else. Maybe they're trapped by their money and need to get affection and love. It's all so sad, so self-destructive, they just lose their innocence before they need to. They'll all be going to dinner parties now and saying, 'Pig's willeh up yar bam OK yahl!'"

Lloyd is whirling through this world of hers with an admirable playfulness, a mile away from Wild Child hedonism. On her recent Japanese trip (she's got to the stage where she can say things like "my recent Japanese trip" without startling herself too



emily lloyd

Lloyd as Lynda in *Wish You Were Here*.



"Sometimes it does seem unreal, all these people wanting to write about me and take my picture. I have to keep reminding myself that I'm just a seventeen-year-old-girl."

noticeably), she wound up interviewers with arcane English expressions.

"I only got caught out when they asked me what I most wanted to do there and I said 'get laid'. Of course, getting laid wasn't something I wanted to do at all, but I just wanted to see whether I could get away with saying it. Unfortunately, the person I said it to knew what it meant and I had to start spluttering and saying it was a phrase that we used when we meant we wanted to dance, that what I really wanted to do was dance."

Whether this means that hip Japanese youths will be cruising discos saying to girls, "Excuse me, but would you like to get laid?" remains to be seen, but it certainly shows that Emily Lloyd has something of the right attitude to her new-found fame. It is silly in so many ways, so why not hurl that silliness back in the faces of the acolytes.

"One lady I met after a screening for a thousand people was crying and saying, 'You've changed my life'. I mean, come on, I'm only a human being."

Can you stop all this once it's started?

"You can but it's very difficult. You have to sit down and think to yourself about what you really want. Why am I like I am? Why am I doing what I'm doing? I hate it when I start picking up other people's mannerisms and talking like I'm a real film industry person. I start saying, 'Oh, is he in that, is she doing that part' and then I think yuk, I'm not the slightest bit interested. It's just actor's talk. You just get completely confused."

Is criticism going to hurt?

"Of course it is. Maybe the English will pan it just to be contrary but it'll be OK. It'll just balance out the other stuff. I believe in myself and that's the most important thing."

Lloyd doesn't much like the idea of having 'actress' replacing 'schoolchild' on her passport.

"I get so sick of all these models coming up to me and saying, 'I'm studying to be an actress' or 'It'll help my acting career'. When they ask me what I'm doing I just say, 'I want to be a barmaid'. It's a breath of fresh air sometimes. You should like people for what they are, not what they do."

This sounds very different from the whole Brat Pack mentality.

"Oh, I hated the Brat Pack. When I was in Hollywood I was taken to this dinner because they said I should meet these other people, there'd be some friends for me there. So I went there in my baseball jacket and stuff and there's all these dressed-up kids. Suddenly a photographer walks in and I think, 'Oh, now I know why you wanted me here.' All the photos came out with them grinning stupidly and me looking all sulky in the middle. They were really horrible people, taking the piss out of this black waiter and making all these judgments about him. I thought, 'Well I'd much rather sit down at his table than with you stupid little snots!'"

"There's so many people running my life and it's so hard to find out which are the sharks and which are the rest of the fish. The people who I thought were my real friends don't ring anymore and I have to

spend ten hours every day talking to people I don't like. It gets very lonely, starts to crack you up. I'm not stupid enough to believe that all these people around me are being nice for any other reason than to get what they can for themselves out of it."

Is fame a disappointment?

"It is in a way, but only when I'm not working. Sometimes I feel like I was when I was eleven, but at the same time I feel like I've seen it all. You have to keep questioning yourself, keep making life difficult for yourself."

"I've always wanted to perform, wanted to live in a fantasy world, but I used to get the actors and the characters they were playing mixed up. I always wanted to be Judy Garland or Elizabeth Taylor or Indiana Jones. Even now I'll see a film like *Beverly Hills Cop*, then go out next day and put bananas in exhaust pipes, or watch *Crocodile Dundee* and think how brilliant it would be to be able to walk across all those people's heads. The first time I saw *The Breakfast Club* I spent the rest of the week at school pretending to be the basket-case, saying I was going to run away to Africa, India, Afghanistan. I'd never come out of a character until people had guessed who I was. I can't do that now because I'm a real actress and people just think I'm being pretentious. That's one of the big disappointments."

Rumours about Emily Lloyd's future career are circulating faster than the proverbial hot cakes. She might be playing Mandy Rice-Davies in the forthcoming film of the Profumo Affair, but nothing has been sorted out yet, and certainly no ink

scrawled on paper. She'd like the part but worries about the wisdom of following a portrayal of Lynda with another one so similar. Likewise with some of the other offers that have been shoved her way. She'd much rather play a tomboy on the run than a sex-kitten. Her feet are itching badly, though, and the interview-photograph-interview assembly line is getting wearing. She thinks she might move to America, "where people aren't ashamed of success", but she knows she'll miss her friends. The future's getting serious, getting scary.

"Sometimes it does seem unreal, all these people wanting to write about me and take my picture. I have to keep on reminding myself that I'm just a seventeen-year-old girl and that I don't want to lose that part of myself. I don't want everything else to be a big hype on the back of this film. I've still got to prove things, to myself as well as to others."

It's hard to deny that Emily Lloyd is perhaps the brightest new female acting talent this country has seen since Miranda Richardson. She has a grace and dynamism on screen that's always more than the sum of its parts, a knowing confidence that glints sporadically from beneath the character. She's sensible enough to know that fame means very nearly nothing to the quality of her life, but in a world populated by witless egomaniacs and falsely modest buffoons, it's an important start. You'll hear a lot more of her and to ignore her would be your loss. Sometimes it's the strangest stars that burn the brightest.



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EXPERIENCE LASKYS EXPERIENCE **LASKYS** CHRISTMAS

Earlier
Liberation Army was all but
bloody internal feud which
twenty injured. However, in
of Dublin dentist John
back in the news. The kidnap
gang was led by Ireland's
most wanted man, Dessie
O'Hare, a maverick figure
who was expelled from the
INLA in September. His
in many ways typical of the
and unpredictable terrorist
emerged since the so-called

this year, the Irish National
written off following a
left twelve dead and at least
October, with the abduction
O'Grady, the INLA were



the battle for the
INLA

short but ferocious career is
history of the most notorious
organisation to have
'Troubles' began.

REPORT BY PATRICK TOOHER ►



inla

INLA ACTS OF TERROR (LEFT) March 30th, 1979. The wreckage of a car driven by Airey Neave, Conservative front bench spokesman for Northern Ireland. A mercury tilt-mechanism device exploded as the car drove up the ramp of the House of Commons car park. Neave was killed instantly. **(CENTRE)** Three years later, a bomb planted in the Droppin' Well pub in Ballykelly kills eleven off-duty soldiers and six civilians. **(RIGHT)** November, 1983. Police survey the evidence after INLA gunmen burst into the Pentecostal Lodge at Darkley, County Armagh and sprayed the congregation with machine-gun fire. Three worshippers were killed.

► In recent weeks a renegade figure associated with the Irish National Liberation Army has become Ireland's Public Enemy Number One. On October 13th, Dessie O'Hare led a gang of four masked gunmen who seized John O'Grady, son-in-law of one of the country's richest men, at his mock-Tudor mansion in Cabinteely outside Dublin. They held O'Grady and his family hostage while waiting for their intended victim, O'Grady's father-in-law Austin Darragh. When he failed to show up, the kidnappers made off with O'Grady, leaving behind a £270,000 ransom demand. The getaway car was later found abandoned in Dundalk, near the Northern Ireland border.

The subsequent nationwide hunt for O'Hare, romantically nicknamed the 'Border Fox', captured the attention of a country where the disappearance of champion racehorse Shergar in 1983 is now the stuff of Irish folklore. At one stage police cornered some of the kidnappers, though not O'Hare, in the sleepy town of Middleton, County Cork. However, the gang, who were holding O'Grady in a fifteen-foot lorry container, managed to shoot their way through a cordon of armed detectives and soldiers by using their hostage as a shield. They then escaped in a van.

On November 1st, four days before O'Grady's eventual release, O'Hare gave an interview to the Sunday Tribune. Commenting on the shoot-out he said, "I don't know why they didn't kill a few cops. If I was there I would have got a few of them." He went on to assert that O'Grady was alive, but that he

would have killed him immediately if any of his gang had been killed in the gun-battle.

Few doubt O'Hare's words. He is a self-confessed killer for whom life – including his own – is dirt cheap. "I don't really expect to survive long. I go from day to day," he said recently. Yet he remains philosophical about his fate: "I am called the Border Fox and foxes are very clever."

O'Hare, aged 30, is a veteran Republican who has owned up to twenty-six murders. A number of armed robberies are also attributed to him, as are the murders of two men believed to have been involved in the planning stages of the O'Grady kidnap.

He was jailed in 1979 for shooting a British army captain in church grounds outside Dublin – on the soldier's wedding day. On another occasion he tried, unsuccessfully, to escape from a courtroom by jumping over the judge's bench. During the eight years he spent in Portlaoise, the Republic's top security prison, O'Hare left the IRA and joined the INLA, gravitating towards a group led by John Gerard O'Reilly, a leading figure in the INLA feud earlier this year. Since his release in October 1986, O'Hare is said to have killed at least three INLA dissidents during the faction-fighting. His first alleged victim, Tony McCluskey, was abducted from his Monaghan home in early February and driven towards the border where he was bound hand and foot, some of his fingers cut off with a bolt cutter, and then shot several times in the head. Said O'Hare: "We just wanted to kill him – to give him a hard

death. They were a bad crowd. I had a deep hate for all those guys. I did not want him to die lightly."

O'Hare's activities were too much even for the INLA, a group whose catalogue of killings makes the IRA look like a United Nations Peacekeeping force on the Falls Road, and in September O'Hare was formally expelled from the INLA for actions "detrimental to the interests of the Irish working class." O'Hare was hardly heart-broken: "I don't believe in politics at all," he claimed, "I believe in the bullet and the bomb."

The INLA was founded in December 1974 by Seamus Costello, an old campaigner of the IRA's ill-fated border war in the late Fifties. Intense, sober, yet charismatic, Costello typified a new breed of Republican who wished to cast off the traditional sectarian nationalism of the IRA and replace it with a brand of revolutionary socialism free from religious dogma.

Inspired by Marx, Lenin and the legendary Irish socialist thinker James Connolly, Costello found a vehicle for his ideas in the civil rights movement at the end of the Sixties. During this period demands for an end to discrimination against Catholics in jobs, housing and local elections had met with a hostile response from some sections of the Protestant community and the police, thus forcing the IRA back into its time-honoured role as defenders of the Catholic population against Protestant violence. Initially the IRA was in no position to perform this



duty, having reputedly sold the last of its weapons to the Free Wales Army. When British troops arrived on the streets of Belfast in August 1969 many Catholics, at least to begin with, greeted them with cups of tea, compounding the IRA's embarrassment.

Not surprisingly, ideological differences soon surfaced within the IRA. The clash between the God-fearing conservatives and the atheist revolutionaries came to a head in 1970 over the issue of abstentionism from the Dublin, Stormont and Westminster assemblies. The Officials, among them Costello, carried the day, voting to participate in the institutions that divided Ireland, while continuing to fight for the country's reunification. The defeated faction formed the Provisional IRA.

As the Provos went from strength to strength in military terms, eventually taking the fight to mainland Britain, the Officials conducted a half-hearted campaign against the security forces in Northern Ireland. In May 1972 the Officials declared a ceasefire, stating that the Republican movement should concern itself more with uniting Protestant and Catholic workers in an All-Ireland Socialist Republic than simply bombing and shooting the British out of the North. Although he agreed with the Officials' basic creed, Costello objected to the leadership's anti-militarist stand. By 1974 he had determined to combine rhetoric with action.

Costello quickly attracted 'physical force' Republicans who were out of favour with the Officials or the Provisionals. Together with

Bernadette Devlin, he founded the Irish Republican Socialist Party (IRSP), later augmented by a military wing, the Irish National Liberation Army. Within a year Devlin had quit the IRSP because of its 'militarism'.

Like the Provisional IRA, the INLA was born out of a feud with the Official IRA. An attempt by the Officials in early 1975 to strangle the INLA at birth left five dead and seventy wounded. The blood-feud suddenly stopped in April of that year when the Officials' Belfast Commander, Billy McMillen, was shot dead. One of the gunmen responsible was a 16-year-old, Gerard Steenson.

Before his death at the hands of Official IRA gunmen in Dublin in 1977, Costello had moulded the INLA in his own image. Applicants for membership were carefully screened and numbers kept small and anonymous. Most recruits were drawn from INLA strongholds in the Divis Flats and Markets areas of Belfast, as well as Derry and South Armagh. Funds for guns came mainly from bank robberies, a trick the INLA soon developed into a fine art: one INLA raid on a Limerick bank in 1979, for instance, netted £500,000. In this period the tightly knit, secretive organisation also carried out a number of assaults on the army and police, though it was not until 1979 that responsibility was publicly acknowledged.

The death of Costello removed a moderating guru influence. From the outset the INLA found it difficult to match the discipline, support and historical roots

within the Nationalist community which has kept the Provisional IRA in business for nearly twenty years. Now an unscrupulous and criminal element drifted into the INLA; in the process it became increasingly leaderless and directionless, slowly disintegrating along regional and personal lines. Personalities came to supercede politics as ideological debate gave way to bitter power struggles. In the next twelve years the INLA had at least eleven leaders. One INLA spokesman commented: "We had more chiefs-of-staff than a brothel has customers."

The INLA's notoriety grew and grew. Shortly before the 1979 General Election, the organisation pulled off its greatest 'coup' when a mercury tilt-mechanism device exploded as the car of Airey Neave, Conservative front bench spokesman for Northern Ireland, drove up the ramp of the House of Commons car park, killing Neave instantly. Three years later the INLA again shot to prominence when a 5lb bomb at the Droppin' Well pub in Ballykelly killed eleven off-duty soldiers and six civilians. Perhaps the organisation's most infamous act occurred a year later. INLA gunmen, using the cover name of the Catholic Reaction Force, burst into a Pentecostal Lodge at Darkley, County Armagh, and sprayed the congregation with machine-gun fire, killing three worshippers.

The litany of atrocities indicated a new, more ruthless leadership was in control. Costello's successor, Harry 'Basher' Flynn, wielded some authority through his control of arms supplies from France. But by the early Eighties the power of the group was centred on Belfast, and in particular Gerard Steenson and Harry Kirkpatrick.

Steenson was the youngest ever Official IRA operations officer, aged only 15 when in charge of 'C' company in the Lower Falls. At 16 he joined the INLA, but shortly after the murder of the Officials' Belfast Commander, Billy McMillen, Steenson was arrested on arms charges. He spent the next five years in prison, where he became close friends with Kirkpatrick and Gerard 'Sparky' Barkley. Steenson was Kirkpatrick's best man at his wedding in 1981.

On their release in 1980 the three set about out-gunning the IRA in Belfast. Over forty operations were carried out, resulting in the deaths of five security force members and a local Protestant paramilitary leader. A personality cult soon developed around Steenson, who acquired the title 'Doctor Death' to complement his other nickname, 'Pretty Boy', as his associates knew him.



inla

(TOP LEFT) Seamus Costello, who founded the INLA in 1974. He was shot dead by an Official IRA gunman in Dublin in October, 1977. (RIGHT) Gerard Steenson was the Official IRA's youngest ever operations officer at the age of 15 and joined the INLA when he was 16. Known as 'Doctor Death' and 'Pretty Boy', he was killed in a hail of bullets in West Belfast in March this year. (BOTTOM LEFT) Harry Kirkpatrick, at one time Steenson's closest associate and a personal friend, was arrested in February, 1982, and turned 'Supergrass', confessing to five murders but implicating Steenson and thirty others in return for a reduced sentence and the promise of a new life. The 'Supergrass' trial eventually collapsed on appeal in December, 1986, and twenty-four men, including Steenson, were released.



The activities of the INLA's new leader, Dominic McGlinchey, lent weight to Steenson's contention. Released from Portlaoise jail in 1982, McGlinchey stepped easily into the power vacuum created by the 'supergrass' round-ups. Soon the INLA staged one of its Phoenix-like recoveries.

Expelled from the IRA for ill-discipline, McGlinchey did not share the Provisionals' scruples about what constituted a 'legitimate target'. Instead he instituted an era of 'Direct Military Rule' (DMR), under which McGlinchey, quite literally, called the shots. In October 1983 McGlinchey met Gerard Barkley, the close friend of Kirkpatrick and Steenson, to discuss allegations that Barkley was lining his pockets with the proceeds from INLA bank raids. The meeting near Drogheda seemed to go well, and both men shook hands at the end of their chat. Then, as Barkley turned towards the door, McGlinchey drew a gun and shot him in the back of the head.

The epithet 'Mad Dog' was aptly applied to McGlinchey. The Droppin' Well pub bombing and the Darkley church hall massacre were not the only outrages perpetrated during his reign of terror. In June 1982 a booby-trapped motorbike was abandoned in a Protestant area of Belfast in the hope it would be disturbed by police. Instead it was touched off by a curious 16-year-old who was decapitated by the blast. Three months later two children and a soldier were killed when an INLA bomb exploded in the Divis Flats in west Belfast.

McGlinchey quickly became Ireland's most wanted man, North and South. Acting on a tip-off, the RUC set an elaborate trap for him. Police flagged down a car thought to be carrying the INLA leader near the home of the INLA's Armagh chief, Roddy Carroll. Without warning, a policeman opened fire, killing Carroll and his companion Seamus Grew. Both were unarmed; McGlinchey was not in the car. The incident was at the centre of the 'shoot-to-kill' inquiry headed by Manchester Deputy Chief Constable, John Stalker. It is widely believed he was taken off the case when he got too close to the truth.

McGlinchey was finally arrested near Shannon airport on St Patrick's Day 1984. He is now back in Portlaoise serving ten years for shooting at police

while resisting capture.

McGlinchey's mantle was inherited by John Gerard O'Reilly. Like Steenson, O'Reilly had been held on the testimony of Kirkpatrick, but in a surprise Belfast High Court ruling, was released on bail in August 1984. O'Reilly bitterly opposed Steenson's plans to dissolve the INLA. Using Kirkpatrick's account of unauthorised robberies, O'Reilly expelled Steenson from the INLA, thus polarising the group into pro- and anti-dissolution factions. Jumping bail, O'Reilly made his next bid for supreme power in Paris, where in March 1985 he tortured and murdered Seamus Ruddy, a long-time gun-runner who organised arms shipments from France through his contacts with international terrorist groups. In November 1986 O'Reilly and a number of 'volunteers' displayed their haul of weapons to invited journalists at a secret border location. Uzi sub-machine guns, Kalashnikov AK 47's, Heckler and Koch rifles and assorted hand guns were among the goods on show.

O'Reilly's show of strength, and his control of the lucrative flow of arms via Paris, sent a clear warning signal to the pro-dissolution faction. The latter group had by now formed their own military wing, the Irish People's Liberation Organisation (IPLO). The first emerged on November 11th when a Belfast policeman died after being shot four times in the back. The next step was to disband the INLA itself, and so win back the guns that ultimately wielded authority. In a statement the INLA Army Council, a *nom de guerre* for the IPLO, declared: "The INLA has become politically bankrupt and irrelevant. Militarily it has become degenerate, marginal and ineffective. It cannot be reformed." One spokesman for this group said of the O'Reilly faction: "They can call themselves the Islamic Jihad for Ballymurphy so far as we are concerned or the INLA Mark IV but not the INLA."

The fuse to the smouldering feud was lit on December 23rd 1986 when the Kirkpatrick 'supergrass' trial collapsed on appeal. Among the twenty-four freed was Steenson, who a year earlier had received record jail terms on five murder counts. Before long an orgy of violence erupted.

The bloodletting began just before Christmas

Then in February 1982 Kirkpatrick was arrested. To avoid another long stretch inside he became a 'supergrass', confessing to five murders, but implicating his best friend Steenson and thirty others in return for a reduced sentence and the promise of a new life. Soon informer after informer was turning in damning, if uncorroborated, evidence on their former INLA colleagues. The INLA was on its knees.

Steenson remained in jail until his successful appeal in December 1986. He spent part of his time reading Machiavelli and became engrossed in the idea of intimidating groups of people through the extreme use of violence. He also came to regard the INLA as corrupt and retrograde, although he had not been above engaging in the odd freelance robbery himself, and began to argue for the organisation's disbandment. He won a number of supporters: one commented that the IRSP, the INLA's political wing, "no longer stood for the Irish Republican Socialist Party, but I Rob Shops and Post-offices".

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inla

(TOP LEFT) Dominic McGlinchey, known as 'Mad Dog', became the leader of the INLA in 1982 and was Ireland's most wanted man. He was finally arrested near Shannon airport on St Patrick's Day, 1984, and is currently in Portlaoise Prison serving ten years. In February of this year his wife was shot dead in her home while she bathed her baby. (RIGHT) John Gerard O'Reilly inherited McGlinchey's mantle. He was shot dead by INLA gunmen from the rival Steenson faction in January this year. (BOTTOM LEFT) Dessie O'Hare, known as the 'Border Fox'. He has owned up to twenty-six murders and led the gang who kidnapped Dublin dentist John O'Grady. He had already been expelled from the INLA in September for actions "detrimental to the interests of the Irish working class".



kill all four in the foyer that day it would have been the end of it. But some of our people came back."

The O'Reilly and Power murders unleashed a full-scale war within the INLA. Anarchy ruled on the streets of Belfast as hooded men stalked their feud opponents. Local people reported bursts of activity, with masked men cruising around in cars looking for members of the other faction. Local INLA figures fled, family and friends and went into hiding. Those who remained were asked to leave drinking clubs for fear that they should be tracked down by their enemies and patrons caught up in the crossfire. At a funeral of one of the feud victims, IRSP press officer Terry Harkin spoke of intimidation "day in, day out... One brother-in-law of an IRSP member had a machine-gun pushed down his throat until he was sick."

Such was the fear of being too closely linked with one side or the other, only a handful of people were present to hear Harkin's graveside oration. A sick joke at the time was that you could select the next INLA feud target from a perm of pallbearers at the last INLA funeral. One IRSP member complained: "Being in the INLA is more dangerous than AIDS."

As the toll of deaths and injuries mounted, the RUC denied it was sitting back and letting the feud burn itself out. "A murder is a murder, we treat them all the same, from the lowest grade criminal to the highest in the land," a spokesman said. However, there must have been a sense of *Schadenfreude* within police ranks as men they had tried to put away for years were finally being dealt with. Belfast is not a big city; the members of the INLA factions were well known to each other, the media and the police. Yet for three months two small groups of people were able to roam around carrying guns when their names and affiliations were no secret to anybody. Few arrests were made. Steenson himself was detained for an hour and a half on one occasion before being released. He was not questioned about the feud, but about the non-payment of a £1.20 parking fee.

The death of Steenson in a hail of bullets in west Belfast on March 15th effectively ended the feud. The IPLO did retaliate, killing two minor INLA figures a week later, but only to demonstrate that the group was not dependent on Steenson alone. An uneasy

peace has since broken out, engineered by two Belfast priests. It is widely rumoured that the IRA, who felt the feud discredited the Republican cause, has undertaken to monitor the truce terms.

Those who hoped the INLA feud would herald the demise of the organisation have been disappointed. Both factions have since re-grouped. In May about forty delegates attended an IPLO convention in County Galway. The stated aim of the IPLO is "to reconstitute a revolutionary organisation which will cherish the political and military strategies equally, and recognise the primacy of the Irish working class as the agent of its own liberation." The IPLO also "reserves the right to attack (the forces of British imperialism) whenever practicable and whenever politically correct". Its new leader, Jimmy Brown, believes a socialist alternative to the Provisionals must be found, though to avoid undue friction the IPLO vows not to compete with the IRA on military assignments.

On the face of it, the O'Reilly faction emerged victorious from the feud, retaining both the INLA and IRSP names. The INLA still has a considerable array of firepower and threatens "a disciplined military campaign". Politically, the movement is undergoing a period of reconstruction and re-assessment. Fifty or so party activists plan an *ard fheis*, or annual party congress, early in the New Year. The expulsion of Dessie O'Hare in September from the INLA is an attempt to restore order to its ranks and appease the IRA, from whom O'Hare is thought to have stolen a number of weapons in the border area.

Ironically, the current truce is based on attempts by both factions to free themselves from a historical dependency on military hard-men, like McGlinchey, Steenson, O'Reilly and O'Hare, and establish instead a coherent political philosophy which acknowledges the power of the gun, but is not ruled by it. The recent antics of O'Hare, who claims to be the sole inheritor of the INLA's campaign, suggest the reformed INLA is still a long way from achieving these goals and shedding its reckless image.

► when Thomas McCartan, a high-ranking INLA operator, was shot dead in Belfast. O'Reilly's group flexed their muscles with a New Year's Day attack on the home of a local soldier in County Armagh in which his 72-year-old mother was killed. A week later the same gunmen tried to assassinate a local Unionist politician. To avert the prospect of internecine gang-warfare, ceasefire talks between the two opposing factions were arranged at the Rosnaree Hotel in Drogheda for January 20th. As O'Reilly and three associates finished off their plate of sandwiches and afternoon tea, two gunmen casually entered the bar and opened fire. O'Reilly tried to escape through the side door, but outside another waiting gunman shot him dead. Also killed was Thomas 'Ta' Power, considered to be the INLA's foremost ideologue.

The Steenson faction responsible for the Drogheda ambush clearly reckoned they could eliminate the O'Reilly faction in one fell swoop. As one O'Reilly supporter in Belfast put it: "If they had managed to

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Всем курцам
заветное слово:
В папиросах „КЛАД“
скрыта КОРОВА.

Чье сердце
молочной КОРОВЕ радо,
Ищи ее
в коробке „КЛАДА“.

Soviet commercial design of the Twenties is the subject of a new book published this month.

Ian Parker reports.

In the early days of the Soviet Revolution, to create advertisements was to construct the future of the State. Socialism had to be sold.

In 1921 the great Soviet Revolutionary poet Vladimir Mayakovsky wrote: "We know the marvellous power of agitation. The bourgeoisie knows the power of advertising. The advertisement is industrial, commercial agitation. No business, even the most certain and reliable, keeps going without advertising. It is the weapon which is born of competition." This was during the early days of his working relationship with the artist Alexander Rodchenko. Until 1923 the pair operated as 'Advertisement-Constructor Mayakovsky-Rodchenko', an agitational ad agency manufacturing posters – at the rate of one a day – to promote the products of the Soviet State. "Everything in the USSR," wrote Mayakovsky, "must work for the benefit of the proletariat. Give advertising some thought!"

The upheavals of the early Revolutionary years were followed by a massive cultural renewal and reinvention. The Russian avant garde, theoretically active in



V. Mayakovsky text/A. Lavinski design, 1924. Detail from a poster advertising KLAD (Treasure) cigarettes. AN INTIMATE WORD TO ALL SMOKERS: IN KLAS CIGARETTES IS HIDDEN A COW.

V. Mayakovsky text/A. Rodchenko design, 1923. Poster for babies' dummies made by RezinoTrest, the State Trust of the Rubber Industry. THERE ARE NOT AND HAVE NEVER BEEN ANY BETTER DUMMIES. THEY ARE READY FOR SUCKING TILL YOU REACH OLD AGE. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Dmitrii Bulanov,
Leningrad, 1928.
Poster for the
Leningrad Zoo,
announcing that
it has just
received a
large new party
of wild animals.



Anonymous,
1924. THE
TOBACCO TRUST
OF THE CRIMEA
RECOMMENDS TO
YOU ITS
CIGARETTES NO.5.

sov-art

pre-Revolutionary days, now had an opportunity to match word with deed. And the word, of course, was agitation. Art existed to defend and promote the new regime. Art took shape as the agitational poster, the agitational film and play, the agitational design of textiles and china. Most spectacularly, art took the form of agitational trains which, fluttering flags and posters, shunted socialism into the countryside. A contemporary account describes the phenomenon:

"Everybody rushed headlong at our train, peered at the posters, read the Revolutionary texts... The storage wagon, whose walls were painted all over with Cubist-style posters, became surrounded by laughter and jokes; the new painting brought great cheerfulness to the crowd of old peasants."

A new function for art required new forms of representation. Revolutionary agitation required a new visual vocabulary. Rejecting bourgeois 'gallery' art, a new radical graphics – incorporating bold diagonals, original typeface, arrows and exclamation marks, primary colours and witty composition – could serve as an agitational act in itself.

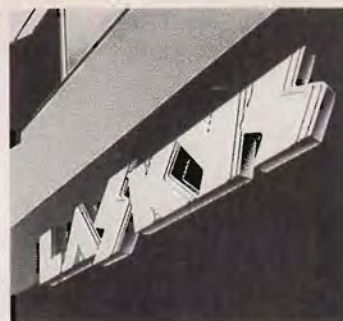
For the likes of Mayakovsky and Rodchenko, promoting State products in competition with the 'NEP-men' (those who were profiting from the New Economic Policy – Lenin's flirtation with free enterprise), the product *was* the State. Advertising was part of the Revolutionary process – being radical in design, supportive of the State's goods, and invaluable (in days before TV and radio) as a platform for Revolutionary sloganeering. A Mayakovsky wrapper for 'Red Star' caramels (manufactured by the giant State corporation Mosselprom) represented the heroic victories of the Red Army over the Whites (STAND ON YOUR GUARD, RED ARMY SOLDIER, SO THAT THE ENEMY DOES NOT FLY AT THE REPUBLIC IN A RAGE!); another, incorporating a tram, had the legend: AN OLD MAN, NOT LIMPING, PULLS HIMSELF UP AS IF YOUNG. LAY A TRAMWAY FROM VILLAGE INTO TOWN; a cigarette poster by Aladzhalov read: EVERYBODY SHOULD SMOKE! BUY SCHASTLIVY (Happy) CIGARETTES AND CONTRIBUTE TO THE SECOND NATIONAL INDUSTRIALISATION LOAN. Commercial creativity represented the finest cultural achievement. Mayakovsky described his most successful advertising slogan – "Nowhere else but at Mosselprom" – as "poetry at the highest level of skill".

Mikhail Anikst's *Soviet Commercial Design Of The Twenties* (Thames & Hudson, £12.95) displays the ephemera – wrappings, posters, magazine covers and book jackets – of a period when ephemera *was* art. "The unique feature of Soviet advertisements of that period," writes Elena Chervich in the book's introduction, "was the inseparable link between commercial design and what were previously seen as 'fine' arts... In these first post-Revolutionary years, art and design share a single, unified history." So too, in theory at least, do art and ideology, and no glossier nor more comprehensive representation of such idealism could be published. As the copy runs in a 1923 advertisement for GUM, Moscow's vast State department store, the book has EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE. HIGH QUALITY AND CHEAP! TAKE IT FROM US ON THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY. ●



Dmitrii Moor,
1924. Detail from
a poster urging
subscriptions to
Bezbozhnik u
stanka (Atheist
at the Machine
Tool), depicting
a young Red
Army recruit,
with Lenin badge
on his coat, who
is saying I'M AN
ATHEIST.

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**On the following
of Jean Paul
range, while Kim
through a**

Photographs by **STEVIE HUGHES**
Modelled by **RACHEL BROWN** *at Models One*
Make-up and Hair by **RAY ALLINGTON** *for Vidal Sassoon*
All clothes by **JEAN PAUL GAULTIER**
All hosiery by **PRETTY POLLY**
Wigs worn throughout by **HAIR RAISERS**
Sunglasses by **CUTLER & GROSS**

jean paul junior

pages we give you a glimpse

Gaultier's new low-price Junior

Bowen puts the man himself

penetrating psychological test.

It's the middle of fashion week in Paris, the height of the fever, and I claw my way through a salon alive with buyers. German businesswomen with polaroid cameras hunch over piles of JPG badges and scarves, others sit armed with plates of delicate sandwiches provided by the Gaultier-clad catering staff. Models glide through, posing endlessly for ruminating shoppers who sit hunched and serious, glasses perched, watching each twirl intently again and again. It's so busy that when I arrive I have to stand against the wall, waving off the fervent apologies of the receptionist about the lack of seating. Frederique, Gaultier's assistant, gusts by with an abundance of charm and seats me with coffee, apologising for JPG's lateness (he isn't actually late at all). Minutes later he appears, a huge rubbery smile wrapped around his face, rubbing his hands together eagerly. He is so warm that he practically bows! Gaultier is the Boy George of fashion — he loves the press and they love him.

We then adjourn to his office, which has a row of cinema seats positioned before an altar-sized desk. However, Jean Paul kindly sits alongside me on the cinema seats. His willingness to co-operate is quite riveting. I tell him I am going to psychologically examine him using a cunning test devised by three South London psychologists. He greets the idea with eagerness, and agrees with me that he's answered enough questions about his design abilities to do for a lifetime.

Q. Imagine you are in a plane, you have to get from the plane to the ground. How do you do this? For example, jump, parachute, etc.

This question reveals how a person approaches life.

A. I have an accident, but the plane lands very softly in some palm trees. I climb down to the ground as it is not so far.

An unusual response which could be quite illuminating about JPG's rise. He appears literally to harness frightening situations and jump in and deal with them.

Q. What do you see on the ground when you get there?

Reveals how a person sees life.

A. Horrible, horrible things, people wandering around in Club Med uniforms. Hawaiian necklaces, discos. I hate it, as I expected new horizons and it's vulgar and disgusting.

Obviously JPG retains hope that life will be rich and exciting. He is probably deeply repulsed by the idea of sitting down to dinner after one of his tremendously successful fashion shows with his backers as opposed to his friends.

Q. You hear voices in the distance. Do you understand them? Do you go towards them or away from them?

Reveals attitude to religion.

A. I would run away and try to escape from the voices. They are probably more horrible Club Med people and I know if I stay around they will try to make me become like them.

A great mistrust and dislike of religion, and a strong awareness of its presence. He has no interest in being indoctrinated into any other way of thought.

Q. You come to some water, e.g. a lake, a glass of water, etc. What is it like?

The water is sex and the way one perceives it.

A. It's a very wide river with lots of microbes, you know, germs in it. It's very dirty, with a very strong current. There are also lots of crocodiles in it.

Germs, monstrous great creatures with teeth — JPG sees sex as a pretty dangerous affair. The crocodiles could in fact indicate an adventurous and perhaps aggressive approach to sex.

Q. How do you cross the water?

The way the subject deals with sex.

A. I am not, how do you say... I am not very good with my hands, so I can't make a boat or anything like that, so I will try to speak with the crocodiles and sort of hypnotize them. I even show them my JPG label and I try to get them to make a crocodile bridge which I can then walk across.

He's a great conversationalist, persuasive and charming, and as before will look danger in the face. He also seems to be skilled at using his own attractiveness to achieve his aims.

Q. When you get to the other side of the river, you find a key on the banks. Describe the key.

Indicates attitude to friendship.

A. It's a very old, very rusty one, it was once very beautiful. It is also very big. I will keep it, I may be able to use it one day.

A reasonably common response. He has respect and love for his friends and nurtures them whilst maintaining a weather eye on the future.

Q. You come to some sort of habitation. Describe it.

Indicates views on love and marriage.

A. I see a huge Scottish castle covered in old plants. What do you call them? Ah, ivy, that's it. I open the door with the key, and inside are lots and lots of crocodiles, yes many more of them, and lots of refrigerators. I look inside the refrigerators to check if there is food. I will stay as long as there is food here.

Apparently, the ivy-covered castle could mean a bearded man! The crocodiles signify the reappearance of sexual activity and could also signify discomfort in permanent relationships. The fridges and food may be revealing a cool and studied celibacy. But generally Jean Paul seems relaxed about cosy domesticity.

Q. You come to a barrier. What does it look like?

Refers to death and how it is perceived.

A. It would be a wall of stone, very very high.

Grim death. Like most of us, he obviously doesn't consider the idea of death as a particularly attractive one.

Q. How do you get across the barrier?

Indicates attitude to dying.

A. I would climb up on the surrounding trees and swing across Tarzan-style, although I would definitely find this difficult.

An energetic response to a dire situation. Going back to the crash landing and the crocodile crossing, JPG is awesomely realistic about some aspects of life.

Q. When you get over the barrier to the other side, what do you see?

Attitude to afterlife, resurrection, reincarnation, etc.

A. I see the white mountains of Kilimanjaro. There are no people around and I feel calm and very peaceful, then I begin to feel scared and I want to go back to the Club Med representatives and the crocodiles. I am definitely bored with this place after a while.

JPG is not wildly curious about spiritual matters and even though he hates some of the horrors and realities of life he is far happier alive than dead. As before he shows no wish to expand on the spiritual side of his character.

After the test I filled Jean Paul in with a quick interpretation. His eyebrows shot up and down and he guffawed and looked a bit confused. Then he was amazed as I stuffed my things in my bag and raced off, teacup still in hand. I think he was rather shocked at the shortness of our interview — he could have found plenty more to say and would have been delighted to tell me all about his new Junior range, which is half the price, and so on and so forth. But now you know more about JPG than you ever could have imagined. And so does he. ●

jean paul junior

Bracelets by James Cox 040.386 4133





Earrings by DM accessories
Shoes by Manolo Blahnik



Bracelets by DM accessories
Basketball boots by Lilleywhites
Sunglasses by Cutler & Gross

jean paul junior

Bracelets by James Cox

Shoes by Stephane Kélian for Jean Paul Gaultier



Right

Hat by Fred Bare £34

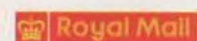
Roll-neck Shirt by French Connection £31

Braces by Terra-Nova £14.50

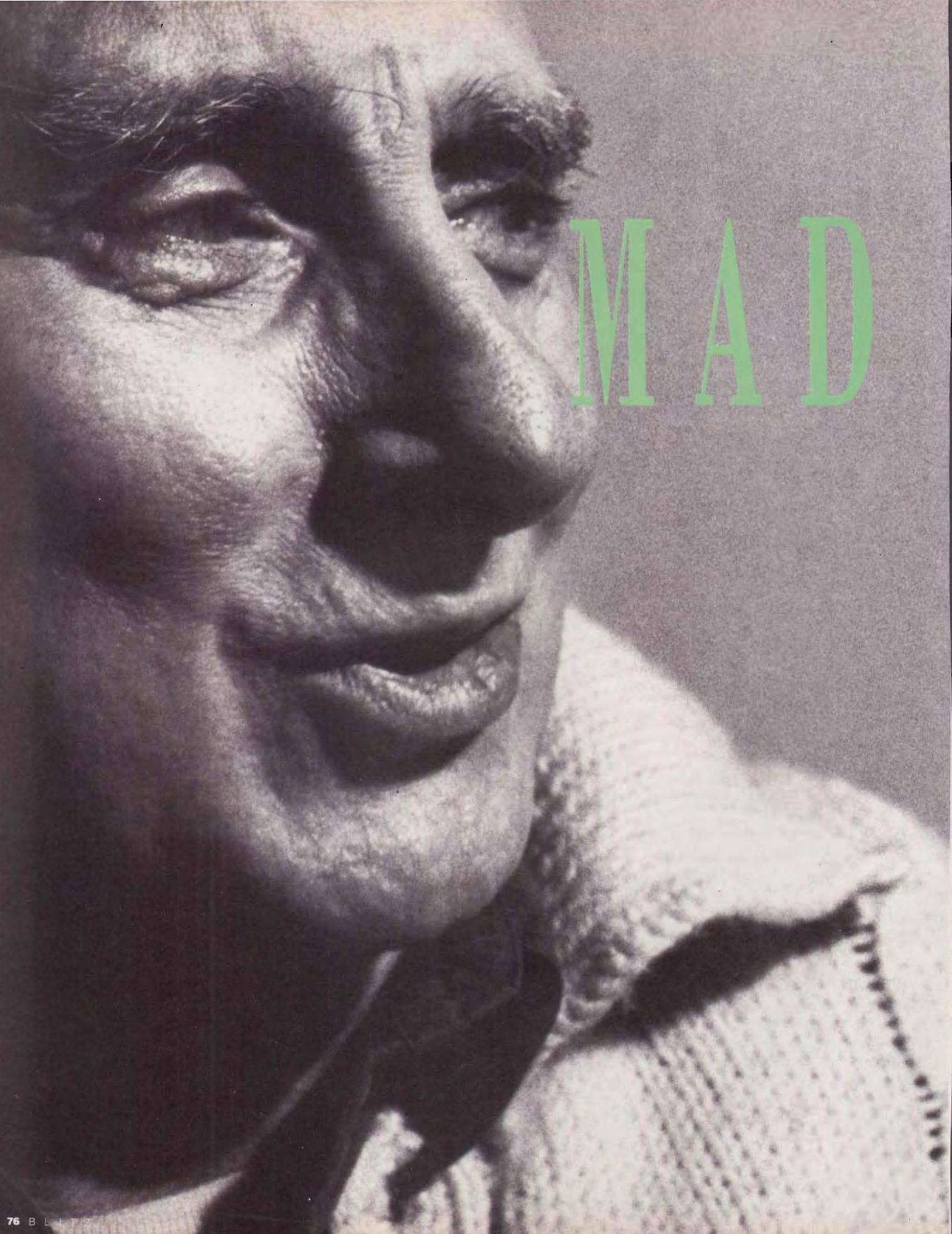
Kilt-pin by Wright & Teague £25

Letter by Royal Mail 18p

By Air, By Land, By Hand







MAD

NOT MAD

Spike Milligan is seventy years old and still going strong. A compulsive letter-writer on behalf of a string of worthy causes, he still finds the time to churn out books of poetry and memoirs in alarming numbers. His second novel was also published recently.

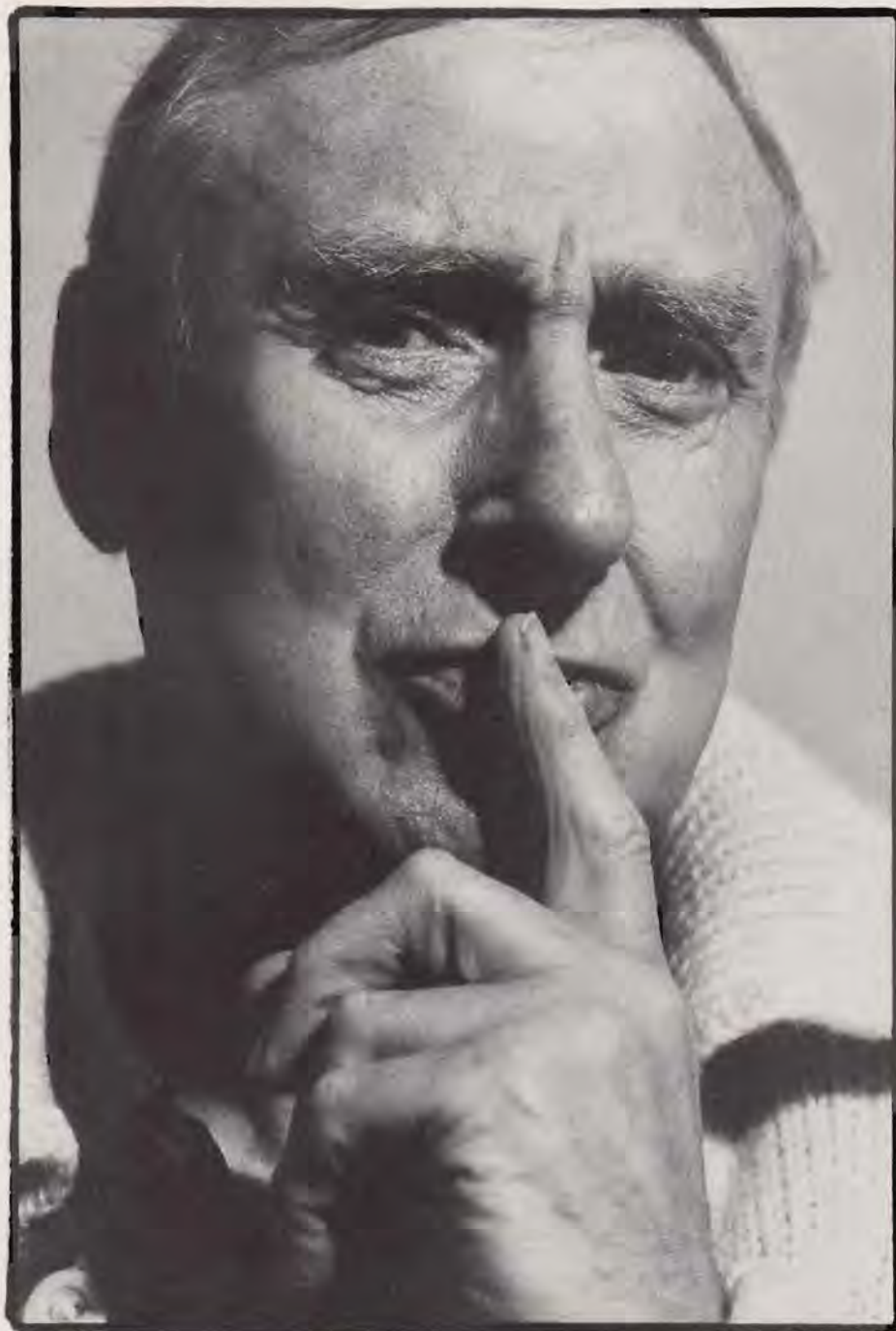
What's it like, to be mad?
"I remember the first time it happened very vividly, 1956 it was. My head started to get very hot. I started to get giddy and I had to lay down all the time but I couldn't sleep. The noise just got louder and louder. It was terribly traumatic. It was like waking up in the middle of the night and finding yourself on a tightrope and you had to try and stay on it to survive. And I was very lucid, like a light bulb burning very bright before it snaps, that was the feeling."

It comes out so simple and forlorn, in an innocent old man's voice, his timid little eyes hiding inside his sad, comical face. There is a huge, fraught frown on his face, tears in his eyes and a lump in my throat.

"I had a terrible experience, Jim. They put me to sleep right away for two weeks. When I woke up, I saw this grey beard. I thought, 'My Christ, how many years have I been here?' It was terrifying. Was I a lunatic? Have I been locked away forever? God, I was frightened. They showed me a newspaper but I didn't believe them. I thought it was an old one... In the end, I discharged myself, I couldn't stand it. And I remember walking to Highgate Woods with my

INTERVIEW BY JIM SHELLEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE DOUBLE

spike milligan



► suitcase and I felt very weak, I'd been laying down for so long – so weak I had to keep putting the case down – and I thought, 'Fuck, I could do with some loving and some sympathy...'

And then, just as the emotional voyeurism of watching him say all this becomes too much to bear, suddenly the crafty gleam, mad grin and wizened leprechaun cunning returns to Spike Milligan's tender, trusting face, and that mad/not mad, happy/sad look of mischief and merriment is intact. He's laughing again.

"One day, I remember, I tried to get all the lunatics to break the world record for getting people in a toilet, heeheehee. We got about eighteen of us into one WC and they couldn't get us out (*the eyes are twinkling with delight*). The local firemen came and opened the door and there we all were, crammed into this khazi, and one of them said, 'If you come in, I'll pull the chain.' Hahahaha."

His eyes now streaming with laughter, he finally calms down, and sighs.

"Ahh. There's a lot of insane people in the world, Jim."

God yes, Spike. It was Beckett who observed, "We are all born mad, some of us remain so." Maybe insanity is just a rational response to an insane world. At 70, 'Spike' Terence Alan Milligan is the same, and as *sane*, as he ever was.

'Spine Norington', as he calls himself, has not, the nation will be glad to know, moved to Australia, although he is homeless, currently living at his brother-in-law's seldom-used house in Pevensey, East Sussex, where the hurricane has decimated the surrounding countryside.

"I was staying in another house nearby," says Spike. "I counted about twenty tiles fall off and thought, 'Well, if I'm going to die, I'll die in my sleep.' So I went back to sleep."

He opens the door in a cream cardigan, blue shirt and trousers and, rather alarmingly, a pair of black bumper boots. When he's happy, when he's sparkling with stories, he looks wonderfully well for his age, but when he isn't, the stale smell of loneliness is unavoidable. In this musty setting there is the air of a life spent in hospitals, spent one step ahead of becoming a down-and-out or being locked away for something he hadn't done or said, or been. A sort of fear.

He has been ill for some time and seems frail. He asks his third wife Shelagh for Horlicks in a little boy's voice. With thin, grey hair, red chin and Steptoe stubble, he looks intensely vulnerable. But then, just as suddenly, the goonish grin and brilliant clowning voices return as he jokes about his nights with Peter O'Toole, the genius of Steven Wright and the latest pop gossip.

"Is Madonna right in the head, Jim? Can she sit down and have breakfast in the morning? I read Elvis Presley's life story and realised he wasn't having a life at all! He was having an appearance! And the decor!

I couldn't help laughing when I saw David Bowie coming on stage from a Glass Spider (*he giggles*). I thought, well there's a perfectly good bus-service..."

Some people cannot *stop* thinking. Spike Milligan is one of them and his four recent books provide ample evidence that he still has bees in his brain. *Startling Verse*, a collection of classic Milligan limericks, animal crackers and abstract nonsense, even includes a poem called 'A B': "A bee/A bee/Is after me/And that is why/I flee/I flee/This bee/This bee/Appears to be/Very very/Ang-er-ee". The others are the sixth and final part of his war memoirs, a book of serious poetry (*The Mirror Running*) and *The Looney*, his forty-third book and his second novel, an

extraordinary charge of madcap, mad/happy thought and Irish wit somewhere between the brilliance of Flann O'Brien and the great Goon scripts. *The Looney* is the story of Mick Looney, a thick Paddy labourer who travels to Drool to search for his heritage after his father tells him on his deathbed that he's descended from the kings of Ireland. Looney, who has "a face like a dog's bum with a hat on", lives in Ethel Road, Kilburn, "a melting-pot occasionally stirred up by the National Front, whose election manifesto was 'I'll punch yer fuckin' 'ead in' and whose leaders were any that could count up to ten without sitting down."

In a stream of brilliantly unconnected plots, other

"In this mental hospital, I started writing furiously – things like 'The Story Of Jesus Christ' with the Marx Brothers as the disciples and Marilyn Monroe as the Virgin Mary."

characters include a fortune-teller who can only read the past; an Irish racehorse called Sherbert, stolen by the Prune Brothers; an ant called Norman; two Hindu refugees "whose last forwarding address was c/o The Gutter, Calcutta" and "a huge fat woman who had hairs on her fanny like a deserted crows nest."

Looney's quest begins when he swaps phantom-flasher Frank Chezenko's green throne for his own two dogs, one of whom is dead and the other is called 'Prince', "after the pop star".

"He's so adulated I thought it was time someone named a fucking crummy flatulent dog after him," he chuckles.

"The Irish Council have written saying it's derogatory to the Irish and I had one rude letter from an Irishman saying, 'Call yourself an Irishman'. I said, 'Well I chose to be Irish, you were an accident... If you don't get it, you're a boring fucking idiot,'" he sums it up, adding, "I signed two hundred Looney's last week anyway." Or should that be 'loonies'?

He wrote the book in four months, "for the money. It came very easily to me. Mick Looney's my father, basically. He was Irish and he was always telling me we were descended from the kings of Ireland. I thought, well why are we so fucking broke! He was a total dreamer, yes, full of majestic stories. He told lies and believed them! He said he'd ridden with Quantrille's guerrillas (*Quantrille being a Mexican rebel at the turn of the century*) and that he knew Jesse James and that he'd had a drink with him in Bronsville Texas! (*His eyes are now sparkling with affection.*) He was a wonderful father to have but what happened was he built up such a world of fantasy and imagination, it amplified my mind far beyond the conduits of everyday life. I've never got back really, no. Getting worse, in fact."

Milligan's life seems to have been a fight to stay in this world, in his world, to remain in childhood, fighting to maintain his innocence against all the world's assaults. He used to write fairy stories and hide them in the garden for his children and admits it gave him as much pleasure as it gave them. "Adults don't understand me. I always loved escaping into the kids' world."

His whole life has been about a sort of escapism. Born and raised in India, he remembers drawing racing cars and aeroplanes, reading comics ("Dan Meteor's mustard-coloured racing car"), watching Chaplin and Tati when he was seven, reading *Robinson Crusoe* and *Swiss Family Robinson* and listening to Fats Waller's *I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal*.

"I was quite a serious little boy. I first went on stage when I was eight, in a school play. The nuns were notoriously bad at changing scenery, so they put me

on and I had to just jump up and down, pulling faces, screaming. It was quite harrowing, yes. But people are cruel to children automatically. I had a very covetous mother, my father was always away with the army (*Milligan's family came from five generations of soldiers*) so I was brought up with my mother, my grandmother and my auntie."

He came to England when he was 14, "to a crummy, awful school in Lewisham. England was a gloomy bloody country... I was too sensitive by far, always being picked on. I started to clown around when I was 12 but I wanted to be a musician."

He once again becomes misty-eyed and morose when he talks about his family, clearly torn between staying with his mother in Australia or his children and his brother in England. "I miss my parents. I miss having Christmas with them. We're bound by invisible chains, always were. It is a good feeling, yes, but it's also empty when they're not there."

His mother, now 92, writes to him three or four times a week and he's going out to Australia next year, but not to stay. "I didn't half feel silly," he says about the recent confusion. "I was going to do a play there but I got ill and couldn't go. I kept railing at the Home Office that I'd go somewhere they liked me because they wouldn't give me a British passport, ended up becoming Irish."

In *The Mirror Running* his most moving poems are all about childhood, children. *Growing Up* features the lines: "Grown you are, yet I only see the child in you/my todays ended".

"I still have echoes of my childhood, ghostly moments. I don't miss it. I miss my children not being children. I will miss them until the day I die. It's magic having kids, another world! One of them said to me once, 'Dad, where does the dark go when you switch the light on?' Heeheehee. She's probably the most like me, the first, Laura. She's just had a baby. My son's a singer and Jane's a sound director on *Phantom Of The Opera*. You see, my mother was a musician. I taught myself piano, jazz trumpet, cornet, guitar, drums... Clever bugger, really."

It was music which gave him a happy war.

"When I wasn't being shot at, yes. Playing in a dance band. I was the leader. I was good-looking, wasn't I? I never realised until my face dropped off. I took after me Dad – he was a good-looking bugger, black hair, blue eyes, real Irish. Lots of officers' wives were after me, but I was semi-celibate. I wasn't exactly backward in coming forward, it was the Catholic upbringing, I think."

His good mood now settled, his painfully kind face is lit up with impish giggles and merry madness. When our photographer rings up, he comes back and tells me, "He said, 'Is the interview going ahead?' I

said, 'No, it's going on foot. I'm going on ahead.'"

After the war, Harry Secombe introduced him to Peter Sellers, one of the few people in the world to carry the distinction of being thought 'strange' by Spike Milligan.

"I remember it to this day, at the bar of the Hackney Empire, he was wearing a huge trenchcoat, like a German Officer, carrying fur-lined gloves, a Trilby with a silk shirt and silk tie... Strange bugger he was. He did strange things."

"He had an Austin 12 1929 Soft Top Tourer which I bought off him. Then he bought it back and I bought it back. Then he bought it back, spent £5,000 on it, and gave it to me as a present with a bottle of champagne... then when I was in Australia, he towed it away and sold it. I did used to be a bit in awe of him, yes, but we never competed. We'd have insane ideas and people would say, 'You must film it' and we'd say, 'Too late. We've already done it in our heads and you'd never do it as good'. I was as close to him as anyone, apart from his mother. We were friends to the end, yes, talked quite often. *Being There* was him, really."

It was *The Goon Show*, he says without hesitation, and the pressure of having to write single-handedly twenty-six half-hour scripts a year that "broke up my marriage and put me in mental hospitals five times", causing the manic depression which he now accepts will never leave him.

"To this day I get a war pension for the shellshock, but the BBC, bastards, don't give me anything. It was the pressure that was killing me."

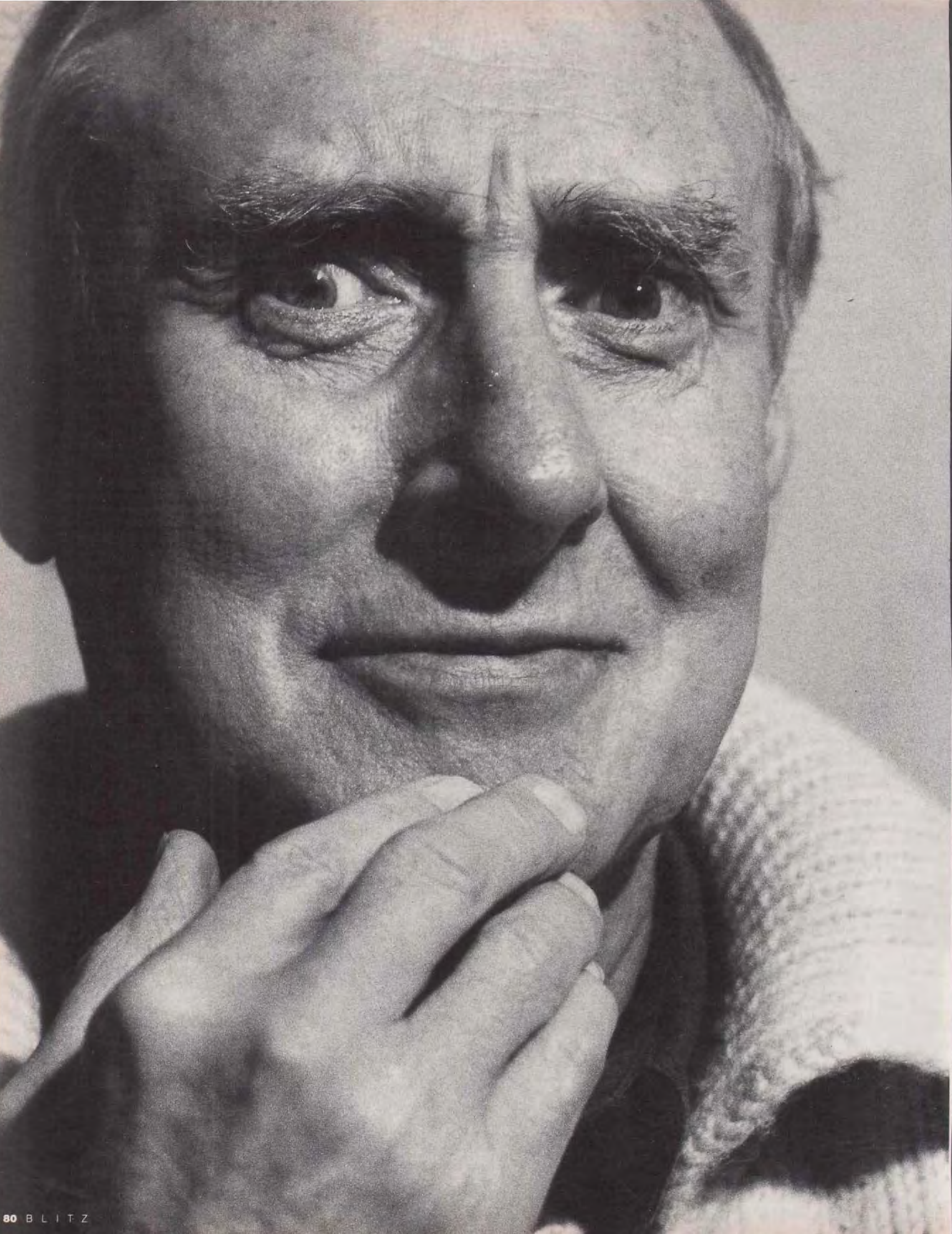
Later, being photographed, he moans, "I'm having a nervous breakdown here." He becomes painfully morose and maudlin as he tells, with tears in his eyes, of driving his daughter Laura home once, when she was six years old.

"She said to me, 'Don't worry, Daddy, when we get home I'll look after you and give you a nice glass of water.' I thought, there has never been anything more beautiful than that cup of water, that a child with no possessions offers you a cup of water. That was quite beautiful."

The line between what the world sees as comic genius and total madness can never have been thinner than with Spike Milligan.

"In this mental hospital, I started to get very serious, writing furiously – things like 'The Story Of Jesus Christ' with the Marx Brothers as the disciples and Marilyn Monroe as the Virgin Mary. Some of it's in *The Looney* – when Jesus is on the cross and he says, 'Pssst, get us down, mate. I said I was the King of the Jews. I lied, I'm not.' The bloke says, 'It's too late. The carpenter's shop's shut.' Hahaha. The psychiatrists read all this and asked things like, 'Do you masturbate?' I said, 'When times are bad, yes. What do you do?' They didn't like that, so they gave me Sodium Amato. 'Try these.' Try them! I did *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* several times in my life, Jim."

He tells me he wrote most of his recent poetry "in a



spike milligan

"The English are becoming barbarians – going to Calais, getting pissed, shitting over the side, hanging their willies out, mooning all over the place."

manic depressive state", particularly the haunting imagery of poems like 'Lo Specchio' and 'Pandora', which includes the lines, "When I was five my dreams were endless/Now I have only one left/Dare I dream it?" – illustrated in *The Mirror Running* by his brother's surreal sketch of an upturned bottle of pills. His condition also allows him to experience other things "more intensely, like Brahms or a sunset. But I don't fly too high now, so I don't have so far to come down".

All his TV work – *Q*, *The Milligan Papers*, *The Last Laugh Before TVam* – he says "had great bursts of originality, but I never had the performers like Secombe or Sellers. *Q* was madness. The BBC didn't understand it at all. But arguing about *The Goon Show* had put me in a mental hospital, so I just said, 'Fuck it, let them do it wrong.' I've given up now. They all fuck it up, even Adolf Hitler: *My Part In His Downfall*. I don't have to work any more. I sold my house in London to a Japanese, my way of letting him know the war's over, hahaha. I do think I'm wasted, though. I'm doing *In Sickness And In Health* sometime. I could do domestic comedies and be funny, but people forget you, write you off."

Like Saul Bellow's *Herzog* and other mad/not mad outsiders, Milligan suffers from an inability to compromise and a compulsion for the truth. Also like *Herzog*, he's renowned for his letter-writing (two books of them have been published so far) – to newspapers, for money for his numerous conservational and environmental causes and to friends like Prince Charles and Paul Getty jr.

"I got this letter the other day from this game park asking for help because they used to have seven hundred rhino and now they only had two. I wrote back saying, 'It's a bit fucking late, isn't it?' I send money to Greenpeace, Friends Of The Earth, the World Wildlife Fund... pissing in the wind, really. We did save twelve elephants at the Krueger Park, raising £1,500 to save each one, started a breeding herd."

His anger begins to boil as he talks of those who don't send money or those, like Lennon, who couldn't be bothered until he wrote abusive letters. Last year he was ejected from Harrods ("Harrabs, as we call it") for trying to show the manager of the Food Hall how it felt to be a goose force-fed for pâté de fois gras by trying to stuff eight pounds of spaghetti down his throat. He doesn't eat meat, cheese, eggs, milk or butter. "Sometimes fish, though, so I'm not a vegan."

They say the madman thinks the world crazy, and that's how Milligan sees the world. "I can't stand injustice. It hurts me, everything's so intense for me. If you have a sense of justice, you feel so repressed and helpless." Clearly touchy, he has a child's temper which grows almost into tantrum as he rages against the idea of abortion. He's obviously been shocked by events like the Manor House burning and the rise of child abuse, which genuinely pains him to think about, to the point of torment. The glare in his eyes as

he talks about such people is bitter, fierce.

"I was always violently against hanging but it's getting savage now. These people who fuck their daughters, or burn people alive... should we look after them? Hang the fuckers! Birch them! I've changed completely, yes. I was born a Catholic. I'm not practising, I don't need practice! I think Jesus must have been a nice guy. He was an environmental idiot... I mean, 'Go forth and multiply'. I always thought the loaves and the fish was like Tommy Cooper (*he does the voice*), 'Loaves, fish. Fish, loaves! Tricks on the Mount. Buddha was much greater. didn't believe in eating animals."

But there's no humour left as, burning with rage, he says, "The human race is not a very nice species. As long as people have got a beer, a fuck and *EastEnders* they don't care. The English are becoming barbarians – going to Calais, getting pissed, shitting over the side, hanging their willies out, mooning all over the place."

Once the tirade starts, there's a long list of targets: *The Young Ones* ("appalling"), Ben Elton ("He's just a yakker. Tits, bums, bellies, yakyakyak"), soap operas, sex on television, Jeffrey Archer, Sean Penn, piped music, smokers, most of the new comedians: "The new attitude now is tell a joke and hang your willy out." Sir John Mills seems to be a spectre of the Establishment for him. He hates to be photographed, constantly threatening, "This is the last time I'll ever be photographed", but it's the bureaucrats who have obviously hurt him most. "Those cunts – nothing creative about them, it's all destructive."

In *The Looney*, the *News Of The World* poses the question: PRINCE PHILIP: IS HE A TRANSVESTITE? But there's nothing funny when he blazes, "He had fuckin' nothing when he met her. His arse was hanging out of his trousers. He was just fucking lucky." He still likes Charles (he once wrote to him as 'Prince Von Charles') and says, "He should be King. He's going bald, isn't he?" as the brilliant justification. "I wrote to him this morning telling him not to worry because not everyone believes what they read about this divorce rubbish."

Finally, slagging off modern pop, he starts off by saying, "At least McCartney is a composer" before ranting about McCartney making "the most self-indulgent, shitty film of all time. Linda McCartney can't fucking sing, can't fucking play an instrument and she's on every fucking record! John Lennon debased himself by putting Yoko Ono on his records. Have you heard her sing! Fucking diabolical. No wonder the bloke shot him!"

I laugh out loud at this, but he doesn't. Only his description of the next book, which he's currently

dictating to his friend Jack Hobbs (making it up as he goes along) brings back the glee. "It's called *William McGonagall Meets George Gershwin And What's Left Of The Rolling Stones*. McGonagall was the worst poet of all time. My favourite of his was: 'A chicken is a noble beast/A cow is much forlorn/er/ Standing in the pouring rain/A leg at every corner.' Hahaha. He thought that had merit!"

Milligan rightly describes the book as "freefall comedy with no logic, no plot whatsoever. It's like *Finnegan's Wake*. I've fractured the English language", before reciting me pages of mad, mad comedy in various mad voices at breakneck speed.

"McGonagall's in the Arizona desert with George Gershwin and a collapsible piano. Don't ask me why. On this cactus is a poster saying 'WANTED FOR POETRY DEAD OR ALIVE, £1 O.N.O.' So Billy The Kid, or Billy The Yid as we call him, says to McGonagall, 'Do you know there's a price on your head?' He says, 'That's not a price, it's a hat.' Then Billy The Kid says, 'Go for your guns', and McGonagall says, 'They're back at the hotel, do you want me to go there for them?' So Billy The Yid says, 'I wouldn't do that if I were you', so McGonagall didn't do that if he were him.

"Nobody else is writing like this. There was this racehorse once which chemically created its own mescaline. I'm like that. The more I hear Jack laughing, the more comes out. I've done all the diagrams. They're fucking terrible. One arm's longer than the other, teeth all over the place, awful."

He says it'll be published "when the publisher's understood it". Now in a state of mad, speeding happiness, for an hour the jokes, stories, impressions, anecdotes pour out of him, in the most erratic and endearing fashion. He can't stop. "Does your mother want to come for a curry, dear?" he asks his wife, innocently. "Ask her. If she'd like the shits tomorrow, we'll supply her with the ingredients." His tombstone, he says, will say, "I told you I was ill." He says, "I'm not a racist but I love racial humour", and we're treated to them all, even the one about the bloke in a Chinese eating a chicken that tastes like an old tyre. "This chicken is rubbery," says the bloke. "Ahhh, thank you very much," says the Chinaman, hahaha. He laughs like a child, like an idiot, eyes streaming with tears of laughter.

"Here's another one. Why do Jews all have double-glazing? So the kids won't hear the ice-cream vans."

A simple man. The saddest/happiest man I've ever met.

(THE LOONEY, £9.95, THE MIRROR RUNNING, £6.95, and STARTLING VERSE FOR ALL THE FAMILY, £6.95, are all published by Michael Joseph.)



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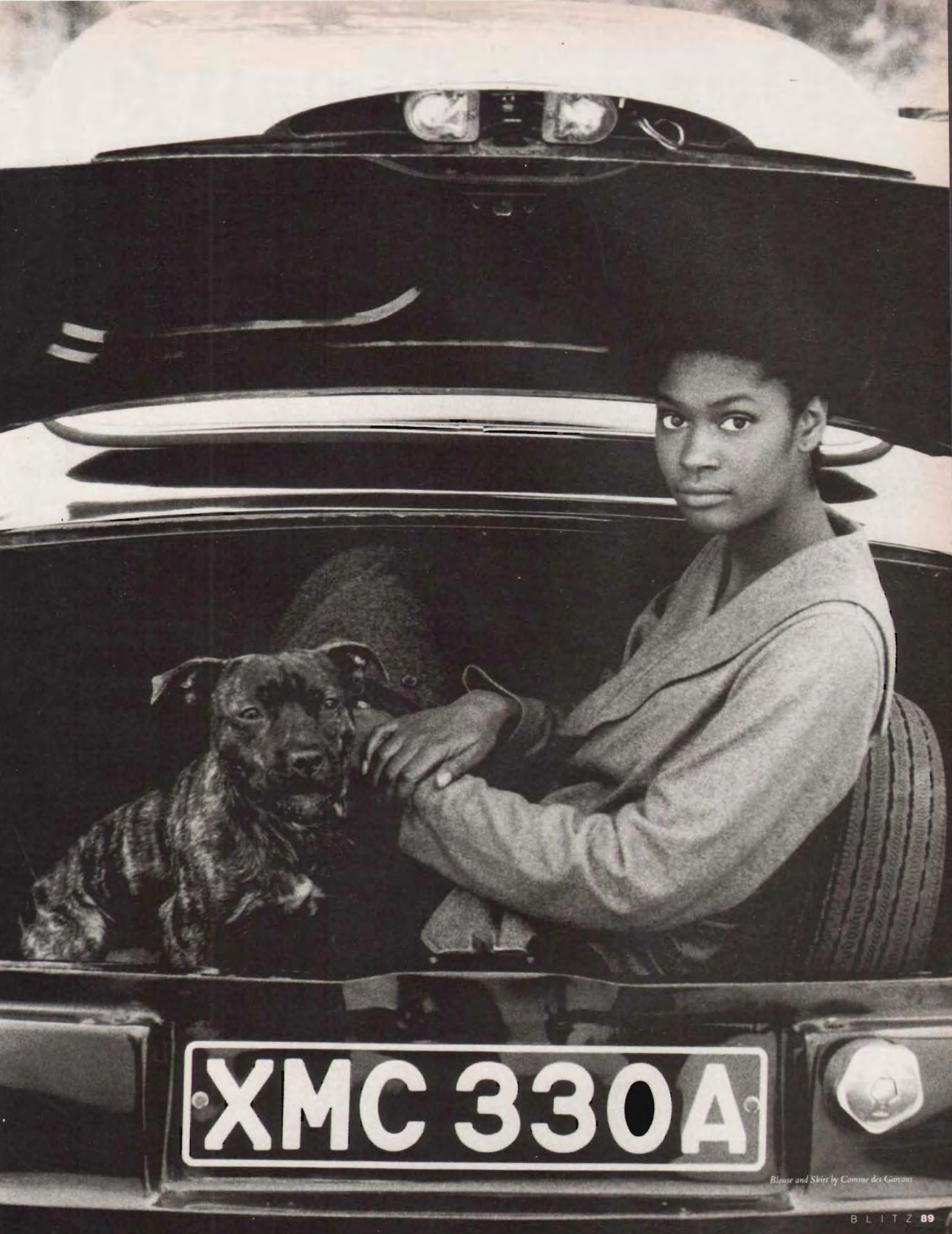
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**At only 29 years of age,
Esa-Pekka Salonen is one
of the world's youngest
top-class
professional
conductors.**

a few months back a young Finnish conductor called Esa-Pekka Salonen was asked if he'd like to work on an LP with Sting. The millionaire rock star had heard Salonen's recording of the avant-garde work *Turangalila-Symphonie*, by the 79-year-old Polish composer Messiaen, and declared that it was one of his favourite records. However, the message that was relayed back to Sting was disappointing. Unfortunately, due to the nature of his own recording commitments, Salonen would not be available.

Whether or not this was just a handy excuse from a classical musician who is less than enamoured with the world of commercial pop, it does have a certain ring of truth about it. Esa-Pekka Salonen is a rather busy young man; he's already well aboard the professional merry-go-round of classical music.

"Sometimes it's a little unnerving to know what you're doing on a particular date in 1992," he says sitting in the hotel bar after a busy day rehearsing a bit of Sibelius for a recording session. "I find I get a slight claustrophobic feeling. It's completely unnatural to know that in five years' time on such a day at half past nine you are going to rehearse this and that piece by this and that composer and you're supposed to like it."

At the age of 29, Salonen is one of the world's youngest top-class professional conductors. He's a champion of modern music and a composer of "post serialist" avant-garde pieces. He's got a very nice record contract with CBS, several LPs to his name and a diary that's chock-a-block with commitments for the next few years. In Japan teenage girls run screaming after him – the result of a successful marketing campaign by CBS. And now in Britain even the crustiest of critics are describing him as "promising".

From an early age Salonen displayed all the signs of a musical prodigy. At 10 he was begging his mum to buy him a record of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony. By the next year he was already experiencing what he

calls "motivational problems" at school in Helsinki because all the music they played there was "too easy and boring". That same year, inspired by his French horn teacher, he took up composing. Soon he was reading books about John Cage and, despite the fact that he was none too sure about them, he decided to try his hand at avant-garde music. By the age of 15 he was receiving formal lessons in composition. Becoming a conductor was something of an afterthought.

"I started to conduct a bit and I realised it was a good way to survive. If you're a composer you have to earn money. There are only a few real composers who can live on what they earn from composing, about ten or twelve people. But then I started to conduct more. I never really decided that I wanted to be a conductor. It just happened."

Salonen's big opportunity came in 1983 when London's Philharmonia Orchestra found themselves suddenly short of a conductor. His zealous agent showed the orchestra manager a video of Salonen conducting, he was hired and, at a couple of days' notice, he learned and performed Mahler's Third Symphony, a work he'd previously had scant knowledge of. According to the reports at the time, his interpretation was brilliant, and within a couple of weeks he found himself fully booked as a conductor.

"It took me some time until I understood what it was all about, because still then I hadn't quite decided whether I wanted to be a conductor or not," says Salonen in his slightly fractured English. "When I came here – to London – for the first time I thought 'If this doesn't work out, too bad. At least I'll be able to tell my grandchildren that I've conducted the Philharmonia Orchestra.'" He grins. "That's why I didn't have any problems with my nerves. I thought, it's interesting. I find it quite exciting, so it doesn't really matter if it goes really badly. If it's a disaster, at ▶

INTERVIEW BY WILLIAM SHAW
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK HARRISON



"So-called art music or classical music has a wide variety of impulses to offer compared to pop music. It has some provocation as opposed to the simple transaction of buying a product."



least I've tried to do something."

Such pragmatism seems to be working well for Salonen. It now extends into his dealings with CBS, who've allowed him to dally in some of the less conventional nooks of modern music on the condition that he brings home the bacon with a few classical pops. In consequence he's been allowed to record large pieces by living composers like Lutoslawski and Messiaen in exchange for the odd bit of Prokofiev and Grieg.

"Basically," he admits with shining honesty, "it's a give-and-take situation, because recording is a commercial business and no record company acts out of philanthropy. What I've been trying to do is to record a little bit more of the unconventional repertoire. To begin with that's the music that interests me a lot and also I don't just want to make another Beethoven Five. But it's not economically possible to just do that. My record company have lost a hell of a lot of money on me, and they still do, but in this classical music business – especially with conductors – I guess it takes time to build up a name that's sellable."

And will it make Salonen rich?

"It depends. I mean, I won't be as wealthy as a rock star or a top tennis player or a top formula one driver but I will be as well off as the managing director of a medium-sized company. And at the moment I earn so much money that I don't have time to spend it – though not so much that I have to spend any time worrying what to do with it. I'm quite happy with the money side of it."

Salonen admits that once, as a youth, he would have scoffed at such financial and artistic compliance.

"In a way I would think that the 15-year-old boy that I was would have somehow been ashamed of this commercial aspect of my life, but I have realised lately that if you want to have a certain impact on the cultural life you have to have a certain position, and in order to have a certain position you have to belong to the establishment. Staying in your cellar means you won't have an impact on people."

As a devotee of modern music, however, Salonen considers himself one of a beleaguered minority. It's a subject which arouses in this calm, polite man an unusual degree of animation. One hundred years ago, he says, *all* concerts were contemporary music concerts. In these days of mass society, however, things get a bit more tricky.

"I find in this society, in this world where mass media is controlling everything, artistic output is in danger of becoming more and more standardised

because of the mass media. So-called art music or classical music has a wider variety of impulses to offer compared to pop music. It has some provocation as opposed to the simple transaction of buying a product. And that's why I find it so dangerous that even in classical music variety is in danger.

"Ideally, to my mind every concert should be a provocation," he continues. "It shouldn't be a simple act that you go to a concert to get your needs fulfilled. It's too simple. A lot of pop concerts work that way. I wouldn't say all – but it's a cheap transaction. You buy a product and you know exactly what you're going to get and you're happy."

And what about the new shining stars of classical music, the so-called systems composers? Salonen seems sceptical, despite the fact that he's on the same record label as their leading light, Philip Glass.

"That's a fashion thing," he proclaims dismissively. "Philip Glass is very heavily promoted by mass media and he is a typical example of an American crossover artist. From my point of view he comes closer to a rock/pop field than my own."

Conducting is a funny sort of a job. Standing in front of a hundred musicians dressed in tails wiggling a white stick? Do all conductors have a Napoleon complex?

"Mmm," he begins cautiously. "I guess that's the basic misunderstanding of our business because it looks very mystical if you don't know what it's all about, so it becomes very hard to imagine what the guy's doing there waving his arms about in the air while the orchestra does all the work. What is he doing there? Is it a symbolic thing where he acts the part of a leader or something? And then we have this myth of Toscanini who threw punches at his players. But it doesn't work that way any more. In an ideal world it's two-way communication.

"In this profession you sometimes have this

wonderful idea of freedom, because this is one of the few professions left in this society where you are actually the boss – not in the ridiculous sense of the word, but in the sense that you see the whole picture, that you see something from start to finish. You work with people and not against them, but you are the one who gives the impulse. Sometimes I feel very privileged in that sense. I wouldn't call it a Napoleon complex, but funnily enough a hell of a lot of conductors tend to be small," he smiles, himself a man who stands only five-and-a-half feet when off the podium.

Of course, conducting is a pretty odd job in other ways. For a start, for someone like Salonen it involves travelling for around forty-five weeks in the year.

"I read a lot, for practical reasons," he says. "I spend all my time in hotel rooms. What else? I try and go to the theatre if the language is not too much of a problem. I go to the movies a lot – that's my main form of entertainment. And food..."

A dangerous thing in your occupation, food.

"Right. You get unhealthy habits in this business. You go to dinner generally after a concert, you end up having a three-course dinner at eleven-thirty. People tell me what a nice profession I have because I can see all the marvels of the world – sometimes I get a little pissed off at that because the reality is not that at all. Sometimes all one can see is the airport, the hotel, the concert hall and a couple of restaurants. So often the restaurant is my only real contact with real life. It's a legal and safe way to get away from pressure and it's also a good way to kill a couple of hours.

"There are other aspects of life, too. It would be nice to create the illusion of normal life – you know, meeting friends and painting your walls. I didn't actually have anywhere I could call home until last week. I just bought an apartment." He says this with a faint look of surprise. "I'm nearly thirty years old and I've just got my first home. That tells you about the amount of time I have to lead a normal life. But I'm not complaining."

At some point in the next few years, Salonen is thinking about taking a year off so he can devote more time to his composing. Over the next few months he'll be touring in the US, conducting the Orchestre de Paris, the Israel Philharmonic, the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the Boston and Chicago Symphony Orchestras. And next Spring, the London Sinfonietta will be performing a new work by Salonen especially commissioned for their twentieth anniversary celebrations.

Which doesn't leave much time for Sting.

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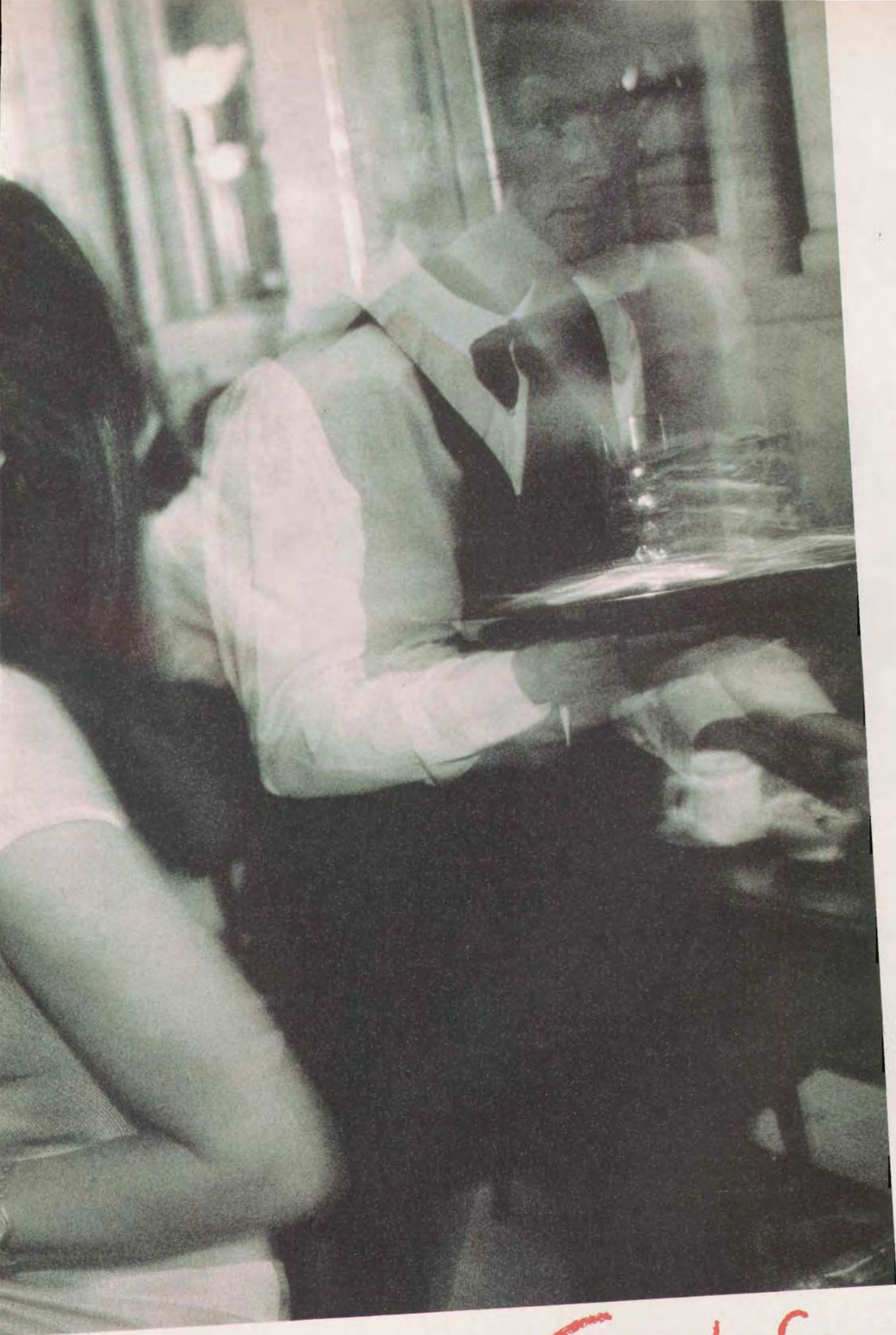
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SMIRNOFF

SMIRNOFF



Good friends

Ladies' Man

Roddy Frame on Love and Love.

It's not the easiest job in the world, promoting Love. Though the difficulties, such as they are, lie not with the long-playing record, compact disc and cassette called *Love*, which is arguably the finest combination of Gaelic lyricism and contemporary American R&B music since Odyssey recorded Jesse Rae's *Inside Out*. While being particular to Roddy Frame and identifiably Aztec Camera, many of the songs here sound like they have possibilities for everyone from Alexander O'Neal to Tammy Wynette.

Obviously the character of a song doesn't flow unbroken from the character of the writer. Being a cynical and heartless bastard isn't necessarily going to prevent one from turning an affecting and tender love lyric. There is a ballad here, one that nicely blurs distinctions between soul, pop and country, called *How Men Are*: "It's called love/And every cruelty will cloud it/And his lie/True love could never allow it/Cos it's a lie that we have ceased to believe/We've

said goodbye but it won't take its leave/...Why should it take the tears of a woman/To see how men are..." This could have been written by someone else, say George Jones in a fit of remorse, but neither here nor indeed anywhere on *Love* is there the slightest trace of ambivalence, let alone misogyny, the love/hate tension that usually makes for the most persuasive discourse on the things we call 'love'.

We're talking strictly sunshine on a cloudy day here, talkin' 'bout *my girl*. Not as in buddy-wiser beer adverts, though; Roddy Frame's conversation, albeit distorted somewhat by the strictures of an interview, is informed by a lot of unreconstituted and thoroughly unfashionable feminism, New Man's talk, the like of which your *Cosmo* feature writer would appear to have junked in the face of the Eighties Macho Revival (and, moreover, for Frame this is intimately and unashamedly linked to the Coca Cola, *I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing* sentiments of *Everybody Is A Number One* the album's

What So Funny About Peace, Love And Understanding number). We're singing about "*my girl*" the way The Temptations used to do, the way Frame introduces *Deep & Wide & Tall*, itself a variation on the river deep, mountain high, so low you can't get under it, so high you can't get over it, one nation under a groove theme.

"I feel like I'm re-stating the obvious," Frame admits, happily. "It's been said a million times. People have been doing it not just since the beginning of popular music, but since the beginning of time, it seems like. That love is good, that love matters, that there's a spiritual side to human beings, there's an intuitive side. And that human beings constantly fuck each other over. And now I've put out this record, which I don't think is going to change anyone's mind at all."

But he has to try, at the same time knowing full well that platitudes and banalities are apt to trip up the best of intentions. I spoke to Roddy Frame for ninety

INTERVIEW BY MARK CORDERY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW CATLIN



roddy frame

"I thought it was good that a 19-year-old kid could take a 35-year-old record company fool and make him feel like a mouse in front of fifteen people, but it's so easy that I don't want to do that. I'd rather do something positive ... like get him a razor!"

minutes one evening at the rehearsal studio he was using to prepare for American and European concert tours. He is a bright-eyed young man with short, bushy hair. Slightly built but basically healthy looking. Speaks with a soft Glaswegian accent, and is as relaxed and conversational as the situation allows, if not more so. He's a gentleman, actually. We drank a little whisky, but not much. In answer to the "What do you want?" question, he says, "World peace. Something as trivial as that. The sort of thing you'd expect Hazel O'Connor to say." A bigger flat would be nice as well; more room for the Portastudio. He recently married his American girlfriend and remains an unrepentant Pop Idealist.

"Life's just a series of mistakes and it's the good bits in between that make it worthwhile. Don't you think? Life's just a series of mistakes, mishaps and misunderstandings. And then occasionally the sun comes out, or you meet someone fantastic, or you hear a great record, then you know all the rest is crap. When I hear *Sexual Healing*, or I play one of my own songs, and I do it well... I know. That's not conceit, that's just... I feel it. And that's how it should be all the time but it never will be. At that moment I know that it is like that. We make such a mess of it all the time, but it really is like that. It really is that sweet. It really is that good, and there really is that much going on."

Frame was just 17 when *Just Like Gold* was released by the independent Postcard label in 1981, defining the heady, melodic rush of The Sound Of Young Scotland, along with Josef K, Orange Juice and The Fire Engines. "Playing the records back now I'm really glad I don't make those kind of things anymore," he says. "At the time we really wanted to make pop music, but we really didn't know how to go about that - and I'm still finding out. Postcard was brilliant because it was all just friends together, it was fun and no one cared. But at the same time we were all thinking that we wanted to make hit records, so we went our separate ways..."

Frame made his first LP, *High Land, Hard Rain*, for Rough Trade. Deep and tricky, in both its multi-layered jazzy guitar stylings and introverted, impressionistic lyrics, it was released to considerable acclaim, and not only because its maker was still only 19 years old. The next logical step was to a major label, and Frame took Aztec Camera (by now more of a brand name) to Warner Brothers, although having Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler produce *Knife* (1984) was as much sheer contrariness as a move in pursuit of the wider market. Looking back on that one, Frame stands by most of it, while admitting that the three-year gap between *Knife* and *Love* was occasioned in part by a desire to get things really right this time. That and a certain degree of laziness.

But three years between albums is a long time

unless you are Michael Jackson or of that ilk. Wasn't he financially pressed at all?

"There were times when we thought, 'Uh-oh, we're going to have to go and get another advance', yeah. But I just didn't want to make a record until I thought the songs were right, until I thought everything was right. I played some of these songs with the old line-up and it just wasn't happening. And meanwhile the sort of sounds I was looking for had changed. So I decided to go to New York and do it with the likes of Marcus Miller."

A well-trodden path, to be sure, but at least Frame didn't make the mistake of thinking that British musicians could do the job.

Is the new, more direct material necessarily better presented in a 'funkier' style?

"I think it's all part and parcel of what I've been listening to over the last few years. I think what I write is always a reflection of that, to the extent of just stealing from old songs. The sentiments on records like *Sugar Free* by Juicy and *Sexual Healing*, *Greetings* by Half Pint, Gregory Isaacs records... it's the same kind of sentiments behind Velvet Underground records, really. It's like, Things are really bad, man, I'm a junkie, but, y'know, she smiles so sweetly... or *Pale Blue Eyes*. I'm still really romantic, I can't shake that one. For a while I thought I was going to be able to rid my life of that and become a materialist. That would have been much more practical. I don't mean materialistic in the sense of getting a new car or something, just a way of thinking about things. But I can't see me losing that softer side, more feminine or romantic side."

Did you have to become a better singer to sing the material the way you do now?

"Oh, I always wanted to be a better singer. I think the singing is better on this record, but it still sounds like me, sounds quite human an' all. I haven't become a 'soul singer'. Although there are influences in there, you can tell it's not Marvin Gaye..."

While being of the opinion that "*Paid In Full*, those are the best records around at the moment", there are things about rap and funk that Frame doesn't want anything to do with. Their bad attitude towards women, mainly. Never mind being a million miles

from the 'She's a skeezer/Get down/Get into the kitchen, bitch' school of writing, the songs on *Love* don't deal with excessively idealised concepts of 'woman', nor castigate for failure to live up to same. But sentiment can still be quite uninhibited: "I believe in your heart of gold/Automatically sunshine/Yeah glitter everywhere/Like working in a goldmine".

"I do think women are a bit... cooler. If you have guys hanging around together, the atmosphere actually changes when a woman is there, and any time I've been in that situation I've felt it to be a good thing. That may be a calming effect, or perhaps men try to behave a bit better when women are around. But on the whole, what can you say? Women are treated badly by men. Whatever the ins and outs there are, that's the bottom line."

You mean men take women for granted?

"Used. Abused. I don't mean taken for granted so much as walked all over. And worse. I think males use their physical advantage all the time, as a threat. Even the office 'lech' sort of thing. I just get fed up with it because I see it around me all the time. I don't think it should be like that. I don't have a solution... It's just bloody common sense, to tell you the truth. Just to treat people with a wee bit o' respect, give them a bit of room, don't force yourself on people. And if you've got something positive, then people will join in. And if you don't, well, good luck!"

Don't you ever worry that by thinking you should 'behave better' you might lose some natural extravagance, some gift for groovy flash behaviour, by trying to do 'the correct thing'?

"...Yeah, I can see what you mean there... but that's the way I've decided to behave towards people, and men and women can like it or lump it. Are you going against the grain if you're treating people with a certain respect? That idea of flash... I'm not sure about. I tend to get on quite well with the women that I'm around. Everyone's got their bad side, but I think it's important not to dwell on it too much."

"But when I'm bad, I'm pretty bad." He laughs.

Do you think ultimately men get on better with other men than they can with a woman?



roddy frame

"Life's just a series of mistakes, mishaps and misunderstandings. And then occasionally the sun comes out, or you meet someone fantastic, or you hear a great record, and you know all the rest is crap."

► "I think at the end of the day men love men in a way that they can't love a woman. I'm even talking about the straightest, most screwed-up violent man. It seems that when men get together they drop barriers."

Really? I think women are better at that. I've heard women together being a lot more open, realistic, crude, to-the-point and amusing than men seem to be capable of. Except maybe after a good few drinks. "I'm not sure about that."

Have you never been tempted to exploit your position of power as a pop star?

"In terms of groupies? Or greed? Naw, not really. What I probably did do was just lay things on the line too much for people... My favourite things were always Love, I mean the band Love, The Fall, The Sex Pistols, Marvin Gaye and Motown stuff... so I suppose I was kind of torn between going out and playing my songs, and then meeting people from the record company and really going to town on them. I just thought they had no soul and no feeling. I suppose the nastier side to me was that. I can be quite cutting. But it's not good. I thought some of the things I said were quite good one-liners at the time, but... I thought it was good that a 19-year-old kid could take a 35-year-old record company fool and make him feel like a mouse in front of fifteen people, but it's so easy that I don't want to do that. I'd rather do something positive... like get him a razor!"

Doesn't the word 'love' now, because of the way it's used, sound more like an obscenity than 'fuck'?

"Yeah, it's been debased. The best thing you can say about it is that it's good, and it's happening and it's real... it's so easy to forget. As for the word 'fuck', I use it all the time, y'know - 'Oh fuck!' - and I think it debases us, I really do."

Roddy Frame's earliest pop crush was on David Bowie. He remembers being powerfully affected by *Space Oddity* - did someone mention precocity? - when he was six. More recently he saw Prince at Wembley. "I was up there in the artists' enclosure, watching all these British pop stars turning green." Of his contemporaries, one of the few he rates highly is Green Gartside. "I can see that what he does is a bit... uptight, a bit strained at the edges. But *The Sweetest Girl*, *A Little Knowledge*, beautiful songs." The fact that Gartside has had songs covered by Miles Davis and Al Jarreau doesn't make Frame any more interested in the publishing side of the business - in fact he surprises me with his lack of concern altogether ("I just leave it up to the company," he shrugs).

When you write, do you try to concentrate an emotion, or play with the words and see where they lead?

"I don't play with the words. Before, maybe I was,

but this time I felt like I was trying to be more direct, as if I was trying to put down an emotion. But I think the emotional part comes more in the performance. I think if you perform it well you can make 'I love you baby, you're really groovy' sound emotional. You can sing it with emotion... Maybe I'm exaggerating a bit there."

Do you like being a professional pop star? Kids' TV shows, the whole bit?

"Well, I like writing songs and playing them to people, that's what makes it for me. And I enjoy the recording process, but the best thing is when the song's finished and I get the plastic. I like that. But pop can be surprising. We went to do a kids' show the other day called *What's All This Then?* It's a bit like a modern-day *Crackerjack!*"

But the songs are quite '(Young) Adult Entertainment'?

"I don't know, we played *Deep & Wide & Tall* and *Everybody Is A Number One* for them and they wanted us to do *Everybody* for them again. I even got in with this little guy called Kid Rock, from Manchester. Him and his pals got up and did a human beatbox, and when we played they said we were alright. So that kinda made it. Whereas the other night we did a TV show called *Hip Pop*, something like *Whistle Test* - it's coming out in January. And I found it quite hard to have a rapport with the people there, who I suppose are the same age as me."

How did you get on in America?

"I've spent a lot of time in America and I enjoy America, especially New York. Although I was there making my LP I suppose I was still pretty much a tourist, although I had to deal with my day-to-day in terms of food and laundry and all that, but I knew that I was making an album and coming home, so I didn't have to think about... 'Jesus Christ! What am I doin' with my life?' Like lots of people there have to."

When was the last time you had to think like that?

"Between 16 and 18 I was on the dole in East Kilbride, and I just got by."

Killermont Street ("And with the collar upturned/I made it south to see/That the love I had spurned/Was just the hate in me"), would you call that 'sentimental'?

"I think all Celtic people have a wee bit of that mentality. It's like when you bring a bottle home and set it on the table and sit round it like a fire, you know? And you talk about the old times. That's what you do, you talk about The Old Times. And about how things could be better. That's the whole idea of a Scottish New Year. Loads of people cry. It's like 365 days have passed and the next 365 days are somehow a clean slate. And the problems that affected us last year won't come back. I won't smoke, won't drink, I'll be healthy, make some cash... As far as *Killermont Street* goes, it's just an attempt to reflect that, that sort of very maudlin feeling that you sometimes get. I started out trying to write a song 'about' sentimentality, but I hadn't taken the music into account. The music's so sad! It fits. And my dad likes it, he approves. Doesn't think it's condescending, which is a pretty good mark of how it will be taken."

And there's politics in there - "As the ships and the steel/Slip away to the cry of 'compete'..."

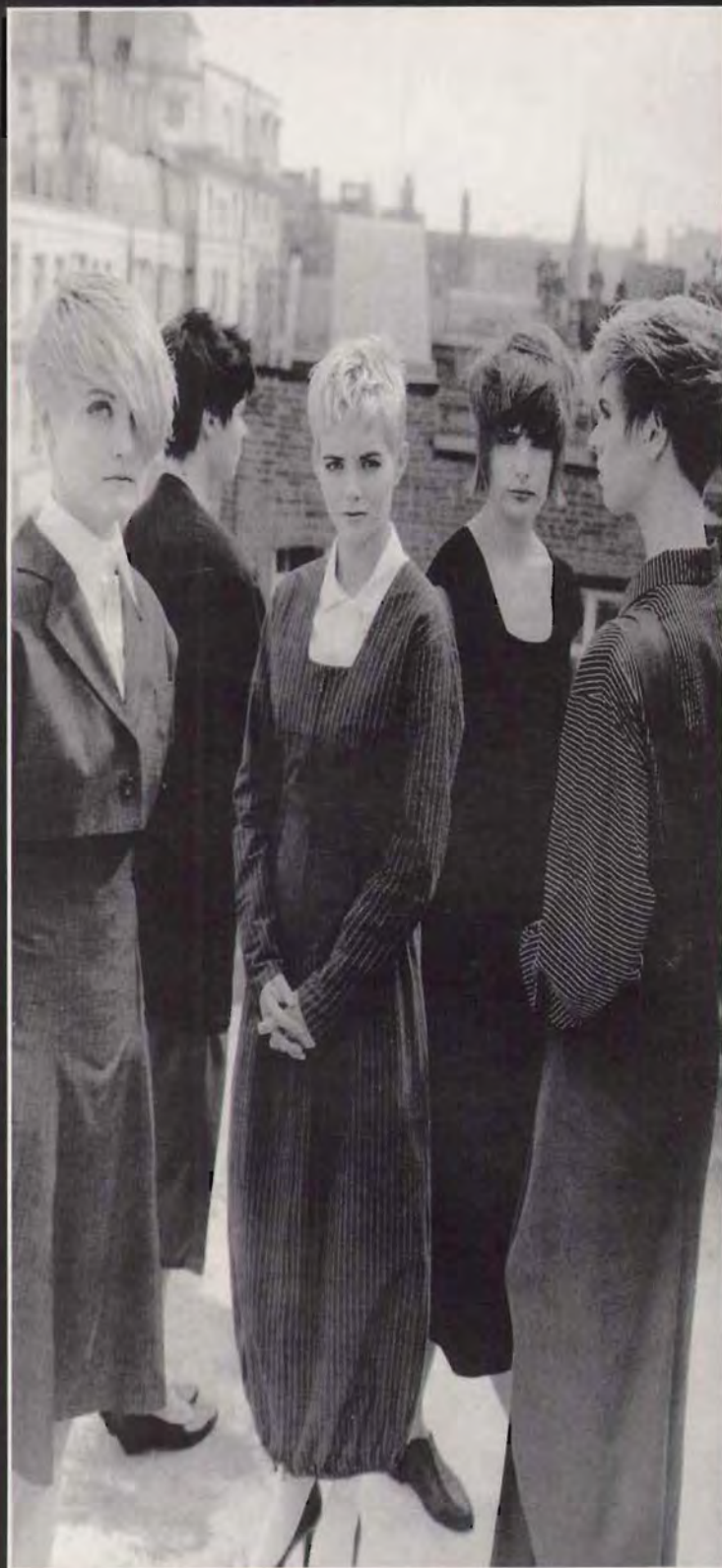
"Yeah, politics in passing, that's what it is. I think it brushes the surface."

You've said that your material needs are minimal, but you wrote a song called *All I Need Is Everything*, which sounds like the song of a voracious appetite of some kind.

"Yeâh, I have a voracious appetite for the birds and the bees and the trees... and the concrete. It's that kind of song, about one of those kind of days, when you know that you need all the elements. That's tremendous when you're 19 and you understand that your whole history up to that point has been David Bowie and punk rock and that that has actually shaped your life. The whole idea of *God Save The Queen* and *I Wanna Be Me*, Alternative TV records... they were like protest records. Very neo-Hippy, innit? Nah, a hippy's a hippy, there's probably no such thing as a neo... I just mean walking down the street and feeling happy because the sun's been shining. I think that song is a celebration not of greed, but that we have a need. We have a much bigger capacity for love and beauty and joy and life than we ever let on."

P.S. "Love is... it's a terrible life when ye havnae a wife, and the man next door's got two."

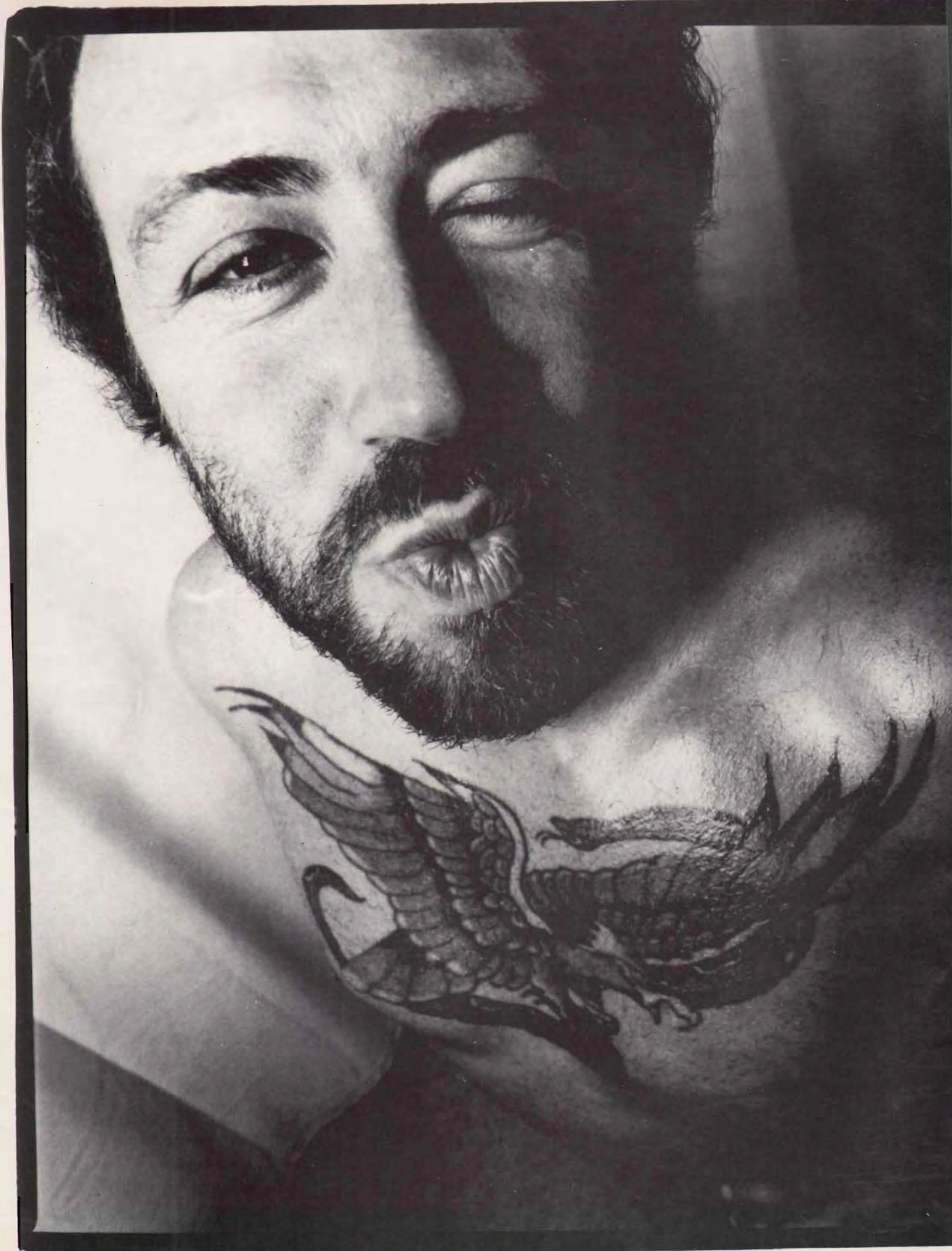
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FRANK JAKEMAN bares it all/non-fiction reviews/ARTHUR MILLER's memoirs/fiction reviews/the unsettling works of JUAN GOYTISOLO

Frank Jakeman is Britain's Number One Male Stripper. This is because he's got "a lot of bottle and a cute bum... You don't need a big willy."

Well, how big is it? "I get people saying to me things like, 'If you had half an inch less you'd have a hole in your stomach.' I put a cape round a girl the other night (at the climax of his act a victim from the audience goes under Frank's cape to remove the G-string from his oiled body) and she said, 'You smoke that and I'll have a boiled sweet.' Nah, it's nothing to do with size, really. Some strippers, yeah, are hung like donkeys. I hate following them. Ha! And there's a lot of strippers now who are tying it off, which is really annoying."

Tying it off?

"Well, they'll get into the dressing room, and get a semi on (*he mimes*), and they'll tie it off at the base, with an elastic band or a boot lace, to hold the blood in there, and then they go on. I've seen kids coming on with it blue."

Tying it off is not Frank Jakeman's style.

"In the four years I've been a stripper, all the comments have been about my bum. If you've got a real small willy like I have, you can get away with it... if you've got a nice bum and a cheeky smile - because it's not a turn-on, you know. It's not a sexual thing. It's a giggle. It's just the pure outrageousness of what you're doing. They can't believe that anyone would actually get up there and strip off, you know. It's so outrageous, they just laugh. They haven't got time to be turned on or anything."

Nor have the strippers.

"You don't get a hard-on on stage. Anyway it's not allowed. It's a nick, it's indecent exposure. I mean, once it got a bit perkier than it should have, but that doesn't happen very often. If you was to take your clothes off tonight in front of five hundred women, I bet it would be like this (*Frank barely parts thumb and forefinger*)."

Fabulous Frankie works the hen parties - cabarets

Britain's Number One male stripper Frank Jakeman has written an autobiography about his life as "a professional public penis". Ian Parker meets the man himself in the flesh.

with a rigidly unchanging format of singer, comedian, drag queen and stripper. Hen parties are loud and riotous. "We want winkle" is the constant cry from a women-only audience. But hens are not, as Frank puts it, "rude".

"You know, people always confuse hen parties with stag nights. Like they say hen is the

women's equivalent - which is rubbish. With stag nights you're talking about really filthy comics, a load of drunken bums, and a few strippers that are going around being really quite rude, if you know what I mean. Hen nights are totally different. It's a cabaret, with just a quick flash of winkle at the end.

"The day hen audiences become like stag audiences is the day I don't want to be there any more. I'd begin to feel really sleazy in what I'm doing. I mean, the men at a stag are going, 'Cor, I'll give 'er one!' There's no women looking at male strippers and thinking that. They're just thinking - what a prat. Seriously. You get all these kids coming on the circuit, and they're trying to turn the audience on, they go out there, and they're going - look at this hunk, look at me, aren't I great. Six months later, you're working with them again, and they're playing it for laughs. I try and tell them all, Look, don't take yourself too seriously. Just go out there and say, Look at me, ain't I a prat - because they're saying it anyway. The best thing is to beat them to it."

Frank beats them to it with an act of mock-macho posturing subverted by slapstick and self-parody. "You go out there and say, 'Now, girls, I want an honest answer, d'you think I've got a small willy?' And they all yell back, 'Yeaaaaah!'"

New on the circuit are cock and hen nights - a mixed crowd gets a blue comedian, a singer, a male stripper and a female stripper. They don't work, says Jakeman, because the women won't join in.

"It seems funny to me that the woman stripper goes on and all the husbands sit up and ogle quite tactlessly. And then you go on at the end of the night, and the women are too scared to do the same because they don't

want a deathly silent ride home in the car and the husband to have the hump for a couple of days, you know. It's real chauvinism. The men can do what they want, but when the bloke's on they're looking at their wives, saying, 'Oh yeah? You fancy that, do you, you slag?'"

Frank is the best – even the Boston Dangler and Ruddy Hard Kipling can't touch him – but, sadly, being Britain's Number One Male Stripper is pretty similar to being Britain's Number Thirty-five Male Stripper. Despite his new autobiography, *Being Frank*, despite a six-minute stripping slot on *EastEnders* in 1985, despite "noddie" parts in *Minder* and *Big Deal*, Frank Jakeman earns only £50 a night. And unlike the comedians and crooners who work the circuit with him, Frank will never get the TV coverage which could push up his fee. "It kills me," he sighs. "Take *Live From The Palladium*, the last series. Every Sunday night, for about six Sundays in a row, I saw a young comic or a young singer that I would know, and work regularly with on hens. And I'm sitting there as a stripper, and I can't go on the telly with my act, because obviously I can't. Know what I mean? You feel like all your mates are overtaking you."

So Frank is getting out. He will hang up his G-string next summer.

"It's four years on, you know. I'm thirty-one next month. How long can you strip? It was only a means to an end anyway. I never wanted to be a stripper."

For a man whose career has been largely unplanned – from zoo keeper to TV drama thug to bouncer to *EastEnders* stripper – Jakeman has a disconcerting sureness of his ability to plan the future. Cheerful and relaxed before, Jakeman is serious when discussing his prospects. First he talks of his writing. He is certain that the publishers of his autobiography (entertaining but not spectacular) will be taking his books for decades. They won't. They wanted an anecdotal stripping book, and now they've got it.

Then there are the animals. A childhood spent under the spell of Gerald Durrell and a five-year stint at London Zoo have led Frank to the notion of broadcasting TV nature programmes from his own zoo. Here in his Watford home, a portrait of Darwin hangs over the desk, bizarre amphibians peer out from gloomy tanks, and Desmond Morris jostles with Arnold Schwarzenegger on the bookshelves. "I'll have a zoo by the time I'm forty," he says repeatedly, as if repetition encourages a prophesy to fulfill itself.

A little later, Jakeman uses the same voice. "In six months' time I will be a comic." After retiring from stripping, he wants to stay in cabaret with his trousers on. "I wanna do it my way, you know. I'm a natural comic, I really am. I'm the world's only nude comedian. But I hope it's not going to be too long before I can go out there and entertain people without taking my clothes off."

It won't be easy. He knows that as a comedian, the cries of "We want winkle" will still ring around the halls. You don't just stop being Britain's Number One Male Stripper: "Yeah, it's funny, because when most people get a bit famous, they get recognised, and people say, 'Oh, 'allo, you're on so and so.' When I did *EastEnders*, I used to wheel my trolley round Tesco's, and people used to shout, 'GET EM OFF!' Ha!"

And you'd say?

"Well, I'd say, 'You haven't got a ticket. I'm a professional public penis.'" ●

(*BEING FRANK* is published by Headline, £8.95)

Steve Davis enjoys being a thing. "I'm a bit of a worker, right? But I don't want to be me own boss. That's not what I'm strong at. So it's nice to work for somebody. In some ways, I work for me father, in being the machine that we work on to get the technique right. But then I also work for Barry as a sort of... being used as an item to be shipped out. You're a product. I know you're a human being as well. But when you're being sold, you're a product. And I get a lot of enjoyment from watching me being... marketed." This honest if chilling revelation comes from **POCKET MONEY** (Pan, £3.95), the history of the 1985–6 snooker season, written with panache and thoroughness by Gordon Burn. Davis's 'Barry', of course, is Mr 'Matchroom' Hearn – manager of all but

a handful of the top stars. His silken mouth and swollen wallet dominate the book as comprehensively as they do the sport. Hearn's devotion to marketing is near-evangelical. Burn reports on a Steve Davis Jim! Fix It: the set and shots are arranged to maximise the (BBC) coverage of Hearn's Matchroom toiletries logo. Burn asks him if this is not going a little too far. "What is enough? Who's judging the enough?... I'm entitled, I'm entitled to say I would like this, I want that, I want so many close-ups, so many probes, so many verbal mentions... Because that's part of the deal. That's the package... I mean, I think it's just natural." Hearn is to snooker what lager is to Big Bill Werbeniuk – essential, perhaps, but none too healthy in such quantities.

The tense early chapters of the autobiographical **ZEFFIRELLI** (Arena, £5.95) have the teenage Franco Zeffirelli as a half-hearted anti-Fascist partisan twice escaping firing squads, and once retching at the bloated, bloody corpse of a newly hanged Mussolini. Rigor mortis had set in: "The partisans had bent one (arm) back, but every time they forced the other down, it sprang up in a grotesque parody of the Roman salute." Zeffirelli's subsequent chapters, although unconventionally honest about fame and money, and although suffused with the religious repercussions of a third brush with death (this time in Gina Lollobrigida's Rolls Royce) occupy a rather more familiar theatrical/anecdotal territory. Richard Burton and Robert Kennedy, after a long night out, engage in a bizarre recitation competition, each trying to out-Shakespeare the other. Eventually, Burton delivers his *coup de grace*: "He threw back his head and using all the force of that amazing golden voice he recited the fifteenth sonnet backwards, starting at the final word and ending on the first... Kennedy graciously conceded defeat."

To read SJ Perelman's correspondence is to be delivered into a world of comic hyperbole and syntactical invention – a place where one boasts of a "snootful of vacation spots", or one asks Groucho Marx for "a scholarly little monograph on 'Muff Memories of an Old Trooper'", or has Dorothy Parker and James Agee living in "a fog of crapulous laundry, stale cigarette smoke, and dirty dishes, sans furniture or cleanliness". ("One suspects," adds the author, "they wet their beds.") The selected letters in **DON'T TREAD ON ME** (Viking, £14.95) form an education in wily, semi-fantastical wit. Myles na Gopaleen could do it. Miles Kington cannot. Here are Perelman's observations on the reading habits of a friend's 14-year-old son: "It is a sad commentary that this promising young fellow spends his time burrowing into Dostoyevsky; from there it is only a step to Kafka, and before you can say knife, he will be lounging around in one of these Greenwich Village bodegas a stone's throw from here, swilling red wine, plagiarizing Amy Lowell, and generally disqualifying himself for a

useful, active bourgeois life."

The fact that a useful active life is so rare a thing in the Western societies which she so determinedly considers 'open' does not unduly distress Doris Lessing. She is too busy cultivating élites. The political/sociological essays **PRISONS WE CHOOSE TO LIVE IN** (Cape, £7.95) would be poisonous if they weren't so laughably half-arsed. Lessing – who can slag off the Ethiopian revolution in one sentence while accusing others of lazy thought – never relinquishes her two preposterous certainties: that she is right, and that she is reasonable. Extremism, you see, is what your nasty left-wing opponents have. The book is

most fun when discussing the Jane Somers experiment. Lessing wrote two books under the name Somers and submitted them to

publishers as if from an unknown author. In droves, publishers rushed to reject the manuscripts. This, says Lessing, proves the sheepishness and ignorance of the publishing world. Of course, it proves precisely the reverse. It demonstrates the remarkable perspicacity of the trade, and their firm grip on the Western commercial values Lessing so admires. Only with her name on the cover could they have hoped to sell such tedious trash.

With her whimsical 'Events In The Skies', Lessing cuts a no less sorry dash in **GRANTA** 22 (Penguin, £3.95) – an issue dominated by Hanif Kureishi. His 'Film Diary' of *Sammy And Rosie Get Laid* is interesting enough, but a novella of youth in India and England – 'With Your Tongue Down My Throat' – is less impressive. Kureishi is something of a literary

fashion victim, never venturing into print without the precisely appropriate paraphernalia of the day. In this *Granta* story, that criticism applies quite literally. "Is that a Keith Haring T-Shirt?" people ask, and jeans are never just jeans but "black Levi 501s with the button fly". Newspapers are named, music identified, and there is talk of tofu in Holland Park. Blame the narrator and not the author? Well, yes, it is that kind of story. But I see Kureishi there, establishing credentials in much the way that others collect stamps.

Elsewhere in the collection is an excellent piece by Carlos Fuentes on his 'discovery' of Latin American culture, and an interview with Claude Eatherly, who commanded the lead plane over Hiroshima. "When someone makes a trip like mine and returns alive, he either kills himself or he lives like a Trappist monk." Eatherly has since killed himself. Of all the *Granta* pieces, however, for its sheer proximity to man's most foul and corrupt instincts, the most memorable is 'An Escape From Kampala' by Wycliffe Kato. His experience as a prisoner of Amin cannot be summarised, and should be read.

Terry Coleman's *Guardian* interviews have been collected as **MOVERS AND SHAKERS** (André Deutsch, £12.95). Coleman is the master of making a molehill out of a mountain. Because he seems so determined to get to the bottom of things, it is a constant frustration to see the bottom not being reached. This is as much due to his wayward questioning as to the deviation and hesitation of his subjects. Perhaps the best interview in the book is not an interview at all, but a series of rather acrimonious exchanges with the Duke of Edinburgh at an under-attended press conference in Mali.

AND BRIEFLY...

● **THE INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF FILMS AND FILMMAKERS: VOLUME 1, FILMS; VOLUME 2, DIRECTORS** edited by Christopher Lyon (Macmillan, £12.50 each). As much for the scholar as the casual video viewer, these are the best general film books available.

● **99 THINGS A QUEEN WOULD (PROBABLY) NEVER DO** by Martin Wakeman (Star, £1.95). Cartoons of the Queen farting in a lift, and so on. A publisher's dream.

● **STORMY WEATHER** by Linda Dahl (Quartet, £5.95). A century of women's jazz researched with flair and evident enthusiasm. An education.

● **A GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE** by Paul Keers (Weidenfeld, £6.95). A perfectly serious consideration of Argyle socks and Brooks Brothers shirts.

● **BIZARRE BOOKS** by Russell Ash and Brian Lake (Sphere, £2.99). A list of genuine book titles, including *The Great Pantyhose Crafts Book*, *Rubbing Along In Burmese* and *Cameos Of Vegetarian Literature*.

● **SUPERNATURE II** by Lyall Watson (Sceptre, £4.95). Those who don't immediately see that Uri Geller is a fraud must be soft in the head. Pseudo-science for half-wits.

● **AROMANTICS** by Valerie Ann Worwood (Pan, £4.95). Bullshit on a truly heroic scale. How to put perfume on your pubic hair.

● **GOD: THE ULTIMATE AUTOBIOGRAPHY** by Jeremy Pascall (Ebury, £5.95). As one might imagine, a single joke (already told by George Burns) repeated religiously.

● **AT WORK IN THE FIELDS OF THE BOMB** by Robert Del Tredici (Harrap, £9.95). Unnerving photographs of nuclear installations and those who work in them. "My purpose," writes Del Tredici, "is to give the collective imagination something accurate and graphic to hang on to as it strives to come to terms with the Bomb's reality."

● **NAMES AND NICKNAMES OF PLACES AND THINGS** edited by Laurence Urdang (Grafton, £12.95). Soho, Sears Tower, Silicon Valley, Skid Row. Not altogether useless.

● **VICTORIAN WOMEN ARTISTS** by Pamela Gerrish Nunn (The Women's Press, £10.95). A text of surprisingly crude generalisations (with historical arguments often based on single quotations), but worthwhile for its reclaiming of a forgotten tradition.

● **THE LAST OF ENGLAND** by Derek Jarman (Constable, £10.95). "The cinema's finished, it's a dodo, kissed to death by economics... The cinema is to the 20th century what the Diorama was to the 19th. Endangered species are always elevated..." Diary entries, interviews and gulps of autobiography – Jarman speaks.

One shouldn't gossip, but it's a little-known fact that Deutsch wanted to call Coleman's book 'Inside Germaine Greer And Other Intrusions'. According to Greer she told them to fuck themselves, and I'm wondering if this book's subtitle – 'Conversations With Uncommon Men' – is a mark of their chagrin. Either way (and Greer is not the only woman in the collection), it's a tacky business.

A rare compensation for living with Reaganism is the presence of Alexander Cockburn writing against it. Cockburn is a British-born journalist who lives and works in the United States. **CORRUPTIONS OF EMPIRE** (Verso, £14.95) collects his matchless writings of the period from 1976 to the present. His subject is the "manic, corrupted and malevolent" ideology which, seeping from White House press conferences, finds so cosy and fetid a home in America's right-wing press. "If the (*New York Times*)," claims Cockburn, "were to put out an edition of Engels' *The Condition Of The Working Class In England* they would call it *Deregulatory Innovation: Productivity In The British Textile Industry*".

Cockburn has an enviable gift for precisely positioned irony. He reports on the opening of a DeLorean cocaine factory in Belfast, tells of an unexpected eruption of "Mount Kissinger", and previews an expedition of apartheid apologists – "big-game hunting" for that "rarely seen but oft-described creature known to zoologists as 'Moderate Progress'". And on new developments in dental health, Cockburn has no challengers: "There on the washbasin is no longer the squeezed-out tube of toothpaste, abject and shrunken, but a puissant dildo, some seven inches tall. When the pump tip is pressed firmly, the paste oozes from its nozzle. The tube remains erect and ample, no matter how often it is used... The plain fact is that the new road to gum pride in Reagan's America comes by way of the simulacrum of a male Caucasian sexual member, or – if you want to be overdetermined about it – of a nuclear missile." ●

ARTHUR MILLER is almost as famous for marrying Marilyn Monroe as he is for writing *Death Of A Salesman*. His mammoth autobiography, *Timebends*, published this month, shows there is much more than this to the man who defied McCarthy and remains one of America's most influential playwrights.

Below, we present a few choice excerpts:

ON WRITING *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*: "When I lay down to sleep I realised I had been weeping – my eyes still burned and my throat was sore from talking it all out and shouting and laughing. I would be stiff when I woke, aching as if I had played four hours of football."

ON MCCARTHYISM: "I saw the civilities of public life deftly stripped from the body politic like the wings of insects or birds by manic children, and great and noble citizens branded traitors,

without a sign of real disgust from any quarter. The unwritten codes of toleration were apparently to be observed no longer."

ON HIS SECOND WIFE, MARILYN MONROE: "To have survived, she would have had to be either more cynical or even further from reality than she was. Instead, she was a poet on a street corner trying to recite to a crowd pulling at her clothes."

ON MEETING MIKHAIL GORBACHEV IN 1986: "Unlike his predecessors, Gorbachev did not look baggy and bloated with drink; he wore a brown suit and beige shirt and striped tie, and had an eager grin and a certain contemporary wit in his eyes... For me, the lifting of the

usual paranoid fog was almost palpable. How long it would last I could not know, but that it had been tried was, I thought, a tremendously hopeful thing."

ON BEING RECOGNISED AT NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY: "'Mr Miller! Mr Miller!' I turned around, incredulous, as four tall black youths bore down on us calling my name. How wonderful to be famous! Breathless, they came to a halt before us.

'You are Mr Miller, aren't you?'

'I sure am!'

'I knew it!... Man, I have always enjoyed your music!'" ●

(*TIMEBENDS: A LIFE* by Arthur Miller is published by Methuen, £17.95.)



© PAUL BERTSCH/LOUIS POSTDISPATCH

Just when you thought that Charles Bukowski was a spent force, the old soak lurches back one more time. For most of this decade, any anticipation hanging over him has centred around the state of his storm-tossed liver. Since 1982's part-autobiographical *Ham On Rye*, there's been little to get worked up about. The patchy *Hot Water Music* collection of stories. A few volumes of perfunctory poetry. **THE MOVIE: BARFLY** (Black Sparrow Press, £8.95) is his original screenplay for the forthcoming Barbet

Schroeder film, starring Mickey Rourke as Henry Chinaski and Faye Dunaway as Wanda Wilcox. Choppy waves aplenty. We're even

treated to a generous helping of on-location photography. There's Rourke trying desperately to look disagreeable but managing to look beautiful. There's Dunaway trying desperately to look vandalised but managing to look even more beautiful than Rourke. Then there's Bukowski with a face like a lump of coral, sucking on a beer bottle, looking far from beautiful but perfecting the loused-up look with that roguish, ulcerated grin of his. The screenplay itself is no grab-bag of surprises. Bar brawling, sidewalk brawling, bedroom brawling. Superhuman feats of drinking. Sex, bus-stops, employment exchanges. Bleak resignation. Dog piss. Illusions. Occasional bursts of bright lyricism. Lines like "your mother's cunt stinks like a carpet cleaner". In short, the low-life experience told like no one else can tell it. Picture it. There's a loud crash of broken glass against a wall. Wanda, hearing Henry laugh, asks him what it's all about.

"It's hatred," he says, "the only thing that lasts." As ever, there is no way out, no redemption. This finds Buk scratching around in the dust looking for another way to explain the madness, the blind obedience and the fact that almost nothing ever lasts. It's the same old can of maggots shaken and stirred, emptied onto the carpet. Watching them crawl about when they are as lively and hungry as this still ranks as one of the most compelling sights in modern literature. The movie looks set to bust the pressure gauge. Hang on in there.

Robert Drewe is one of Australia's most widely acclaimed writers and **FORTUNE** (Picador, £3.95) is his masterpiece. People

tug insistently on his inky digits and wonder impatiently if all these books are as good as I say they are. I never tell lies about books. Music, sure. Pop music is never as good as I say it is. Books? Better. *Fortune* is the third best paperback this year, tucking in behind Ford's *The Sportsman* and Goytisolo's *Landscapes After The Battle*. "Life," it reasons, "was like a coastline, of widely differing physical features – from steep fiord to sheltered bays and benign flat sandy stretches – which while serving as the perimeter of possibilities also gave no hint as to what lay within." *Fortune* is a little like this. It scrapes and scribbles around the perimeter of possibilities and, before you know it, you have its intestines in your top pocket. Then you're hooked.

Loosely, this is the story of Don Spargo, a modern explorer who finds a sunken treasure on the West Australian coast and becomes a folk hero, a huge controversy, an enigma, a criminal

and a victim. This isn't enough, though. That's like saying that *Moby Dick* was a yarn about a fish. Drewe packs twenty years of extraordinary life into this novel, negotiating a maze of traps and blind alleys before he reaches home. Events are studied in the manner of a ricocheting bullet hanging in the air. As his narrator struggles to make sense of Spargo's story, he works on the principle that people and events career off each other only to remain inextricably linked. Ricochet. *Fortune* veers off at fascinating, agonising tangents, only to return, never quite wrapping things up, but making for a watery mirage that is loaded with suspense, death, romance, coincidence – especially coincidence. Drewe resists the urge to use synchronism to tie all his loose ends together. Rather, his trump cards drift together in order to heighten the mystery of the novel, to expand its possibilities, to stretch that perimeter even further. In the process, it criticises the journalist's method of imposing his own form of order on the world's, the way that reporting violates the larger truth of a chaotic universe. In that sense, the book turns in on itself, doubting the sound and the believability of its own voice. Sometimes it's like being trapped in an elevator where the walls seem to be moving inward. Sometimes it's like riding on a rollercoaster where everything goes dizzy, and fact and fiction blur into each other and everything makes some kind of weird sense. With electrodes on its scalp, *Fortune* makes an unforgettable noise.

Jim Crace's **CONTINENT** (Picador, £2.95) is making some equally obsessive din, its seven episodes striving to invent a new world where innocence is fighting a losing battle against the forces that decide what is what. With a firm grip on the power of understatement, Crace manages to avoid hysteria. These stories are

etched ever so delicately, with sharp observations and sparse, picturesque settings. The sense of unease is always carefully concealed but happens to spring out of its box when you least expect it. Fusing folklore and political parable, moral fable and myth, *Continent* finds seven new ways to dissect the vulnerability of the human condition, watching it twitch and tremble from a convenient distance. What emerges and coagulates is a landscape that is both strangely foreign and naggingly familiar. The Dostoyevskian *The World With One Eye Shut*, in particular, asks you to suspend your disbelief one last time and preaches an intensive inwardness that is bleakly perceptive. The world in irregular motion, ever so slightly.

Anne Devlin's **THE WAY-PAVER** (Faber, £2.95) is a collection of nine stories from a writer who is, in her own words, "continually torn between writing about the Irish Troubles and wishing to ignore them; resenting the grip of history and bowing to its inevitability." Most of these nine tales choose to turn their dark imagining to other troubled concerns. Loss, revenge, betrayal, human frailty, sudden death, solitude. When the Irish struggle does intrude, as in the treacherous *Naming The Names*, it does so with a gentle, almost unobtrusive ebb, forming a vaguely threatening backdrop to the central struggles of the story. Devlin is a sharp, effective storyteller with a tremendous energy, and this debut collection, following her acclaimed work for stage and television, ushers in a promising talent.

Emma Tennant's **QUEEN OF STONES & ALICE FELL** (Faber, £4.95) marries two of her recent novelettes under one roof to form a double-barrelled shotgun of outlandish imagination. The better of the two, *Queen Of Stones* has been described as "Virginia Woolf re-

fiction

BY JONH WILDE

▶ writing *Lord Of The Flies*”, and I’d be hard pressed to sum it up any more accurately. A fictionalised account of the 1981 West Dorset drama involving a group of young girls going missing along the fog-bound coast, Tennant weaves a panoramic fantasy through the events, posing some haunting questions around the violent death that formed the horrifying dénouement to the adventure. Not completely dissimilar to the way that Emyln Williams joined the dots to present his version of the Brady/Hindley story in *Beyond Belief*, Tennant fills in her own details based on psychiatrists’ reports and the girls’ own fragments of speech, notes and journals. One suspects that the final picture is far removed from the actual truth of what became known as The Isle Of Portland Tragedy, but it makes for quite astonishing fiction, blending supernatural supposition and stark facts to create a heady stench.

“The most prestigious paperback launch of the year...” boast Picador as they unleash the first batch of their Classics series, re-issuing twelve titles with a svelte new smoking jacket for each of them. The best of the first batch include Kafka’s *The Trial* (£3.95), Hanel Long’s *The Marvellous Adventure of Cabeza De Vaca* (£2.95), Jules Laforgue’s *Moral Tales* (£3.50) and Baudelaire’s *Les Fleurs Du Mal* (£5.95) with the likes of Hesse, Robert Musil, Steinbeck, Rilke and Aragon all earning themselves another well-deserved gad about. A further ten titles, including James T Farrell’s *Studs Lonigan*, Knut Hamsun’s *Mysteries* and The Collected Works of Nathanael West will follow in the New Year. Buy the bloody lot. ●

AND BRIEFLY...

● OTHER PASSPORTS by Clive James

(Picador, £3.95). Thirty years of lyrical verse, parodies, lampoons, imitations and verse letters. A shoplifter’s concern for detail, an air-raid warden’s flair for drama, as formidable as an oil-rig. At its finest with its tongue in its cheek, cloying at its most sedate but an overall success.

● SON OF IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT

compiled by Scott Rice (Abacus, £2.99). Yet more excruciating entries from the annual Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest, which challenges entrants to compose the worst possible opening sentence to a hypothetical novel. Example: “I think nuns are good too.” Vigore agreed with his greenish tablemate, wiping a track of grease from the edge of his maw with the back of a seven-fingered hand, “they don’t get stuck in my teeth like fishermans do.” 130 pages of like-minded bad taste.

● THE INJURED PARTY by Susan Fromberg

Schaeffer (Pavanne, £3.95). From the author of the mighty *Madness Of A Seduced Woman*, this latest work finds Schaeffer at her fraught and forcible best, watching her characters slide together and apart again with big bucketfuls of anguish and no marzipan in reserve. Wearing a worried-looking expression in the queue for the incinerator.

● GOD, HE WAS GOOD by JK Klavans

(Pavanne, £2.95). Emotional bubbles go bursting in a West Virginian beauty parlour where the employees compete and confide in one another, drawn together in a common quest for salvation of some sort. Angela Carter thinks it “unladylike” and “crackling with promise”. She’s never wrong. Fighting back with sauce and sass.



Spain’s greatest living novelist begins our interview with an unforgivably rotten joke.

“You’ll have to speak up, I’m a little hard of hearing. Not exactly stone deaf. But a little pebble deaf.”

He sniggers and apologises. JUAN GOYTISOLO sniggers frequently. Full of profound mischief. Perpetually bewildered. Inexact. Indefinite. Random.

“I began to write when I was a child and always considered myself a writer. Never considered any other fate. I was educated in Franco’s Spain and, from a very young age, rebelled against that. Later, I became a political exile and finally left Spain from 1963 to the time of Franco’s death and I was blacklisted during that period. I was banned for religious, political and sexual reasons, every kind in fact. It had its advantages, though. It’s interesting for a writer to see his own culture from the vantage point of other cultures and the language from other languages.”

Though he was never to return to his homeland, the country was to remain an obsession in his writing over the years, exposing the emptiness behind Spain’s past and present masks, her personalities and historical characters, her institutions and watchwords, her causes and ideals. In short, he set out to destroy the myths concerning Spain. His novel trilogy – *Marks Of Identity* (1966), *Count Julian* (1970) and *Juan The Landless* (1975) – in particular, took up the challenge. By the time Franco died, though, Goytisolo seemed to have lost interest in the country and effectively ceased to be a Spaniard, “adopting” the Arab world in its place.

“When I was exiled, I renounced the country but not the culture,” he explains. “The society is attached to the idea of space but culture is mobile. I lost interest in the struggles of Spanish society but I grew more and more involved with Spanish culture. I found the necessity to learn Arabic to understand the difference between Spain and the other Western countries. You cannot explain Spanish history without a knowledge of Arab culture and Jewish culture. Even if I was violently opposed to the country, my books were, on the other hand, contributing to Spanish culture. I was very aware of that

contradiction. Perhaps Franco’s death came too late for me. Maybe if he’d died at the beginning of the Sixties, I would be living in Spain now. As it is, I divide my time between Paris and Morocco. I live alone. The literary life does not appeal to me. I don’t like the idea of celebrity. If people read my books twice and feel they have been led along a particular path, then I am happy.”

Landscapes After The Battle (reviewed with a high fever in October’s BLITZ) is his first novel to be published in this country, while the trilogy is lined up for the New Year. It has been described as his first comic novel, though this claim perplexes Goytisolo slightly.

“Other novels like *Marks Of Identity* are much more classical certainly. From that point on, I have intended the books to be an adventure for the reader and most of them have had elements of the comic in them. Perhaps *Landscapes* is more comic than the others. Also more obsessional.

“The idea is, of course, that the hero is not at all heroic in his life,” he continues. “There is an irony about him. Camus wrote *L’Etranger*, the tragic story of a split mind. My purpose was the opposite. To show that it is not tragic at all. You can be fragmented and there is no tragedy in that. To some extent, my purpose is to unsettle the reader.”

As much as anything, it is his own position as a writer that Goytisolo is constantly attempting to sabotage, as much as the destruction of literature or the destruction of myths.

“In the beginning,” he recalls, “I wrote books about Spanish society and Francoism and they were translated into many languages. I realised that it was very easy and I set-out to sabotage that kind of literature. The translations stopped but I was glad because I passed from one stage to another. I knew I was making life difficult for myself but those difficulties are important to me. I need to struggle with the text and I like to see my readers struggle too. To progress, to take one’s own personal process in literature, leading one to a final process which closes all exits, that is what’s important.” ● (LANDSCAPES AFTER THE BATTLE is published by Serpent’s Tail, £7.95)

WORDS JOHN WILDE/PHOTOGRAPH STEVE DOUBLE

SHOOT!



by Bill Bott

The day of the big match, gangling centre forward Stanley Blade looked at his kit in the mirror. **"MUM!"** he roared. **"MUM!"**

"You're alright, son," soothed Coach Hyre, holding his balls in a bag. "I'm your mum now."

"But Coach!" he wailed. "I've shot me bottle, guv! I'm frightened of football!"

"Scared of sport?!" paled the plimsoll-mad pensioner. "Are you mad, lad?!"

Just then the ref roamed up and went, "Three minutes to kick off, Coach. Assemble your lads at the punch line."

"Right, ref," he waved, turning on Stan brutally. "Listen! You can't back out now, kid. I've raised you from the worm you were to the promising young newcomer you are today. You should be over the moon, and you probably will be if you don't get on that field and kick off!"

Booting a ball before him, Blade pulled up at the punch line as the whistle went for kick off. Suddenly, he had the ball at his feet and an open goal before him. He surged toward it, the blood racing in his ears, the wind roaring through him. He aimed. The crowd gasped. He pulled back his foot to score...

Just then, Leonardo da Vinci woke up in the Renaissance Arms and sighed. It had all just been a cruel dream.

The End

MEDIA

paul morley's TELECIDE/paul mathur
on ADVERTS/new VIDEOS

telecide

A careless journalist once remarked that I resembled that crazy Australian Rod Hull, the man stuck with an Emu. It never occurred to this crooked commentator that I might in fact be Rod Hull, and that I have been making breakfast for the Emu for over twenty years. I know Emu's real name – Louis-Ferdinand Céline – and could quickly tell Terence Conran what the bird's favourite things are – Wigan Rugby League Football Club, Henry Kelly's accent, Auden's bottom, and any Christmas carol sung by Joan Baez. Those of you who have turned up to watch the Emu's new series, *Emu's Wide World*, set inside a scary Pink Windmill, will know what an appealing and cocky mishmash it is – a mixture of Genet, Walt Disney, *Crackerjack* and God. As Michael Caine mentioned to me over a rum in Slough the other day, not many people know that 'God' spelt backwards is actually 'Emu'. And let's face it, not many people can handle a girl guide as confidently as Rod Hull. Not even anything that happened in the innocent and tingling Sixties could compare, not even the stunning things Peter Cook could do with a cabbage, a cub scout and a cold cup of cocoa. Incidentally, for any of you wondering about the identity of the jolly Green Witch, who quite frankly terrorises anyone under 10 years old who dares to enter the Pink Windmill, it isn't Russell Grant, or Claire Rayner, or indeed Patrick Moore. It is Tom Watkins, manager of The Pet Shop Boys.

I expect one or two of you will understand that last remark, including my American reader, Steve Martin, of California, who kindly sent me a telex. "Thank you very much for describing brilliantly in the piece you wrote about me what you were wearing. Unfortunately, you got it



Paul Morley on who should be Who and other Telecidal problems.

slightly wrong. You forgot to mention your gold Mickey Mouse tie pin. Very regrettable, as it made your outfit, and indeed would have made the article. And why didn't you mention The Great Flydini, the best cabaret act that there's ever been on *The Last Resort*? Anyway, don't forget to watch Ken Dodd in *Dr Who*."

Ken Dodd in *Dr Who*? Remarkably enough, yes – along with Don Henderson, Bulman himself, whose first screen role was in that fabulous film *The Ghoul*, where he played... The Ghoul. The Ghoul was a non-speaking role that required Don to look like the Green Witch boiled in oil. As Rod Hull, I was up for that part, but lost out because I insisted on playing The Ghoul wearing a pink top hat covered in sequins, and demanded that Emu play the part that was eventually taken by John Hurt.

If *Dr Who* was a collective hallucination that coloured over our lives for a couple of decades, it does seem that the drug is wearing off. These days, Emu and the Pink Windmill has more to do with science fiction or fantasy than the hard-drinking time comedian bouncing up and down on the pot belly of existence. This minor National Theatre clown who is the third post-Baker Doctor has completed the cosmically mundane reduction of the legend: from friend of Socrates to Derek Nimmo's nephew. For those of us who were crushed by the presence, dear oh dear, of Katy Manning or Susan Jameson as the Doctor's assistants, to see Bonnie Langford bounding a shrieking orbit around the Tardis is particularly sad. The best thing about this current series has been the special guests: Kate O'Mara reminding us of a time when *Dr Who* was a little sexy around the edges, Richard Briers as a cross between Adolf Hitler and Derek Guyler, Ken Dodd, wearing the



kind of pale purple costume only a man in deep trauma, or Rod Hull, would ever wear. There should be one more *Dr Who*, and it should be the last *Dr Who*, dying in a craze of glory, and it should be – if it isn't Emu – Ken Dodd.

Or maybe it should be Jeffrey Bernard, the *Spectator* columnist whose life is turning into one long composition on decomposition. The BBC showed just how seriously they really took the Piggott affair by sending a *Newsnight* camera crew down to Jeffrey's legendary local, Soho's Coach And Horses Inn, of all places, to film a few extravagantly exhausted patrons mourning, or enjoying, Lester's loss of freedom.

Jeffrey, of course, looked ravishing, a bottle of vodka, or a tax demand, away from the shadow of the tax inspector. It is one thing, said Jeffrey, slowly, to live in the valley of the shadow of the tax inspector. It is quite another to come face to face with him. Jeffrey has reduced life to the terrifying basics: minor fame, hopeful drinking, the Inland Revenue, and just a little wet patch of moral stamina. Me and Rod Hull, being one and the same, can appreciate that. Jeffrey slowly expressed his sorrow, generously supporting a fellow wretched human being who just didn't understand, and *Newsnight* accidentally supplied us with a wonderful portrait of a man dissolving into eternity. What a wonderful final *Dr Who* he would make.

Steven Morrissey would also make an admirable *Dr Who*. Surprisingly this highly civilised entertainer made an honest last gasp attempt to win the Blitzer TV Man of the Year award. Although Johnny Ross will still win, not least for the way he gripped onto the paralysing Stephanie Beacham (he'll never dry clean that particular JPG), Steven's recent TV appearances suggest that whatever else happens he could have a fine future as a bright, candid media commentator – the post-punk, highly cabled Ken Tynan



many of us have been looking for. The *South Bank Show* Smiths special certainly proved that Johnny Marr missed the whole point of The Smiths, and that Steve is brilliant at interpreting madness, his own and others. Here is a Dr Who that would accept we are all murderers and prostitutes. His appearance on *Network* helping a young boy's harrowing moan about the state of pop on television was splendid. Ume! Things don't change, do they – when Steven and I were young boys, sitting in the stalls at the Manchester Free Trade Hall, watching Fanny and Steeleye Span, we too would moan terribly about the state of pop on television, and here we are, years later, and still suffering, as Steven said, Vera Lynn in the midst of a multi-coloured light show. What I especially like about Steven on TV is the way that he quite calmly implies to us all that everyone is desperate, and that the worst is yet to happen. Now that he has quit being The King Of The Vague, and is no longer in Johnny Marr's version of The Faces, I trust we'll see the flowering of the genius.

So who else could be the last Dr Who? Keith Floyd? Tony Hart? Dick Dastardly? And just as important – who could be the last Who Girl? Gloria Hunniford? Pamela Armstrong? The mighty Cher? People Who I Have Tried To Interview Before I Die Part 1 – The Mighty Cher. While she was over I tried to invite her into The Pink Windmill, but of course she chose to blaze her enlightened rhetoric through the *Wogan* show. She sang a song, wearing a piece of heaven. In the immortal words of Bananarama, *wow*. A lucky journalist who met Cher in America, and who I will kill when I see him next, has described the new Cher record as being like the Sensational Alex Harvey Band without Alex Harvey. This journalist sounds rather a doubtful young man. What does it matter how a Cher record sounds? The important thing about Cher is what she

signals through the flames of her being. And what is that, you may ask? Oh, you know, the fierce and soulless grandeur of pure ego. The starry greatness that could echo in the mind of a civilisation. How she eclipsed Wogan! The first question I would ask her would be: what's it like? Not that I would ever write the interview up. How could I share Cher with anyone else?

Cilla Black is an obvious candidate to be the last ever Tardis maiden. On what planet did they find *Blind Date*? There is at the moment much support in the critical community for Cilla's *Blind Date*, many superior pats on the back for its 'refreshing spontaneity' and 'celebration of ordinary people's wit' – as if the entire nation is populated with third-rate Tiffany DJs and travel agents who can't see further than the end of their Boots. I like *Blind Date*, but not because it's genuine or anything like that – because it's awfully desperate. Cilla has been trying to put together a celebrity edition, going after people like George Michael and Selina Scott. Such sheer celebrities are inevitably turning her down. It looks as though Cilla will end up with the likes of Christopher Biggins and Cheryl Baker, such near celebrities, because, as Steven rightly suggests, the worst is yet to happen. Imagine, though, the dream edition of *Blind Date*. Cher as the girl asking the questions, Steven Morrissey, Jeffrey Bernard and the Emu as the choice boys. 'My first question is – if you were the new Dr Who, what would you wear?' Steven would be the choice, and Cher and Morrissey for their prize would enter the pages of Henry Miller's *Tropic Of Cancer*.

They would never return.

Damon and Debbie's date has turned into a lifetime in York, from which they will never return. The blowing out of the three-hour 'bubble', *Damon & Debbie* is another neat and tidy example of the clever Phil Redmond's attitude

towards television entertainment. Five million of us are quietly but totally engrossed with *Brookside* itself, which will surely win the Blitzer award for television programme of the year. Only if a 'soap' can be described as something sad, funny, insufferably and excitingly human that is on for an hour a week and will go on forever is *Brookside* in any way a 'soap'. Whatever *Brookside* is, many of us have been pushed by it right to the end of our emotional tether, and the question that mercilessly taunts the grieving, throbbing Billy Corkhill – 'How is a good man to live?' – has been powerfully, seriously expressed. Watching the divine and devastated Doreen Corkhill being forced out into a corrupt, faithless world by the broken Billy was a definite televisual adventure. And while the Corkhills have sensationally ruined their lives, elsewhere in the Close there is banal romance, relative sanity, eternal wrongs and sorrows, boredom, virtue and heartbreak. And that's just Ralph and Harry. *EastEnders*, which can occasionally be as assaulting, is voyaging through a period of mere bitching and clever technique, but *Brookside* steadily continues to construct its resonant representation of a group of characters passing their days trying to defeat or gratify powerful impulses.

Brookside might not be a soap, but *Damon & Debbie* was certainly a 'bubble'. To get stuck into the further adventures of the last original cheeky chappy and his adorable girl guide, it was necessary to ignore the cheap graphics and the terribly sentimental theme music, and accept that just because it was on at 10pm it didn't mean that Damon and Debbie would truly connect. It was light, educational stuff, almost a schools programme – in bubbles, it appears, the heaviest social issues that are tackled are things like diabetes and teenage vagueness. Jokes and romance – if you balance them well, as my American reader might say, you can't go wrong. *Damon & Debbie* is a gentle pursuit of happiness with just a slash of punk Blyton villainy, and somehow it suggests that Mersey TV, Redmond's company, could become a kind of up-to-date Ealing Studios bumping and running through the lighter shadows of Thatcher's Britain.

Debbie would have made a fair Who Girl – I think the one uniform that a Doctor's assistant never wore was a girl guide's. One of her moods, and a thousand Daleks would drop. And who would be Debbie's Doctor? Nigel Havers, the little charmer! I'm beginning to understand what it is to grow old. When I was young and vague, I wanted to have my hair as chopped and as holy as Richard Hell's. Now that I'm slightly less vague, I want my hair to look as humane as Nigel's. *The Charmer* unexpectedly defeated Emma's *Fortunes Of War* in the TV charts, which may have something to do with Fiona Fullerton's form and Rosemary Leach's miserable gullibility, as well as Nigel's damned handsome head. *Fortunes Of War* turned out to be one of those series that never really moves, even though it's about movement. Anything conjured up out of Le Carré typifies this raging still motion.

It is said that Greg Dyke, who is spending his time inventing smart and racy tabloid television, and who is the new controller at London Weekend Television, will be biasing his new scheduling towards Havers, and away from Beadle – dragging the weekend out of Butlins and into the world of 18 to 30, semi-sophistication rather than semi-literacy. This may mean Jonathan Ross and Ben Elton quiz shows, rather than Ted Rogers and Bob Monkhouse. I think I'll offer Greg the Pink Windmill, see what he thinks of that – Emu's Galloping Empathy Show, with special guests John Updike, John Le Carré and John Conteh.

As pressing in a way as who will be the last Dr Who, as worrying as whether Tony Harrison's *V* was heroically uncompromising or a long-lost long-form Angelic Upstarts video – who will replace Michael Barrymore in *Strike It Lucky*, that radically harassed game show that requires its host to display momentous stamina, patience and condescension? It almost needs a combination of Pepsi and Shirley to match Michael move for move, sprint for sprint, giggle for giggle. Gyles Brandreth, a vastly underrated performer, might manage it. Personally, although I'm obviously biased, I think the perfect candidate would be Rod Hull and his Emu – just the right common touch of persistence and panache. Come to think of it, maybe Rod Hull and the Emu could carry *This Is Your Life* right through to the 21st century. What an amazing thought – a world without Eamonn Andrews. Like a world without Dr Who, or Cher, or Jeffrey Bernard. Vague and desperate. Ume help us. ●



Kronenbourg 1664: all human life surging across the fuzzy canvas.

According to a recent survey, adverts are shrinking. Shouldn't have tumble dried them, matey. Drip dry and don't iron, that's my advice. If the rumours are to be believed, and they are shrinking, they're certainly not losing any of their colour. These days whole little life stories are crammed into the blipverts, all human life surging and reviving itself across the fuzzy canvas. The **KRONENBOURG 1664** ads are as fine an example as any of the product being a mere bolt for a couple of years' worth of drama. There's two scenarios, pool and music, neatly encompassing traditional male desire, escape, success. The quaffing of 1664 will allegedly cause

nostalgic elders to take you under their wing, let you live at their house and teach you everything they know, for no other reason than a benevolent passing down of their art (and a couple of six-packs every time you amble down to the offy). The connection between knocking back the bevvy and getting better at a sporting discipline is one that eludes me: I tend to find that a massive intake of alcohol, rather than making me the new Paul Newman, causes me to distribute most of the contents of my stomach on the green baize, but there you go. The saxophone segment is more feasible, I mean you *have* to be tanked up to be able to turn a tuneful musicianship into the kind of free-jazz aimless parping favoured by luminaries like Miles 'Plot, What Plot?' Davis. You still wake up with a headache.

Staying in the darkness of bars, rapidly becoming most of our favourite places to be, the new **WHITBREAD** ads are magnificent. Most shown is the one where all the guys try to chat up the ravishing Monroe lookalike in the gold dress, only for her to turn into someone resembling that fat chick who used to come on at the end of the Morecombe and Wise Show. It nods at the Budweiser yuckiness but with enough seaside postcard self-consciousness to keep it entertaining, fitting in almost as much action as the other ad in the series, a long sweep across a bar seen from the barman's point of view. You could watch the latter, with its vague nod to the opening scene of *Mean Streets*, for just over a lifetime and still find new things going on. The most original, most plumply stuffed ad of the year and an object lesson for how to make hangovers appealing.

If only the people who made the **SANATOGEN** vitamin pill ad had as much clue of how 'busy' doesn't need to mean 'directionless'. Their thirty seconds comes, it seems, from the same stables as the **PERSIL** ads if all that potato-cut primary colour nonsense is anything to go by. Shapes swirl post-modernly into various nuclear family permutations, Sanatogen flaps across the squiggles that could

be someone taking a dog for a walk or a contour map of Norway, and you're asleep before it's even half way through. As grimly old-fashioned as the product it's hawking.

Everyone knows **SMACK** is much better for you, I mean at least you get good cheekbones. Right? The government, or whoever it is who pays for the infernal anti-smack hypocrisies, has changed tack and no longer peddles the crappy 'I can handle it' voxpops. Nowadays we're in Real Life/It Could Happen To You scenarios. Our heroine (if you'll pardon the pun) puts down her Barbie Doll, as every post-pubescent girl would, and heads off to a party. When she gets there she clammers over carnally entwined couples and empty, non-branded cans to a smokey back bedroom. And what are her friends doing? Discussing the new range of Barbie accessories? Planning to buy a pony? Playing 'Doctors and Nurses'? No, they're blinking well Chasing the Dragon. No, she says, I mustn't. Oh, alright then. Next thing you know her Barbie Doll's got a whopping great syringe in its stomach and she's chucking up all over the shop. There is no excuse for her misery — she has the perfect credentials for being in any pop group in the country — and no excuse for the filmmakers' prurient fantasising. You are allowed to wash your hair if you take smack, you know. Why does she not end up like her well-scrubbed addict friends? Why don't we see the scumbag 40-year-old dealer in the big black car sharing his Thermos with the police and knowing he will never be hung from the highest tree by his fingernails?

adverts

BY PAUL MATHUR

Why is the AIDS risk only thrown in as an afterthought? Why is the whole thing as gripping as a soap opera? I'm expecting the spin-off series any day now, such is the glamour of her despair. 'Tracey On Crack'? 'Tracey Pushes Out The Love Boat'? I'm booked already.

It's almost refreshing to see the new **BISTO** ads being completely oblivious to any notion of contemporary youth. The two lovable ragamuffins who have featured in all the ads to date with their lustily raised noses sniffing out the browned, seasoned, thickened stench are this time transported in a time capsule to the present day whereupon they bump into two affable punks. Now everyone knows that these punks would be far more interested in the smell of a bagful of Evo-Stik than Sunday roast and two veg, but they direct our two heroes to a window where they press their noses against the glass and sigh. What's on the other side? Tracey playing the post-smack free jazz? Nope, just bloody gravy. Honestly, the youth of yesterday were content with the most moronic of pleasures.

It could be worse, they could be yuppies, or is it puppies these days? In the face of the yuppie backlash, the welter of related ads takes on a savage irony. There's the computer ads, for example. The new **AMSTRAD** one features Stanley Unwin, the only member of the Charlie Drake/Reg Varney/Charles Hawtrey axis who is still prepared to prove he's alive. A strange way to sell the state of the art, but no stranger than the **AMIGA** ads, which feature a psychopathic computer zooming in behind people and sucking up their art. At one point it trashes an admittedly shite painting before revealing that it can do one just as good and make it move. I'm not sure, but I've got a feeling that Great Art doesn't need to be understood in terms of added extras. Would the 'Mona Lisa' be any more impressive if it could wink? Would 'The Last Supper' gain anything by having the facility for moving the food around? Should 'Whistler's Mother' toot a tune through puckered lips and wave her legs about? These are nasty, soulless times and Amiga might just be our technophilic executioners. ●

videos

BY TOM ELIOT

● **EVIL DEAD II.** It may be little more than a remake of *Evil Dead I*, but this gore-drenched gut-busting rollercoaster ride is huge fun, the perfect alternative to *Night Network*. With an array of impressive cinematic tricks and some script ideas which suggest that he would be better suited to a padded cell, writer/director Sam Raimi delivers the sort of visceral punch that many a more experienced director would be envious of.

● **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS.** Despite its lovingly crafted re-creation of skid row Brooklyn in the Fifties, the film of the musical comedy stage hit about a man-eating plant fails dismally because its central characters — a blond bimbo and the incompetent jerk who loves her — are such total zeros. Audrey II — the 'mean green muther from outer space' — is an impressive bit of puppet animation, but the only real point of interest is Steve Martin's all-too-brief cameo as a sadistic dentist.

● **HEARTBREAK RIDGE.** Despite some distinctly unsound politicking — the climax of the film is provided by the heroic American invasion of Grenada — and a main plot you saw first somewhere between *An Officer And A Gentleman* and *Full Metal Jacket*, this is easily Clint Eastwood's best film for years. Gnarled and snarling, Eastwood is a hard-as-nails Gunnery Sergeant with a neat line in extreme verbal abuse, brought in to barrel-whip a bunch of raw recruits into shape as a military fighting machine. Right-wing as hell, but worth a few moral dilemmas on the way back to the video shop.

● **ROUND MIDNIGHT.** Even as a reasonably hard-nut jazz fan, I fail to see what all the fuss is about. A tiresome tale of a fading jazz star, played adequately by 'legendary' saxophonist Dexter Gordon, in sad semi-exile in Paris. For me, director Tavernier is too caught up in a jazz buff's slavish admiration of his lead actor to do full justice to the material he's working with. Distinctly so-so.

● **SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT.** Spike Lee's dry and accomplished social comedy about the passionate Nola and the three men who adore her is a startlingly impressive debut. Lee himself scores highly as B-Boy bicyclist Mars Blackmon (any film with character names like this as well as Nola Darling and Jamie Overstreet could never be bad). There's also a great jazz score and some superb black-and-white photography.

● **MR JOLLY LIVES NEXT DOOR.** The amusement provided by Rik Mayall and Ade Edmondson's Dangerous Brothers double act begins to pall after the third or fourth outing. If you have yet to reach either the amusement threshold, or your fifth birthday, this is probably the film for you. Otherwise you may well find this tale of two violent sociopaths who live next door to an axe-murderer the audio-visual equivalent to nails on a blackboard.

● **MANNEQUIN.** A major stiff: a yawningly unfunny American comedy about a Nice Young Man — a failed mannequin-maker — whose life is brightened when one of his creations turns out to be the reincarnation of an Egyptian princess. Incredibly, love blossoms. For dummies only.

● **DOCTOR AT SEA.** One of the best of the classic British comedy series of the Fifties, a sort of up-market *Carry On Doctor*, based on Richard Gordon's books. This is where Dirk Bogarde made his name as a matinee idol, here running away to sea to escape the boredom of private practice and finding Brigitte Bardot taking a shower in his cabin. The whole series is out on video and should not be missed, particularly for the wonderful James Robertson Justice as splenetic surgeon Sir Lancelot Spratt.

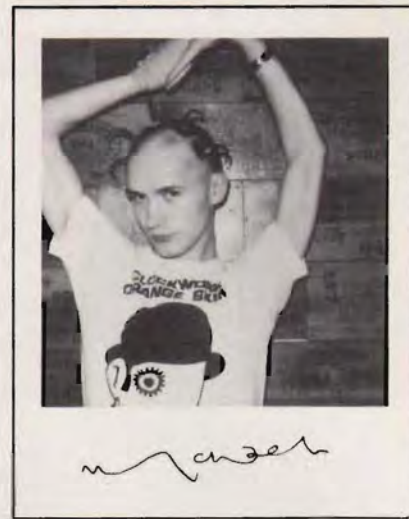
● **THE NIGHT PORTER.** There's quite a distance between the *Doctor* series and this dark and rather unpleasant drama, one of the films that established Bogarde as a hero of the art-house circuit in the Seventies, and launched Charlotte Rampling's hooded eyes and smouldering sensuality on an unsuspecting public. Bogarde is a former SS officer working after the war as a night porter when he encounters his former lover, a 14-year-old concentration camp inmate, now a member of European aristocracy. Their perverse affair is rekindled, and ultimately destroys them both. Not many laughs in this one.

● **THE GOLDEN CHILD.** Eddie Murphy may have earned \$30 million in the last three years, but that certainly doesn't mean he makes decent films. *The Golden Child* is a half-hearted attempt to jump on some sort of Indiana Jones bandwagon, but is let down by a distinct shortage of thrills and spills and dismal special effects. John Carpenter's less celebrated *Big Trouble In Little China* managed the same thing with infinitely more panache.

● **KNIGHTHAWKS.** From the days before Sly Stallone took himself quite so seriously, a gem of a thriller that's so fast-moving it practically leaves burning rubber in its tracks. A sort of *French Connection* for the Eighties, it has Stallone as a New York cop in pursuit of brutal international terrorist Rutger Hauer, who's on a motiveless killing spree with the aim of drumming up more business. The film also offers possibly the only chance you'll ever get to see Sylvester Stallone in drag.

● **THE COLOR OF MONEY.** Rather like Scorsese's *After Hours*, this is a film very much in two halves. Part one, in which veteran pool hustler Newman takes the brattish Tom Cruise under his wing and shows him the ropes, is great entertainment; but part two, when the relationship turns sour, is just messy. How does Tom Cruise manage to be so irritating? That must be real acting talent...

● **SALVADOR.** Impressively, *Salvador* manages to communicate far more about the nature of war and of war reportage than any of its journalists-under-fire predecessors (*The Killing Fields*, *Under Fire* and so on), and does so without even appearing to try. To its credit, the film avoids po-faced moral stances and presents the political conflict in El Salvador in cold and clinical documentary style. The often underrated James Woods shines as gonzo photographer Richard Boyle, a man overflowing with the spirit of Hunter S Thompson.



OVER 70 SHOPS AND RESTAURANTS. ST. CHRISTOPHER'S PLACE ALSO INCLUDES JAMES STREET, GEES COURT AND BARRETT STREET. LOCATED BETWEEN OXFORD STREET AND WIGMORE STREET, JUST ACROSS FROM BOND STREET TUBE, ST. CHRISTOPHER'S PLACE IS **THE PLACE TO BE FOUND.**

F I L M

the new releases/**BILL FORSYTH**
breaks from his Scottish
boundaries/**HERZOG** and **KINSKI**
reunited in cobra verde/films on release

WISH YOU WERE HERE

● Loosely, very loosely, based on the story of Cynthia Payne's early life, *Wish You Were Here* is a more successful film than *Personal Services*, although it is seemingly ideal for the smaller screen as it deals not in landscapes and grand gesture, just tiny dreams and intensely personal heartbreak. It will be lauded, in many ways justifiably, as the vehicle for Emily Lloyd's debut, and she is startling, capturing a gawky irreverence which hides a deeply tragic insecurity. Lloyd plays a frustrated and headstrong teenage girl living in Brighton during the Fifties. In the course of the film she loses her mother, discovers sex, fiddles in the garden shed with her father's creepy friend, gets pregnant...

It's hardly ground-breaking in terms of quirky narrative, but the film is notable for achieving an evocation of authenticity without gurgling into nostalgia. The world of *Wish You Were Here* is a curious one, teetering on a burgeoning permissiveness, yet still embracing a highly repressed morality. When Lloyd leaps around the garden screaming "Pig's willy up yer bum", it's more than the mere ranting of newly discovered naughtiness. It's a tumbly, tangled attempt at self-liberation in a world soaked with stricture. You know it's never going to mean much, she's never going to escape the dull horror, but as a spark of individuality in a cosseted, closeted world, it warms the heart. Lloyd's performance is strengthened by a sterling supporting cast, most notably Jesse Brandon as her bus conductor boyfriend, a swaggering mixture of sensitivity and bluntness. The scenes between the two of them are at turns comic and desolate, moods that permeate the film's duration. No space for Reg Varney in the *On The Buses* scenes, but otherwise a hugely appealing chunk of Britflack abandon. Don't be afraid to cry. PAUL MATHUR

new releases

HOUSE OF GAMES

● Already a special prize winner at the Venice Festival, playwright David Mamet's directorial debut will have probably picked up further awards by the time this goes to print. And deservedly so, as it's a brilliant picture – an intriguing potpourri of suspense, humour and low-life appeal. Lindsay Crouse, Mamet's wife, plays a celebrated psychiatrist and author who gets drawn into the world of one of her patients. Bored with her own life, she is attracted to the excitement and danger of the underworld. In a dimly lit poker dive she meets

and falls for a suave and swarthy con man (Joe Mantegna) and before long becomes a willing accomplice and victim of his wiles. The scams and trickery practised by Mantegna and his cohorts are alluring enough on their own, but Mamet makes things a little more interesting by never really letting on who is conning who. Apparently straightforward plots and masquerades tumble into one another, turning up designs far more complex and devious. Crouse and Mantegna's performances are excellent as the uneasily matched partners in crime. More adversaries than lovers, they spar constantly in slick, urgent dialogues full of parody and humour. Verbal slips, deliciously overblown gambling clichés and outrageous bluffs abound. Yet Mamet's low-lives are not glamourised. Nor are they simply Chandleresque anti-heroes. They are, rather, a metaphor for the way their whole society operates. ANDY BLACK

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY

● "Never such innocence again" – Larkin's famous line on the trauma inflicted on the nation's psyche by the Great War is faintly but unmistakably felt in every frame of this patient adaptation of JL

Carr's novel. Colin Firth plays Birkin, a neurasthenic survivor of the trenches who comes to the Yorkshire village of Oxgodby to uncover a mediaeval wall painting in the local church.

Resented as an intruder by the church's vicar and bullied by the evangelical zeal of local Methodists, Birkin finds the job of revealing the heretical painting seems increasingly to offer both the possibility of personal redemption and a chance to strip away the illusory consolations of religion and reveal the true nature of a hell he has actually glimpsed. As the long summer wears on he becomes friends with another survivor from France, a young archaeologist (Kenneth Branagh) who is excavating graves in the churchyard (and whose work, like Birkin's, is also a means of exorcising the past), and also with the vicar's young wife (Natalia Richardson). As they deepen, both relationships become pregnant with unspoken hopes and fears. Faithful to the spirit and atmosphere of the book, *A Month In The Country* is as much mood as story. Full of self-choking emotion and stunted passions, it is a beautifully photographed and quietly moving film, its emotional gestures all the more intensely felt for being so gently rehearsed as barely to disturb the long, slow calm of the countryside. GEOFF DYER

LITTLE DORRIT

● Once a mainstay of British cinema, the novels of Charles Dickens have been unfashionable for some time, filmmakers looking elsewhere for readymade blockbusters. Maybe the trend will be reversed with this film version of one of Dickens' more autobiographical works. Although it was a commercial success when first published, critical reception was unfavourable and posterity has marked it his worst novel. Its political

forthrightness – the satire on inefficient bureaucracy, the scorn towards the fickleness of capitalism – offended many critics of the time, though Shaw was to claim that it converted him to socialism. Indeed, given the inevitable linking of any revival's parallels with contemporary society, it is perhaps significant that the cinema's one previous attempt to film *Dorrit* was in Germany in the early Thirties. Echoing the two parts of the novel, this version is presented in two three-hour episodes – 'Nobody's Fault' (the book's original title) and 'Little Dorrit's Story' – seen through the eyes of Arthur Clennam (Derek Jacobi) and Amy Dorrit (Sarah Pickering) respectively. Set largely in the Marshalsea Debtors' Prison, its major themes are of home and imprisonment, with freedom a concept the pair are unable to comprehend. "What's outside?" asks Amy, as the fearful vision of a high wall topped with spikes looms before us. They are as trapped as the flies buzzing endlessly against the cracked panes. In an age of restless imagery it is a relief to see something which is not paced like a soft drink commercial. Here, the initially off-putting prospect of six hour's viewing – albeit in two sittings – vanishes as soon as the film begins and we are transported into the most authentic Dickensian London yet to reach our screens. Among director Christine Edzard's many triumphs is the fact that she has managed to coax from such an impressive cast the performance of each actor's career: Jacobi's silences, Alec Guinness's wry asides, Cyril Cusack's resigned despair... there has been nothing more moving in recent cinema. There is a marvellous moment

Spunky Timothy
Hutton contemplates
celestial love
in *Made In Heaven*



towards the end when Clennam returns, "old and broken", to the Marshalsea, this time as an inmate. "There's ups and downs," remarks a passerby, and this banality takes on the most touching profundity, perfectly expressing the fullness and complexity of even the most 'ordinary' lives. ANTHONY BLAMPED

MADE IN HEAVEN

● The sugary manipulation rife in contemporary American cinema has never unplugged the old tear ducts with such ravishing ease as this. Directed by Alan Rudolph, *Made In Heaven* is calculated, sentimental and stoutly aimed at the home video market, but it's still a gorgeously irresponsible pleasure. The plot is almost unimportant, a glaringly predictable rip-off of everything from *A Matter Of Life And Death* and *Heaven Can Wait* to *Peggy Sue Got Married* and *Back To The Future*, but Kelly McGillis and Timothy Hutton invest their lead roles with more than enough aplomb to carry the whole shaboodle safely past the roomful of sickbags. Hutton is a young man who dies in a car crash, falls in love in heaven with an angel (McGillis), then loses her back to earth before he can cement their soft-focus grappings with any degree of permanence. Being the spunky fellow he is and unable to satisfy his newly awakened libido with any of the local girls around the Pearly Gates, he hotfoots it back to mortality with thirty years given to him to find her. Unfortunately, his memory of heaven is almost completely white, leaving him to wander aimlessly with the feeling in the back of his increasingly adult mind that he

is looking for That Perfect Someone. Of course he's going to find McGillis (it's not like real life, you know) – aided by God's right-hand man (played with admirable butch campiness by Hutton's real-life wife, Debra Winger) – but the search is articulated with a certain capricious liveliness. Although the story takes quite a few increasingly confusing twists, the ending is every bit as tear-jerking as you could hope for, making you – for a moment at least – feel some kind of faith in the human condition. *Made In Hollywood* might have been a more honest title, but this kind of glossy deceit is something we could get to adore. PAUL MATHUR

SPACEBALLS

● Say what you will of Mel Brooks, he's certainly consistent. Twenty years and eight films on from *The Producers* and he's showing no likelihood of turning tasteful or providing an edifying message. Brooks demands a total complicity from his audience; one which will have no qualms in accepting characters with names like Snotty, Barf and Asshole. To complain of excess or vulgarity is clearly redundant. *Spaceballs* is, of course, his attack on the science-fiction film, featuring the worst puns in this, or any, galaxy. ("What's the matter, Colonel Sandurz – chicken?") Among the epics up for demolition are *Star Wars*, 2001 and – in a sequence destined to become the most quoted from any Brooks film – *Alien*. Just as his creation The 2,000 Year Old Man saw history through resolutely Jewish eyes, so the spage-age future is presented to us via President Skroob. Yiddish may

be a fading language, but in Brooks's world it is a kind of Esperanto, spoken by blacks, Red Indians and, here, a wizened alien named Yogurt who dispenses wisdom and homely advice to the space-travellers ("May the Schwartz be with you..."). Armed with a script full of gags so compellingly atrocious, who else would have the audacity to hammer away at them until the buffoon in the back row starts laughing? Top marks for chutzpah. ANTHONY BLAMPED

CRY FREEDOM

● A huge, ambitious project that is destined to become the subject of raging controversy, *Cry Freedom* is worth the heat even if it only serves to educate a few more people. Based on Donald Woods' book *Biko*, which he smuggled out of South Africa in 1977 after Steve Biko's violent death in jail (official cause of death: hunger strike), *Cry Freedom* is an intense piece of political and emotional impact, acted with such potency and belief that each layer of the story is as violent as a hammer blow. Kevin Kline plays Woods, the editor of the Daily Dispatch, who meets 26-year-old Steve Biko (Denzel Washington), a Banned Person. Through his articulate speeches at illegal meetings of black Africans, Biko has become the hope and inspiration for thousands of people. A pacifist, he has no desire to see his country fight a bloody war but uses logic and philosophical argument to try and persuade the whites to think about the obscenities of apartheid. As a Banned Person he's not allowed to be in the room with more than one person at a time, to write a diary or to speak in

public. Woods and Biko become close friends, the former attempting to put the blacks' case across in his paper. But when Woods himself becomes the subject of a Banning Order and Biko dies in jail, he and his wife and five children have to escape through a network of liberal friends. He manages to escape by dressing as a priest, and in 1978 his book – banned in South Africa – is published. Both Kline and Washington are totally believable in their roles, with the result that the film resembles an expensively made documentary, although its minor players approach caricature: the blacks are portrayed as patient, thoughtful but frustrated people – prisoners in their own country who try and live as best as they can under the circumstances and restrictions; the whites are mostly bigoted, rich and hypocritical; the police are thugs. This film doesn't provide any answers and doesn't pretend to try. It is, after all, the film of a book. The only difference is that it's a true story and not a very nice one. JUDY LIPSEY

BEST SELLER

● "In America anybody can kill anybody, even the President... remember?" Just to make sure that we don't forget, *Best Seller* wastes its best line through repetition, as if we have to be doubly dosed up with its message. A competent but by no means complex thriller penned by Larry Cohen, it scours the underside of the American Dream Machine to find the nasty bits of rank – and bank – corruption. Brian Dennehy plays Dennis Meechum, a cop shot during a raid who not only lives to tell the tale but makes a few coppers by

writing up the experience into best-selling form. With one giant flash-forward, the film leaps from the Seventies to the Eighties to find Meechum recently widowed and devoid of creative spirit. Prowling around in the background, however, is the dark spectre of Cleve (James Woods), a professional assassin. Cleve seems strangely more intent on breaking Meechum's writing block rather than anything else and brings him a story of murky corporate dealings to get him going. Woods plays Cleve with a menacing gleam, his character transforming at the flick of a knife from one who's as sweet as apple pie to old ladies to the sort who'd stab out cigarettes in their palm for fun. As hitman and policeman strike up an odd relationship, the film attempts a subtle psychological explanation as to why Cleve, apple of his mother's eye, is rotten to the core ("He never had a big brother," says Mrs Cleve), scattering clues about like so many half-baked red herrings. Once Cleve's motives are discovered, the remaining few punches the film has left to pull are mainly the sort that leave bloody noses. It's a shame since somewhere in *Best Seller* there glints an interesting idea. Despite the great double act of Dennehy and Woods, it turns out to be rather predictable fare. LAUREL GRAY

AMAZING STORIES

● Having two-and-a-half star Hollywood directors work on one film is an unusual, even intriguing prospect, although it appears less so when it transpires that *Amazing Stories* is actually three different stories rolled into one film. The idea is golden boy Steven Spielberg's, who wrote two of the stories and directed one. The three 'stories' in viewing order are 'The Mission', 'Mummy Daddy' and 'Go To The Head Of The Class'. (Does this give you a clue?) They are each about forty minutes long and are linked by the turning pages of a kiddies' book – a sensational idea, if only because it is so hackneyed. They also share an otherworldly comic-book atmosphere, created by spending millions on artificial sets and dazzling special effects. The first is directed by Spielberg and is about a group of young American pilots on a bombing raid of Germany who have their landing wheels blown off. Technically it's brilliant; otherwise it's like a first-rate film school exercise, tailored to the following brief: shoot only in the aeroplane, create tension, be emotional. 'Mummy Daddy', William Dear's offering, is by far the most entertaining of the three. It's a Spielberg-written horror spoof which takes a made-up B-movie actor who veers off a swampy film set and is mistaken by local rednecks for a real (mummified) monster. It's a good story to build on and some decent jokes come out of it. The third story (directed by Robert Zemeckis) is so silly it's hardly worth reviewing, although it does feature an extraordinary performance from Christopher Lloyd as a talking head which spends most of the time severed from its body. Is this your idea of fun? The whole idea is certainly an interesting one – one which, incidentally, has a current upmarket counterpart in *Aria* – but *Amazing Stories* is more significant as a marketing ploy than as a film and its producers no doubt hope to repeat the formula ad infinitum. The package probably has some appeal for people into bad taste, mock horror and teenage tribulations. *Amazing Stories II* follows shortly... ANDY BLACK

THE DEAD

● Of all the literary classics John Huston has transformed from page to screen – *Moby Dick*, *Under The Volcano*, *Wise Blood*, etc. – none has posed such problems as James Joyce's short story *The Dead*. For a start there is no action. In early January 1904, an assortment of guests arrive at a Dublin house for a lavish post-Christmas celebration and meal. They chat, sing songs and make speeches. The guests depart (up until this point the lack of action has been confined to a single house) and



WERNER HERZOG and KLAUS KINSKI team up for the fifth time in *Cobra Verde*, a new film to be released early next year. Kinski, now 60 and more rabid than ever, plays Francisco Manoel da Silva, known better as *Cobra Verde* – a gold digger-cum-bandit-cum-slavedriver who is despatched to Africa to pump life back into the slave trade before its imminent abolition. The hitch, however, is that *Verde* has to face the mad King of Dahomey, who has butchered every white man to set foot on his shores for the last ten years. But *Verde* has a good chance of surviving as he arrives at his destination accompanied by an army of two thousand Amazons.

Based on Bruce Chatwin's novel *The Viceroy Of Ouidah*, the film was shot in Columbia and Ghana, and at the latter location Herzog was nearly torn apart by his Amazon extras in quest of their pay. As always, the relationship between director and star was a tumultuous one, with Herzog stoically weathering the temperamental outbursts that Kinski has become famous for (while making *Fitzcarraldo*, Herzog claims to have come close to shooting Kinski when the actor threatened to walk off the set with the boat still halfway up the mountain). But despite Kinski's highly strung, volatile nature, Herzog considers him "above all else a world wonder. What we have done together has always been something special" ● DAVID MARSH

one of them, Gretta Conroy (Anjelica Huston), distressed by the memories revived by a song heard at the party, tells her husband what she had never previously revealed: the story of a love affair in her youth for which her current marriage offers tepid solace. Perhaps the most distinctive quality of the story (and of Joyce's work generally) is its inherent resistance to translation into any other medium. With the exception of its last paragraph describing snow falling over Ireland, the story is devoid of cinematic potential. For the simple reason that they've already done everything else, one could imagine the BBC turning it into a fairly dull TV play for a winter Sunday evening (never mind the quality, look at the period detail), but the story is one of those better left alone. Alert to these difficulties but anxious to remain faithful to the scale of the original, Huston and son Tony (who scripted it) have, as it were, *transcribed* rather than transformed *The Dead* onto celluloid. The result is a film that is dwarfed by the screen, a piece of cinema fatally at odds with its medium. As if to prove this, the most successful sequence

is the final one when the Hustons resort to a voiceover – accompanied by superbly chosen shots of Ireland in the snow – virtually reading out Joyce's deathless last paragraph. GEOFF DYER

INNERSPACE

● "Steven Spielberg presents..." By now we all know what that means: no matter who's actually directing (in this case, Joe Dante), the final product will be sure to contain such Spielbergian constants as plenty of dazzling big-budget effects, lashings of predictability, good triumphing over evil, and a sugar-coated, upbeat ending. *Innerspace* remains true to the formula. Dennis Quaid stars as Lieutenant Tuck Pendelton, a swaggering, drunken slob of a navy pilot who's seen more dignified days – thus providing the basis for the trusty 'rebel/fallen hero' syndrome. In disgrace with his peers, Pendelton volunteers to participate in a top-secret miniaturisation project that involves his being shrunk to microbe size and

injected à la *Fantastic Voyage* into a laboratory rabbit. As luck – or, that is to say, a predictable script – would have it, at the crucial moment the lab is invaded by a group of industrial spies, an essential microchip is stolen, and a lab technician flees into the nearest shopping mall with the syringe containing Pendelton, where he happens to collide with the hapless Jack Putter (Martin Short), a supermarket cashier in search of a nervous breakdown. Putter becomes the unwitting recipient of the syringe's contents and the object of the nasty spies' attention, thereby providing ground for unlimited and obvious comic mileage and, most importantly, the introduction of yet another trusty cinematic syndrome: neurotic-wimp-discovers-self-esteem-and-becomes-a-hero-too. Pendelton bolsters Putter's confidence to handle dangerous, threatening and even romantic situations (the latter involving Pendelton's Melanie Griffith – clone girlfriend), the good guys win, the ending guarantees that *Innerspace II* is already in the pre-production stage and you can be sure

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MANON DES SOURCES

● *Manon des Sources* is the sequel to the surprise hit of this year, *Jean de Florette*, a rural tragedy à la Hardy or Zola that sets the small downfall of its persecuted hunchback hero against the large, lavish landscape of Provence. *Manon des Sources* picks up the story years later and finds Jean's daughter, Manon, now grown up and seeking retribution for her father's death. She is portrayed as a wild, beautiful thing of the woods who spends her time reading under trees and tending little animals. The camera is infatuated with her and close behind is Ugolin, a gauche yokel who was a collaborator in her father's demise. Not able to take her to heart, he has to do instead with a little piece of ribbon which he sews to his chest. Unbeknown to



Ugolin and the rest of the village, however, Manon is busily sealing up their water supply, putting them through the same angst that killed her father, leading many a desperate farmer to start muttering such uncouth utterances as "Holy Mother, my poor eggplants". But lo, when she catches sight of the local schoolteacher, love gushes forth, mingled with a mite of forgiveness. As with *Jean*, the photography in this film is so good that you can almost smell the lavender and the rosemary, with the cicadas singing in the hazy sunlight completing the effect. But good photography does not necessarily make good cinema and even on a big screen it never loses its 'quality' television feel. While Gérard Depardieu lent true pathos to *Jean de Florette*, saving that film with his performance as the wistful, lumbering giant, the heroine of *Manon* certainly cannot engage with her acting abilities. No doubt those enamoured of the first film will flock for another serving, but this is decidedly not my *tasse de thé*. LAUREL GRAY

SURRENDER

● Here's a riddle. Why does Michael Caine make so many films? Is he a secret gambler? Is he seeking immortality through quantity rather than quality? Does he think his mission in life is to save mediocre films from almost certain obscurity? The latter option might apply to Caine's appearance in *Surrender*, which is certainly no masterpiece. Caine plays an ageing novelist who makes positively huge amounts of money but can't find the right woman. Falling in love isn't the problem (he's rather good at that); but none of his relationships turns out right and so the poor man finds himself being sued for alimony, palimony and paternity, in that order. Caine — here known as Sean Stein — becomes disillusioned and in between court cases spends his time planning to flee to Kuwait, a country favoured because of the way its women are treated. Sean is far too sensitive and funny to run out on us, and meeting Daisy (Sally Field), an impecunious production artist, gives him a mission: to fall in love with someone who doesn't know how rich he is. From here on it's chuckles all the way, with both charming and mildly

eccentric characters falling madly in love and doing their best to hide their respective weaknesses — his, that he's stinking rich; hers, that she would very much like to be. They are, or course, a match made in heaven though it is several screwball plot turns later before they discover it. For one thing, Daisy has to learn that money isn't everything (although it bloody helps). Now, we know that already. But does Michael Caine? ANDY BLACK

BLISS

● The products of the Australian film industry are not noted, generally speaking, for featuring high quotas of sex and surrealism. Sensitive studies of intelligent women struggling to escape the cultural confines of an outback upbringing, yes; advertising executives' sons who swap cocaine with their sisters in exchange for specific sexual favours, not usually. The ad exec in question is one Harry Joy (Barry Otto), who has a successful business (in addition to two lovely children) and a wife who is having an affair with his best friend and business partner. Without necessarily being fully aware of the surrounding circumstances, his heart attacks him after lunch. Not unsurprisingly, after the hallucinations and surgery that follow, Harry decides that he is not entirely happy with his life and work, a conviction strengthened when he learns that one of his biggest client's products causes cancer. Having also discovered his wife's infidelity — though not her plan to have him committed and take over the business — Harry moves into a hotel where he falls for a beekeeping, back-to-the-garden hooker called Honey Barbara. The contrasts director Ray Lawrence makes, in his theatrical debut, between the manipulations of the commercial world and the more straightforward demands of nature are perhaps a little obvious, but if the overall shape of the film is unsatisfactory, in detail it is thoroughly enjoyable; not least in the scene where a stoned Harry's Fiat is crushed by an elephant trained to sit on little steel boxes. Imagine *Dynasty* scripted by Germaine Greer and you will have some idea of this film's ticklish pleasures. MARK CORDERY

HOUSEKEEPING

● One might be forgiven for assuming that Bill Forsyth's follow-up to *Compton And Joy* would, like all his films to date, be set in Scotland. Not so with *Housekeeping*, however, which took Forsyth to the russet forests of British Columbia, a move which in cinematic terms he has effected with great success. The fictional setting is Fingerbone, circa 1950, a small town where two teenage girls are dropped off by their mother before she calmly drives herself off a cliff. It's the two girls, Ruth and Lucille, who interest us with their unusual, solitary upbringing and quiet idiosyncracies. At first they are brought up by their grandmother, a time which Ruth — who has the narratorial voice — remembers as especially solitary: "The paperboy was the only person under 60 who we saw regularly". Later their mother's sister takes over the job, but since she too has a screw loose, the girls are at a bit of a loss for a decent role-model. Aunt Sylvie (Christine Lahti) is an airy eccentric and quite charming too, but peculiar habits like collecting tin cans and dozing on park benches do little to endear her to the starchy inhabitants of Fingerbone. Really, she was more of a liability than an asset, as Ruth explains: "Sometimes it felt as though we were looking after Sylvie instead of the other way round". Ruth is a bit like Sylvie herself and so soldiers on; Lucille wants to be a preppie and so deserts a heartbroken and lonely sister to go and live with the home economics teacher. And life goes strangely on. Forsyth's story (based on a novel by Marilynne Robinson) is lilting and bittersweet — full of incident and offbeat humour, yet dwelling sagely on the pain of loneliness and the transience of affection.

ANDY BLACK

on release

RECOMMENDED

● **ANGEL HEART.** Alan Parker delves into the dark side with gripping results. Mickey Rourke displays customary designer disarray as the down-at-heel detective hired by the spookily enigmatic Robert De Niro, encountering Lisa Bonet and the excellent Charlotte Rampling along his hellbound path towards murder, mystery and the occult. Powerfully nightmarish.

● **ARIA.** Producer Don Boyd presents life as opera in ten instalments by as many directors. The final result as decided by the BLITZ Awards Committee is from the top in descending order: Roddard, Temple, Godard, Sturridge, Jarman, Roeg, Russell, Altman, Beresford, Bryden.

● **THE BIG EASY.** A more or less basic story of corruption, love interest and catharsis through car chases with excellent performances by law-bending cop Dennis Quaid, who looks set to become a new heart-throb à la Mickey Rourke, and glamorous lawyer Ellen Barkin. Contains steamy sex scenes guaranteed to take your breath away, as all good sex scenes should.

● **COMRADES.** Bill Douglas's tale of the Tolpuddle Martyrs is told with a sense of glowing imagination and spellbinding vision, richly complemented by Gale Tattershall's stunning photography. An extraordinary and passionate film, and one of the best to come out of British cinema in recent years.

● **HOPE AND GLORY.** A whimsical, touching, down-to-earth look at life in London during the Blitz as seen through the eyes of a nine-year-old boy. Based on director/writer John Boorman's own childhood experiences, the film is all the more enchanting in its resistance to the usual sentimental clichés attached to that period.

● **IRITA, SUE AND BOB, TOO.** A bouncy depiction of working-class life in Bradford in which two young girls receive their sexual education via the married Bob and his packet of Durex Gold. Written by Andrea Dunbar, it fits perfectly into the cinematic mould of new-age British realism.

● **ROXANNE.** Steve Martin adapts the plot from Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* and explores its comic potential to the full as he plays a firechief with a pining for a beautiful student that's only outdistanced by the extraordinary length of his nose. Plenty of laughs, big-nose gags and hilarious Martin gestures.

● **SOMETHING WILD.** A hysterical and perverse screwball comedy, starring an engagingly schizoid Melanie Griffith who kidnaps goofy financial exec Jeff Daniels and takes him for the kinkiest, most unforgettable joyride of his life.

● **THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK.** Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer play three lonely smalltown women whose collective powers summon up a Prince Charming beyond their wildest dreams. Jack Nicholson wallows in his role as seductive devil like a pig in slop, dispelling the film's dubious points, and his performance, along with George Miller's comically flamboyant direction, make it worth the trip.

THE REST

● **THE BELLY OF AN ARCHITECT.** Peter Greenaway's lavish depiction of the physical and emotional demise of an American architect in Rome contains the exquisite framing and the usual allegory one has come to associate with his films but is sadly lacking in human content.

● **BEVERLY HILLS COP 2.** Eddie Murphy's back as the smartarse Detroit cop blagging his way all over Hollywood and outwitting his stoogelike white counterparts, leaving them standing slack-jawed in his wake. It's just what you'd expect of the sequel to *Cop 1*.

● **BEYOND THERAPY.** Robert Altman's latest film on the subject of sex and the single shrink is such a supreme disaster it should be retitled *Beyond Help*. With Tom Conti, Glenda Jackson and Jeff Goldblum, the performances are embarrassing all round.

● **BLACK WIDOW.** Debra Winger and Theresa Russell star in a rather dreary and inconsequential Hitchcockian outing from director Bob Rafelson. Not one of his best.

● **BLIND DATE.** The irrepressible Bruce Willis stars with Kim Basinger in an unimaginative, predictable reworking of the everlasting wacky-girl-corrupts-straight-guy theme. Director Blake Edwards has proven once and for all that his slapstick days are well and truly over.

● **BLUE VELVET.** David Lynch produces the usual visual pyrotechnics for this overrated *succès de scandale*. Ultimately banal.

● **DIRTY DANCING.** The bump 'n' grind features prominently in this tale of a young middle-class girl's attraction for the dance instructor at her holiday resort as she discovers it's not the two-step he's been getting up to after camp hours.

● **EAT THE RICH.** British comedy at its most self-consciously kooky, with Lanah Pelly, Jimmy Fagg, Fiona Richmond and Noshier Powell. Featuring a dizzying array of cameos, the most fun is derived by playing 'Spot The Celeb'.

● **FULL METAL JACKET.** Superbly staged and directed, Stanley Kubrick's horrifying account of raw recruits training for and then participating in the Vietnam war focuses on psychoses and personal loyalties rather than politics, though the viewpoint is rather cold and distanced.

● **HAMBURGER HILL.** This thoughtful and moving account of a group of infantrymen in Vietnam derives much of its emotional impact from the rejection these soldiers receive from the anti-Establishment generation back home. Featuring an impressive cast of unknowns, it would be a shame to allow its predecessor *Platoon* to eclipse its significance.



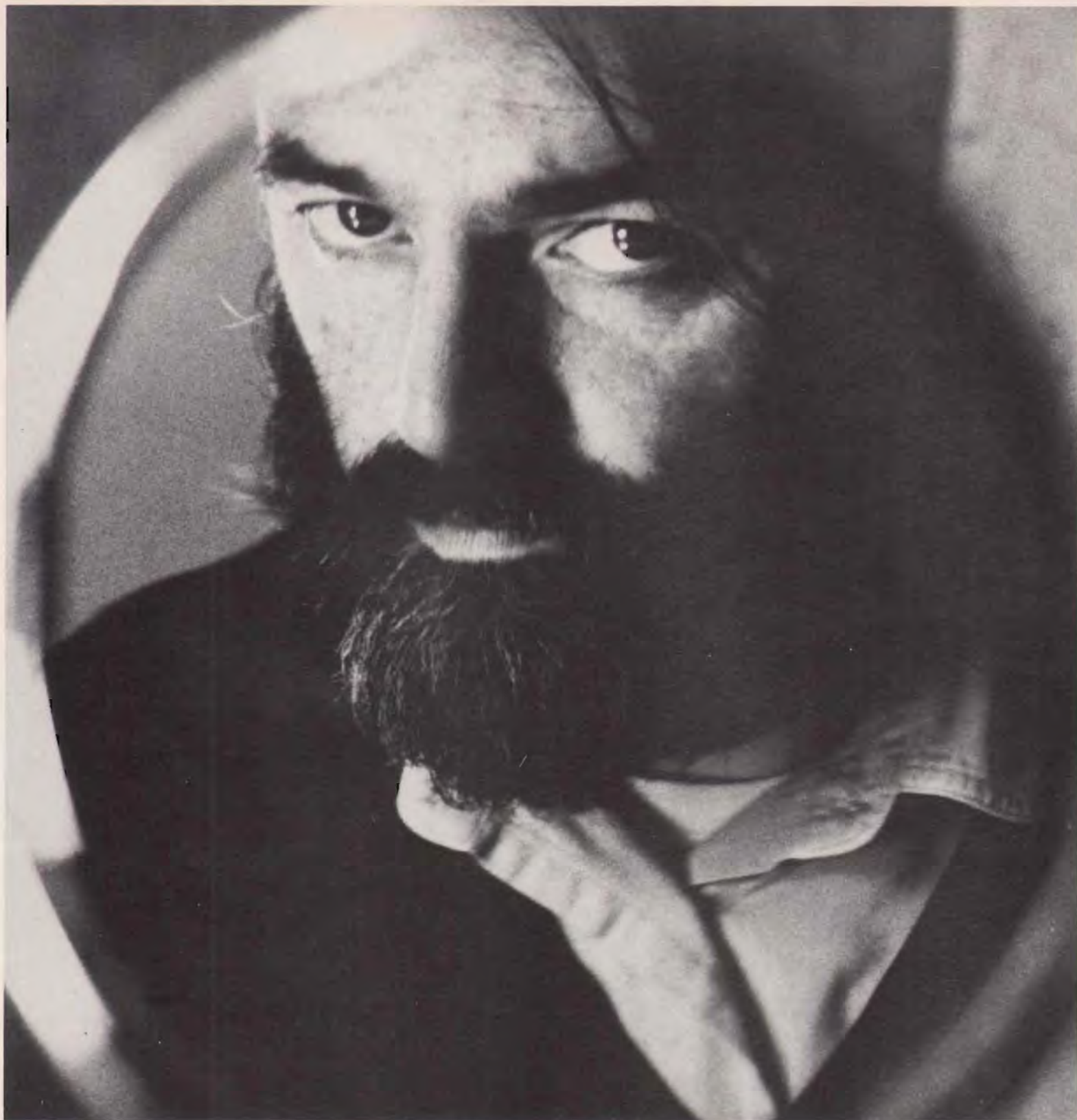
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Bill Forsyth is clearly not someone who makes films so that he can work in exotic locations. His first four – *That Sinking Feeling*, *Gregory's Girl*, *Local Hero* and *Comfort And Joy* – were all shot in Scotland, and three of these in his home town of Glasgow. His stay-at-home attitude has certainly made him everyone's favourite Scot but has led some to wonder, less kindly, if his vision wasn't, well, a little limited.

His latest film, which is set in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest, dispels any such doubts. Based on a novel by American author Marilynne Robinson, it tells the story of two

Bill Forsyth is best known for his wry and observant films set in Scotland such as *Gregory's Girl* and *Local Hero*. His latest film, *Housekeeping*, takes him outside his native land for the first time.

WORDS ANDY BLACK/PHOTOGRAPH STEVE DOUBLE

teenage orphans and their well-meaning but lunatic aunt who comes to look after them. It's a beautifully crafted film, full of the quirky charm and canny humour that make Forsyth's films so appealing.

What prompted the 5,000-mile

shift in location?

"It wasn't a conscious career decision to make the big move to America. I had an overwhelming interest in the book, and it so happened that it was set in the States. We ended up shooting on the west coast of

Canada and actually it felt pretty much like Scotland."

Writing from an adaptation was also a new departure for him, and one which presented quite new challenges.

"You'd think it would be easier because you don't have to think up a story. It would have been easier if I had a kind of attitude that I was trying to impose. But the fact was that I just liked the book so much that I wanted to make it into a movie. If people read the movie as a novel then I'd be very happy. I'd like it to be a good read."

Housekeeping is a deceptively simple family story with resonances and veins of humour that can't easily

be conveyed in a synopsis. In short, it's not an easy film to pigeonhole. Was this a worry?

"Yes. When I was trying to finance it, I was always fearful of people misunderstanding it because of its basic elements. If you try and describe it to someone it begins to sound like a real barnyard weepie. I can imagine people categorising it like that out of laziness, and I'd be quite sad if they did."

That such excesses of sentiment are avoided is partly due to the performance of Christine Lahti as Aunt Sylvie, whose eccentricity is unhinged and a little unnerving rather than sweet and safe. Diane Keaton was originally going to take the role but pulled out, Forsyth explains without a hint of rancour, due to insufficient wooing on his part. Funny people, stars. Did he regret her decision?

"I don't want to put Diane Keaton down, but frankly, I don't think she could have done as good a job as Christine. Also, when Keaton's in a movie it changes the whole way people look at it. Her eccentricity is too educated and urban, whereas Sylvie is a very basic American character."

Since the characters weren't his invention, Forsyth also felt that they were more open to discussion.

"It was a very interesting collaborative experience, working with the three actresses. I concentrated a lot more on that aspect of directing and it was a tremendous learning experience for me. Christine Lahti worked well with the two girls. They were both very young (12 and 13 years old) but within a week or two they were behaving like really good professional actresses. I think they learned more than they would in a couple of years at drama school."

In *Housekeeping*, ghosts of long-gone characters stalk the living and seem to exert a powerful, unseen influence. In depicting this, Forsyth was able to draw from his own experiences since his father died five years ago.

"I suppose there are these unseenties within us – little strains, little ghosts of characters. Sometimes I feel very much like my father and in a way I feel very much like he's haunting me. Sometimes I say something or make a gesture and I think 'God, that's like my father' and it's almost as though he's pulling the strings. You can't avoid those things. I think they're true of any family."

Forsyth's earliest encounters with the cinema were not, he recalls, entirely pleasant.

"My father took me to a war movie called *Battle Circus*. It terrified the shit out of me. I was born just after the Second World War and then when I was four or five there was the Korean War; so I thought that when you grew up you went to war. I dreaded growing up."

He left school at the age of 16 and took a job with a one-man film com-

pany, simply because it sounded better than anything else on offer.

"I ran the projector and loaded the cameras and cut the grass. In those days we didn't have sellotape so I glued the film together. It had a wonderful smell. I didn't realise it at the time, but I was actually glue sniffing! I became hooked on the glue – yup, I think that's why I stayed on in the film industry."

"I was there for about a year and then the man who ran it died. I think that's when I realised that I was interested in movies – the thought of being out of the film business frightened me."

He worked as an editor for a few years and then moved into industrial and educational documentaries with Tree Films, a company he set up with Charles Cormley.

"We all wanted to make features at the time, but we felt like filmmakers, which was the main thing. Financially, it seemed an impossible ambition in Glasgow in the early Seventies. You sort of hoped that Dino de Laurentiis would see your movie about marine engines and phone you up."

The call didn't come and so, seven years later, Forsyth packed in his documentary job and set about raising the £6,000 needed to make *That Sinking Feeling*. *Gregory's Girl* followed, and with it came success and acclaim in this country and the United States. The rest is recent history.

Forsyth seems now to have carved a very comfortable niche for himself in the film world – making distinctive, personal films and achieving widespread popularity without pandering to Hollywood mores. Working on low budgets allows him to pursue his own ideas without the hindrance of anxious money-men breathing down his neck. Hasn't he ever been tempted by large advances?

"I've had one or two offers, but it seems like what I do now isn't work, because I'm able to initiate things and just do them. It seems a much more free way to do things than to go to Hollywood and spend a huge amount of money and have ten people standing over your shoulders."

Forsyth's next project, an adaptation of Dylan Thomas' *Rebecca's Daughter*, goes into production this winter. In the meantime, he is working on a few new ideas and enjoying the company of his two-year-old son, who has unexpectedly altered his outlook on life.

"I didn't realise that all these stupid emotional things happen to you. In a funny way, when you have a kid you almost hand over your expectancy of life to them. So I'm thinking about an early retirement."

And would the retiring (and uncommonly modest) Mr Forsyth like his son to follow in his footsteps?

"Ah, I think he'll hopefully be a more useful, more functioning member of society." ●

(ON RELEASE contd.)

● **HELLRAISER.** Horror writer Clive Barker's auspicious feature debut doesn't disappoint with its blood and gore galore, thanks to some vicious demons who reside in a puzzle box. Perhaps a bit ludicrous, but far superior to the current chop 'n' dice treadmill.

● **ISHTAR.** Dustin Hoffman and Warren Beatty ham it up as a pair of ageing, talentless singer/songwriters in this rather likeable but overblown comedy that is best described as a sort of updated *On The Road* movie.

● **THE LAST OF ENGLAND.** Derek Jarman's idiosyncratic documentary/autobiography/nightmare montage of depressing eye-views and surrealistic dramas reflecting the state of the nation.

● **LET'S HOPE IT'S A GIRL.** Liv Ullman and Catherine Deneuve are at the heart of this peculiarly European tragi-comedy about a family sticking together and doing away with many of their menfolk.

● **THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS.** The latest Bond and a big disappointment. The gadgets are feeble, the plot is as complex as it is aimless and there's a worrying lack of traditional bonking. Time to call a halt to this nonsense, Miss Moneybags.

● **MAURICE.** The Merchant-Ivory production of EM Forster's long-suppressed novel of homosexuality is an ill-conceived, extremely camp and largely pointless exercise that will undoubtedly be revered for its loving shots of English country houses.

● **MISS MARY.** Julie Christie is perfectly cast as a brusque governess for a wealthy Buenos Aires family in 1938. A film of intelligence and fine observation, the domestic drama is drawn out into the wider context of the political upheavals of that period.

● **MR JOLLY LIVES NEXT DOOR/DIDN'T YOU KILL MY BROTHER?** Satire, slapstick and mayhem abound in this double-bill from Comic Strip Ltd., the former written by and starring Adrian Edmonson and Rik Mayall; the latter written by and starring Alexei Sayle, each with a host of comic cameo appearances.

● **THE NIGHT IS YOUNG.** Leos Carax's surreal and deeply affecting futuristic love story/thriller starring Denis Lavant shows a strong natural progression for this prodigious French director.

● **NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3.** Old Freddie's back yet again, still marauding through the dreams of children, with this third episode surpassing the rest thanks to a tad more wit and intelligence. But who cares, really... it's the thrills, chills, guts and gore that keep you going back, isn't it?

● **OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE.** Bette Midler and Shelley Long make an inspired comedy duo as a pair of actresses with nothing in common but the mysteriously missing man in whom they share an interest. The film evolves into cops 'n' robbers cliché, but the two stars' rapport makes it a winning female buddy movie.

● **PEE-WEE'S BIG ADVENTURE.** The desperately over-hyped Pee-wee Herman finally hits the British screens in this very silly romp across a cartoonlike America in search of his stolen bicycle. You can't help but laugh at Pee-wee's antics and the cast of lunatics he encounters, and lots of childish appealing gags are bound to tickle even the most jaded viewer.

● **PLAYING AWAY.** A well-intentioned though not particularly successful attempt at comedy and social analysis, written Caryl Phillips, concerning the arrival in a sleepy Suffolk village of a West Indian cricket team from Brixton for an amateur match.

● **PRICK UP YOUR EARS.** The Orton biopic has its credentials in the right places – direction by Stephen Frears, screenplay by Alan Bennett, Gary Oldman in the lead role – so it's a shame that the end result is such a disappointment. Julie Walters' five minutes are hilarious. Oldman takes his trousers off a lot. That's about it.

● **PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS.** A flaccid, predictable thriller directed by Nigel Dick which serves as further persuasion that pop promo directors should most definitely be restrained from dabbling in feature films.

● **RIVER'S EDGE.** Chillingly stark portrayal of American lower-middle-class suburban teenagers based on a true story concerning a group of perpetually drunk and stoned kids, one of whom murders his girlfriend. Worth seeing for Dennis Hopper's performance as a burnt-out biker.

● **THE SECRET POLICEMAN'S THIRD BALL.** The cause is Amnesty International and the line-up features top performances by comics including Cleese, Coltrane, Cool, Wax, Ben Elton, and musical moments with Armatrading, Duran, Gabriel, Knopfler and Nick Kershaw, amongst others.

● **SLAM DANCE.** A stylish but dramatically ambivalent thriller starring the competent Tom Hulse as an artist framed for murder. Adam Ant contributes a laughably inept performance as a bent art dealer.

● **TENUE DE SOIRÉE.** Big Gerry Depardieu not only displays his massive girth (amongst other things) but also puts on a frock in this story of a homosexual seducer. The first scene is quite brilliant, but sadly the standard tails off something rotten towards the end.

● **TIN MEN.** This story about rival aluminium-siding salesmen, set in Baltimore in the Sixties, could almost be mistaken for *Diner II*. Director Barry Levinson once again explores the theme that boys get on better with boys than they do with girls. All right, we've got the point...

● **THE UNTOUCHABLES.** Brian De Palma's blockbuster screen version of the story of Eliot Ness and Al Capone has little to do with fact and more to do with creating an action-and-violence-packed epic to slay box office records. Hugely disappointing.

● **WHO'S THAT GIRL?** Madonna displays a truly appalling lack of talent for characterisation and make-up application in this hackneyed story of a wrongly accused ex-con out to vindicate herself, sweeping up hapless straight-guy Griffin Dunne along her tumultuous path. Judy Holliday she ain't.

MUSIC

into the lipstick sunset with JOHN
HIATT/album reviews/LOUISE
GOFFIN/EXPOSE~~d~~ exposed

I'm an obsessive personality. Susceptible. I get addicted. To alcohol. To drugs. To people. (Coughs.) And I don't like it, I don't like being addicted to things."

Mark Cordery talks to a travel-weary John Hiatt.

life study of a drunken ass") fairly reeks of fear and whisky and sick desperation.

John Hiatt left his hometown of Indianapolis ("a big city with a smalltown mentality") and

I'm not entirely surprised to hear John Hiatt saying this, I had figured as much from the songs. You can't always tell, of course, but those on his latest, *Bring The Family* (Demon Records) sound stained by experience, and half-hearted they are not. They are informed by strong passions, and sharpened by songwriting skills that are evidently the product of someone who takes a great deal of pride in the work. Emotions are brought into focus and highlighted by exactly the right phrase, definitive or ambiguous, as required. The music is a meeting of country and rock & roll on more or less equal terms, but frequently directed and characterised by a pre-disco amalgam of gospel, soul and R&B that signposts 'The South' and not 'New York' or 'Los Angeles'.

It swings, it's fierce, slick without strain, light and lyrical when necessary, and it's got a real kick to it. You can tell it's bar room in origin, but it has class.

The range of songs is broad. *Lipstick Sunset*, you know from the first few bars, is going to have a very pretty melody, and the first verse goes like this: "There's a lipstick sunset/Smear'd across the August sky/There's a bittersweet perfume/Hanging in the fields/Where the creek is running high..." Into this idyll (which is already dropping dark hints into the stillness — the threat of the river bursting) are placed the singer and his lover. He's planning to leave, but she doesn't know it. Night falls and he decides to stay this time, can't or doesn't want to tell her. But one day, one day. Elsewhere, *Your Dad Did* paints a picture of family seething with barely concealed resentments, trapped, getting older, uglier, nowhere. You might expect the singer to sound like he has some sympathy for his fellow human beings in this situation (y'know, like Bruce would), but the tone to me sounds more like cheerful misanthropy — serves you right, suckers, I got out of there and I'm never going back. *Alone In The Dark* ("It's a lonely picture of an empty glass/It's a still

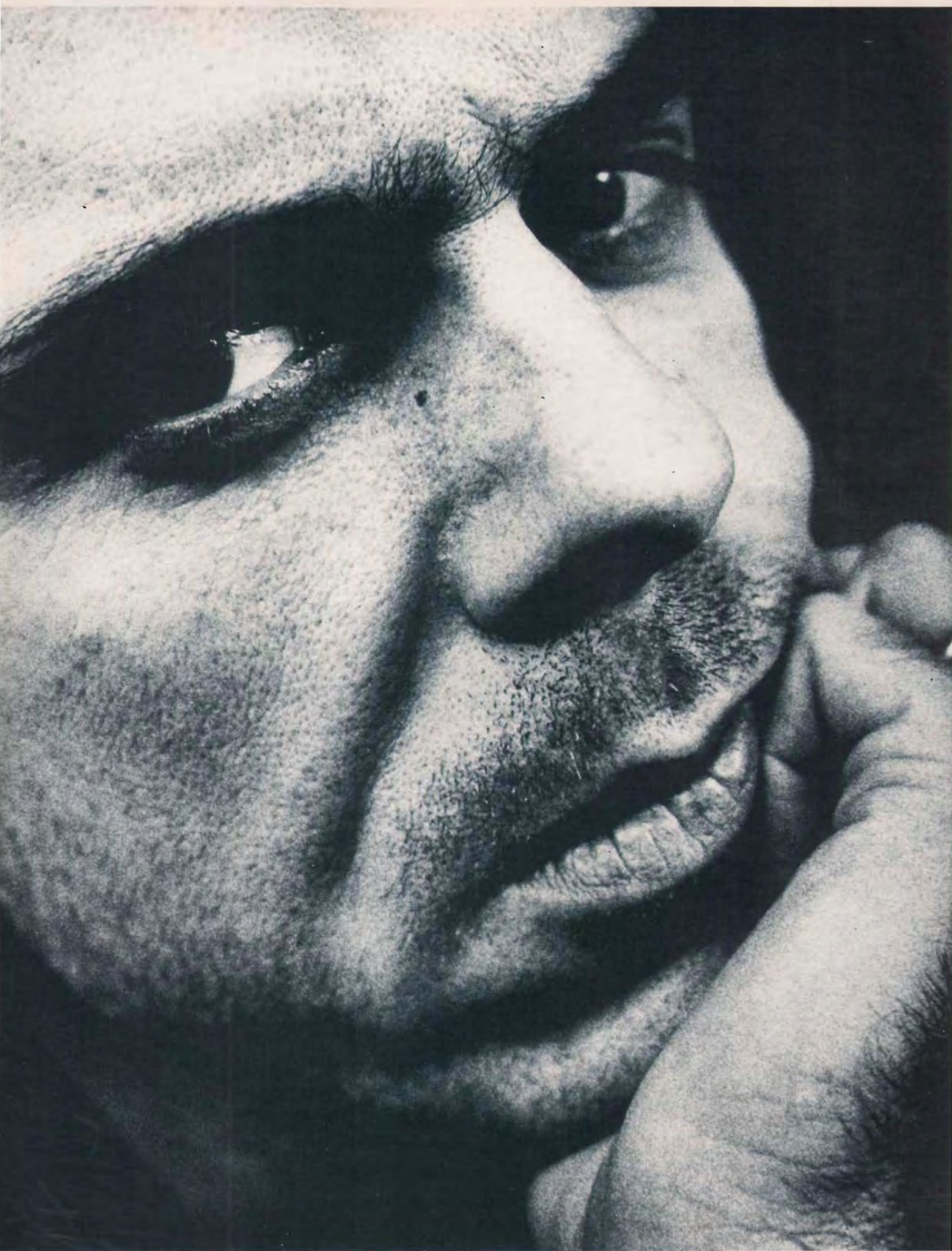
headed for Nashville at age 19. In the fifteen years between then and now he's made eight LPs for a variety of labels ("I kept getting fired"), never really Made It Big, but made a living, through live performances if need be, plus the royalties from covers of his songs by Ry Cooder (whose guitar co-stars on *Bring The Family*), Conway Twitty (who is incredibly rich) and even a Top Twenty hit for Three Dog Night in 1973 (the cheques still keep on coming).

Hiatt has been frank about the addictive excesses in the past, all of which he broke with, but not before finding himself a single parent with a young daughter after his estranged wife committed suicide. He married again recently, in Nashville, to a lady in a similar situation to his own. Fell in love at first sight too, I hear. "I did. And once is enough!" Did she? "Well, I think she was kinda taken with me. But girls, you know. It's hard to tell. I had to talk her into it a bit." But at first sight. You can trust your instincts in these matters? "Normally, no. In fact I'm convinced that most of my instincts are for shit. That's something I've had to struggle with. But this time for some reason I was in the right place at the right time. I certainly wasn't looking for it. I had a young daughter and a bad marriage that ended in a suicide, I wasn't looking for romance. But it seemed worth the effort. And it is."

In addition to the personal tribulations, his last record company, Geffen, dropped him last autumn. *Bring The Family* only got made because Andrew Lauder, head of the British independent label Demon Records, fronted the money. The band was a quartet of friends, including Nick Lowe on bass guitar and Cooder (who took a big drop on his usual going rate) and the whole thing took seven days, start to finish. The happy accident (it's easily Hiatt's strongest record) that resulted fizzed with concentrated energy, and moreover 'attracted interest' that converted into another major label deal, with A&M this time. Apart from the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBIN BARTON





it could be that at least part of my development is permanently arrested. I mean, I really like **MADONNA**. *You Can Dance* (WEA) is an album of remixes and dub versions, obviously good value for money for those involved in its manufacture, but a cracking good record too. It's worth it for the 'Into The Groove/Where's The Party' section alone, which for sheer exhilaration has replaced the Sonic Youth version in my affections. I don't dance much, really, but I had this on the Walkman the other day while floating down Charing Cross Road and I had to exercise some very serious self-control. (There's a similar job been done on **JANET JACKSON** too with *Control - The Remixes* (A&M), which hasn't come my way yet, but if it's up to this kind of standard I'll happily recommend it anyway, sight unseen.)

I mention this mainly because a recent issue of *Time Out* interviewed

STING, **BRYAN FERRY** and **ROBBIE ROBERTSON** under the banner 'Pop Grows Up', and I was wondering if it had anything to do with me, or the things I like. The Sting record I haven't been moved to play since last month, when I had to listen to it a few times by way of a bit of work (I trust I've seen the last of those promo photos with the furrowed brow and the fingers through the hair as well), and I'm quite confident I'll be able to say the same for Bryan Ferry's *Bête Noire* (Virgin). If part of growing up and being British means never doing anything rash, ever, then Bryan Ferry is as red, white and blue as it's possible to be, and so grown up, so fully and perfectly formed in fact, that one wonders why he's not on permanent exhibition somewhere. It's not the

sound of the thing I find so deeply uninvolved. The measured funk rhythms and matching textures that are laid thereon are actually quite distinctive, instantly recognisable as the formula Ferry perfected on *Avon* five years ago, but the songs on that record were saying something, had something to sing about; *To Turn You On* sounded like the singer would indeed do anything to do just that, even get a bit out of hand, maybe, but not too much of this sounds like it really needed to be written. Compared to the really good bits, like *The Name Of The Game* - "When you know the name of the game/You can never play enough/In the name of heaven you pray/You can never pray enough" - most of *Bête Noire* is the sound of excessive labour grafted onto the slightest inspiration, and Ferry sounds less like an artist with a keen sense of irony and humour, and more like a venerable institution designed

to attract potential shareholders should the record company decide to go public.

"The mad outpourings of somebody's soul, or something" was how Ferry described, in his interview, what he was looking for from art. That sounds like fair comment, but it doesn't sound like *Bête Noire* (unless you place more weight on the 'something'). It would make more sense applied to *Robbie Robertson* (Geffen), the self-titled 'solo' debut by the former guitarist with The Band (always a very grown-up sort of outfit) and more recently the composer of the music for *Raging Bull*, *The King Of Comedy* and *The Colour Of Money*. Perhaps you know *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*? Well, *Showdown At Big Sky* has similar *Battle Hymn Of The Republic* qualities

all loaded up with apocalyptic imagery and cutting an epic swathe through imaginary history, and yet it doesn't sound silly. Perhaps because the melody's so strong. The production by Daniel Lanois helps too; it's odd, not obvious, and designed to unsettle and engage rather than merely soothe or impress. It works particularly well on the breathier, more intimate narratives like *Somewhere Down Crazy River* (which put me very much in mind of *Rumblefish*) and *Fallen Angel*, which hymns a friend's suicide without falling into any of the traps. The louder stuff like *American Roulette* and *Hell's Half Acre* muster the kind of adrenalinised charge that is more reminiscent of something completely different, like *The The's Infected*, than the kind of thing you might expect from a musical elder statesman. It might be grown-up but it's not grown-out, and even the presence of U2 can't dampen my enthusiasm for it.

Robertson evidently has a keen sense of social and musical history, as does **RY COODER**. Some find his eclecticism a bit too studious, professorial even, as if his music was just a stylish commentary on 'roots', but I think he swings, and *Get Rhythm* (WEA) certainly doesn't feel like a lecture. The title track is actually a duet with Larry Blackmon (the oddest twist I've heard since Gil Evans cropped up on the Robertson record sounding New Orleans funky); and it's C-A-M-P, in the nicest possible way (as well as being a Johnny Cash song too, which makes for a more intriguing combination than any permutation of the enormous cast 'directed' by Bryan Ferry). *Across The Borderline* deals quite explicitly with the ageing process, with a Latin touch to soften the blow that comes with the realisation of how far you've come just to get where you are. *Women Will Rule The World* deals with fear, too, and with humour as does *I Can Tell By The Way You Smell* ("You been doing something, I can tell..."). I think it's fair to term this Adult Entertainment.

Similarly adult-orientated (not necessarily

entertaining) is a batch of compilations, working on the premise that the punter knows what he likes and would like more of it; hence *The Very Best Of Steely Dan* (Telstar) and *Steve Winwood Chronicles* (Island), and for the country-minded, *George Jones Blue Moon Of Kentucky* (Liberty/EMI), *Merle Haggard Sings Country Favourites* (Capitol) and *Country Willie* (Liberty/EMI), a rather glutinous collection of Willie Nelson. I could see the point of these things if they were re-cycling material that wasn't already easily available, but I don't think they are, and as the sleeve notes to the country ones are terribly banal, I can only conclude that they are aimed at the first-time buyer. But then I obviously don't understand the first thing about marketing. Take for example, if you think you can handle it, *Tracks Of My Tears* (Telstar). Take *I'm Not In Love* by 10CC, *I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues* by Elton John and *Only When You Leave* by Spandau Ballet, and mix with otherwise acceptable if over-exposed sob specials like *Rose Royce's*... well, you know which one, and the equally obvious choices by Jimmy Ruffin, Smokey Robinson and Roxy Music. At first I didn't know whether to laugh or throw up, but the more I thought about it the whole astounding misanthropy of the project began to appeal to me. There are some really evil people working in the music industry.

So what's new? Not **TOM ROBINSON**, obviously. The flat middle-class vocals still grate and *Glad To Be Gay* and *War Baby* are still great songs, although I do think that *The Collection* is always a dumb title. It's upfront about the give-me-your-money angle, but its associations with Church and Charity are distinctly unhealthy. Smacks of guilt, but then maybe Robinson does too. Again, it's almost certainly all down to marketing - and design, of course. Some people take risks in the design area, but most of it looks pretty predictable to me. *Tom Robinson: The Collection 1977-87* (EMI), you will not be surprised to learn, is a black-and-white presentation plus some

▶ aforementioned tunes there are also, as you would expect, songs that reflect the writer's changed circumstances. *Thing Called Love* ("The ugly ducklings don't turn into swans/And glide off down the lake/Whether your sunglasses are off or on/You only see the world you make") and *Thank You Girl* ("If all men are equal this must be against the law/Cause I can't help but feeling I'm one up on my brother when night falls") celebrate with a directness and verve, and a delicately base wit, that keeps them worlds away from born-again smugness or sentiment. *Stood Up* is a barman's closing-time soliloquy (he's last out of the bar, but sober these days) and *Learning How To Love You* is almost as straightforward as the title suggests, although the extra touch comes as the singer appreciates the present without trying to disown anyone's past: "Babe, I know you've walked a mile/In someone else's shoes/ Maybe you left some faces smiling/Walking off your blues."

So, with family love and support and a fine album with the potential to multiply his audience many times over ("It's selling quite nicely by my previous standards"), Hiatt is set for professional triumph and personal happy-ever-after? Yes and no. I met him at his inexpensive hotel at the end of a longish tour and right after Italian air travel organisation had added to the road rigours and subtracted from the sleep, but he sounded particularly doubtful about the long-term benefits of his unforeseen upturn.

"I don't like what happens to the music when you beat it to death night after night. You have to fight every night to overcome fatigue, and the travel, and the boredom, and the repetition. Sometimes that makes a good show, of course, creative energy always needs something to rub up against... (When I saw him he

filled the stage to much the same extent, and in a not entirely dissimilar manner to the way Jack Nicholson enjoys the camera.) ...This touring is much like addiction to a drug, it's a love-hate kind of thing, back and forth. I'm never gonna do this again. I can't live without this. One of those things...

"Thing is, I'm not sure I'm cut out to make records and be the singer in a band. I know that sounds weird because that's what I'm doing, it's my profession... I can live with the doubt because I know I'm doing the best I can, I just get the feeling it's temporary. Did you see that TV programme on Arthur Miller last night? He was saying the same thing, he just wasn't sure what he was supposed to be doing, and he's 60. I thought, Good, that's encouraging, because I certainly don't know."

I ask if there's a dangerous gap here in which self-destructive urges might reassert themselves.

"I've eliminated drugs and alcohol, and I've quit smoking cigarettes, so I'm beating myself up that way. But there's plenty of other addictions I still have. I'm addicted to anger... I almost get high from it sometimes, it's crazy. I get in trouble with people all the time, I say the wrong things, or try to control events, get resentments going..."

For fun?

"I don't think so, because ultimately I'm the one that gets burned, and I really don't enjoy that at all."

You don't feed your addictions and obsessions, nurture them, see where they lead?

"Sometimes I don't have a choice... The fact that I'm sober today means that I have the choice, to drink or not to. When I was addicted I didn't have the choice. I like having choices today." ●



Two years ago a Miami songwriter/producer by the name of Lewis Martinée decided to form a group to perform a gaggle of songs that he'd written. His ambition then was to form "a white Pointer Sisters where all of them were able to sing lead. I didn't want girls who were going to dub. I wanted singers." So he hired three of them, Laurie, Ale and Sandra, called the group **EXPOSÉ**, and proceeded to record the song *Point Of No Return*. It was a massive dance hit in 1985, but things weren't right. Within a few months Laurie, Ale and Sandra were out and a new threesome were in instead to become the new Exposé. The new Exposé are Ann Curless, Gionia Bruno and Jeanette Jurado - a manufactured pop group of considerable perfection and marvellous cheekbones. They epitomise the new so-called Miami Sound, best described as Madonna-goes-Latin music. The US has succumbed and has been allowing Exposé's songs into the higher reaches of the Billboard 100 for a year now. *Let Me Be The One* was their last hit there and it's being released here to coincide with a club tour. A white Pointer Sisters? You never know, it might catch on. ● WILLIAM SHAW

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The inescapable fact about **LOUISE GOFFIN** is that her parents are Gerry Goffin and Carole King. That they are the pair who wrote *Up On The Roof* is enough to make one curious.

That their Brill Building pop dominated so much of the Sixties is inevitably a bit of a cross that Louise has to bear.

Her parents split up in 1967 and Louise lived with her mother, though she claims that she's only heard her *Tapestry* LP twice. She's been writing her own songs since the age of eight and moved to London three years ago from Los Angeles to escape her legacy and try to establish herself in her own right. After an abortive spell with Stiff records, she finally fell on her feet this year and recorded an LP for WEA. Though her first single, *Carnival*, came and sank without trace earlier this year, the follow-up, *Send A Message*, produced by Swain and Jolley, is a fine piece of work, a burbling tune which will help her to throw off her parents' shadow. After all, the fact that Little Eva was Louise's babysitter, the very same babysitter that Goffin and King wrote *The Locomotion* for, is probably something that a 25-year-old doesn't want to be reminded of too often. Louise is currently working her own way round the circuit by playing support act to Lloyd Cole And The Commotions on their UK tour, waiting for the world to sit up and notice her. If the bigger audience is still waiting to catch on, her parents at least approve. Gerry Goffin rang her up the other day to tell her that he thought her album was great. ● WILLIAM SHAW

discreet gold lettering, while *Alma Cogan: A Celebration* (EMI), framed in shocking pink, looks like it's been knocked up by the boys from one of the tackier tabloids. The sleeve notes are as English as David Jacobs, who wrote them, and the fulsome tributes to the subject's warmth and wonders are the usual — although the inclusion in the line-up among Frankie Vaughan, Tommy Steele, Dame Vera Lynn and Paul McCartney of Ian Dury is quite arresting, and I quote: "Alma Cogan's lovely voice and glamorous humour have been a source of joy for me for 30 years. She is the greatest popular singer Britain has ever had. The memory will never fade." OK, but Peggy Lee is still the one for me.

Yes, yes, yes, I hear you cry, but what about The Kids? Never mind Pop Grows Up, what about **POP WILL EAT ITSELF**? A grand name, to be sure. The best thing about them? Yes, I think it is, although their quasi-psychedelic cut-ups and the odd lurch into the arms of tenderness make them hard to dislike actively. They might like to be 'crap', but they're not really, more like 'whimsical', and the way they mix their noisy cheer with self-deprecation is as thoroughly English as David Jacobs. *Box Frenzy* (Chapter 22) also makes a hash of *Love Missile F1-11*, which is genuinely funny. **GAYE BIKERS ON ACID** made me smile once as well, but that was before I heard any of the records, including *Drill Your Own Hole* (Virgin). I reacted badly to this because it reminded me that I actually do know what the Edgar Broughton Band sounded like, and I had forgotten. One of the good things about ageing, as I see it, is that it's a selectively deteriorating memory. It doesn't need this kind of boost. For what it's worth, the cover looks like psychedelic sick and from now on I'll be sticking to *Search & Destroy* by The Stooges and the occasional Zodiac Mindwarp interview. Except when I want something truly wicked, dangerously, sanely deranged, something that sails too close to the wind of acceptable taste and tips over the top into the bizarre, subterranean world with its own life and lore. Something like *Sentimentally Yours* (Telstar) by **ROSE MARIE**, sixteen all-time favourite songs including *Who's Sorry Now?* and *I'll Be Seeing You*, as seen on TV. That should do it.

Actually I figure that my kitsch drive must be abnormally low by contemporary standards, but since these standards have led to consideration of George Michael as a songwriter of some note, re-runs of *Batman* on *Night Network* and *Gaye Bikers On Acid*, I'm not complaining. I'd rather listen to: *Love* (WEA) by **AZTEC CAMERA**, *Everybody's Got A Little... Soul* (London) by **CARMEL**, *Maxi* (10 Records) by **MAXI PRIEST**, *Sharp* (Phonogram) by **ANGELA WINBUSH**, *Savage* (RCA) by **EURYTHMICS** and *Touch The World* (CBS) by **EARTH WIND & FIRE**. I realise this list lacks a little riot and rebellion, but so be it. The Winbush is Funk' Of The Month, no contest; one of those still-rare records that sounds decidedly post-Prince without being a slavish and inevitably inferior imitation of the master. Although *Sensual Lover* doesn't try to conceal its love for *Sexual Healing*, it makes its own bed anyway, and *Run To Me* re-aligns the dynamics of *Kiss* to equally visceral effect. I mean, it blows your head off. Some of the ballads like *Hello Beloved*, a duet with Ronald Isley (otherwise this is entirely a one-woman show; written, arranged, performed and produced by AW) and *No One Has Ever Cared (Like You)* might not look too hot on paper, but the performances carry all before them. The mix is always interesting and the voice is very, very special; Gospel transcendent one moment, and the next... oh, makes me want to have sex, that's what it does.

At their best, in the Seventies, Earth Wind & Fire were possessed of such rhythmic drive and subtlety, such melodic sophistication and impact, a peerless horn section and the vocal

combination of Maurice White (true grit) and Philip Bailey (amazing grace) that they were no less than the missing link between Charlie Parker and James Brown, or maybe even the next step beyond. They were the best and best-selling black act in the world for a number of years, long before they hit the UK pop charts with *Boogie Wonderland* and so on. They eased up before they split up, thus tarnishing their reputation somewhat, but *Touch The World* is a comeback I would rate not far below Muhammad Ali's return to knock out George Formby. I'm happily and hugely surprised to hear how they've adapted to the times without losing the essential EW&F characteristics. Bailey's stratospheric falsetto on *You And I* is but one of this album's many pleasures. *Savage* by Eurythmics surprised me too, albeit more mildly. Having 'appreciated' more than really liked most of their singles (never played an album's worth), I thought this would probably be efficient, which it is, but not that it would be particularly sexy, indeed violently so, which it is also, nor that its stylistic variety — from Chic disco to twisted folk balladry — would be positively Beatle-ish in its scope; such that I would be thinking, "Hmmmmmm, Donna Summer meets Yello mixed with the Rolling Stones when they were glam nasty and cared to please no one but themselves".

Five of the songs by Roddy Frame on *Love* are quite shocking, should give his peers — if they care about the competition at all — some sleepless nights, and are destined to become Standards, *sui generis*. Pop, soul, country, MOR, wherever, *Deep & Wide & Tall*, *How Men Are* ("Why should it take the tears of a woman to see..."). *More Than A Law*, *Killermont Street* and *Working In A Goldmine* will be making Frame fabulously rich for life. They are equal parts finely crafted and urgently emotive, full of active poetry that dances before your ears. It's rare, I think, that a song works on all conceivable levels: is immediately and repeatedly pleasing, in sum and detail, overall design and local effect, pleasures the senses and the intellect (in fact blurs the distinction), works whether you admire it from a distance or get lost close-up in its beauty. Plus, Frame sings them well and had the very good taste to hire Marcus Miller and David Frank from The System among others to present all this love and inspiration. There are also a couple of songs which are just OK so far as I am concerned, and one, *Paradise*, that I don't particularly care for at all, which is just as well, for perspective's sake.

Aztec Camera's music presents the material. It's not the main attraction because the songs have lives of their own. On the contrary, the life in Carmel's music comes more from the performance of it. The group's third and most fully realised long-player so far makes imaginative use of the friction that arises between their chancey, improvising instincts and the pop song's demand that we get to the punchline. Thus their radical transformation of *It's All A Game* goes way beyond what normally passes for a 'cover version' and into a new world of its own. The very still, blue *Nothing Good* contains the record's darkest moments and a vocal that could hardly be improved upon.

Even when it's not as striking as that, the music is characteristically bold and ambitious. Some of this adventurous spirit is sorely lacking from *Maxi*. Straight ahead versions of busking favourites like Cat Stevens' *Wild World* just isn't it. Maxi Priest is a hugely gifted singer, with an inherently melodious voice that is never less than agreeable to the ears. He knows how to use it too; he treats a tune like a lover. The trouble is that nobody here is overburdened with bright ideas about what to do with the music. Maxi Priest is a star and the flat blandness of the setting is not doing him any favours. He's too young to take less risks than Bryan Ferry. Such excessive caution is harmful and dangerous. ●

THE NEW FILM BY PETER GREENAWAY,
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28. FEB 85 Anne Pigalle; Tom Bailey; BLITZ guide to New York; Jean Michel Jarre; Pet Shop Boys; Streetsounds; Paul Morley on Pop Stars & Music Journalism.

29. MARCH 85 Katharine Hammett interview; Paul Young; Lenny Henry; Steven Berkoff; Terry Gilliam; Dennis Skinner MP; Suzanna Hamilton.

32. JUNE 85 Scritti Politti; Pete Townshend; Nic Roeg; Fine Young Cannibals; Prefab Sprout; Allen Ginsberg; Alex Cox; Stephen Linard; The Woodentops.

35. OCT 85 The Communards; Tom Waits; Alexei Sayle; James Ferman & film censorship; Nona Hendryx; Twiggy; Annabella; The Cloth; Gaby Agis; DC Lee; Brilliant.

38. FEB 86 The Kray Twins behind bars; Cannon & Ball; Twisted Sister's Dee Snider; Floy Joy; Fish from Marillion; Death Wish director Michael Winner; Hollywood Babylon II; Obscure Objects of Desire.

39. MARCH 86 Lager Wars - the rise & rise of trendy beer; Eddie Shah; John Lydon; the broken bones & torture of amateur boxing; Arnold Schwarzenegger; Alan Bleasdale & Bernard Hill; Julie Burchill; Saul Bass; Mark & Syrie.

43. JULY 86 The BLITZ Designer Collection - 21 of the world's top fashion designers restyle the Levi's denim jacket; Daniel Day Lewis; Frank Bruno; Crack; Adventures in the Grand Prix Trade; Calvin Klein; Paul Morley on the World Cup; The Mission; Nancy Cunard.

46. OCT 86 Black Police - May the Multi-Racial Force be with you; Julian Cope's Confessions of an Acid Head; Matt Johnson; Clare Grogan; Iain Banks; Linda Davidson; 23 pages of tough chic fashion.

47. NOV 86 Big Bang - Panic in The City; the Death of Reggae; Little Richard; Dennis Potter; Griff Rhys Jones; Truman Capote; Iggy Pop; the Boyle Family; Marguerite Duras.

48. DEC 86 Sex & Revenge - Joe Orton's Diaries; Cyndi Lauper; the Ups and Downs of Wimbledon FC; Dave Allen; Andy White; Patti LaBelle; Andrew Poppy; Anthony Perkins; Kangaroo Club; Imogen Stubbs.

49. JAN 87 Isabelle Huppert; Leslie Crowther & The Price Is Right; Rachel Roberts; Fashion Week Dissected; Jeffrey Bernard; Andy Williams; The Spiritualism Business; Mick Karn; Anna Piaggi; Film Poster design; Clive Barker; Jonathan Ross.

50. FEB 87 The Sleaze Industry; Mandy Smith; Anthony Burgess; Amanda Donohoe; Bobby Womack; David Cronenberg's The Fly; American Short Fiction; Barry Kamen & Hilde Smith; Irving Penn; Jim Jarmusch; Ice Hockey.

51. MARCH 87 Rupert Everett - from Film Star to Pop Star; Gang Warfare in LA; Oliver Reed; The Snap Pack; Cybill Shepherd; Peter Cook; Raymond Carver; Spike Lee; The Bodines; Ramsey Campbell; Whaling.

52. APRIL 87 Jasper Conran - Golden Boy of British Fashion; Marc Almond; Euroterrorism; Paul Morley on Siouxsie; Terry Jones; Antony Price; David Lynch; Steve Earle; Alessandra Ferri; Fashion Cares T-shirt offer; Mel & Kim.

53. MAY 87 Martin Amis interviewed by Paul Morley; James Brown in his own words; Gerard Depardieu; Theresa Russell; Nashville revisited; Len Deighton; White Witchcraft; Act; John Pilger.

54. JUNE 87 Duran Duran; Exposure! - the best of BLITZ photography; Gary Oldman; the Truth About Advertising; Tom Jones; Patrick Moore; Vine Street Blues; Bertrand Blier; Danielle Dax.

55. JULY 87 Jim Kerr interviewed by Paul Morley; Coups & Cocaine - Klaus Barbie's Bolivia Years; 25 Years of James Bond; Timothy Mo; Jamie Reid, Dwarf Throwing; Roy Orbison.

56. AUG 87 The rise & rise of Jonathan Ross; Gilbert & George; Moschino; from TV Evangelist to US President? - Pat Robertson; Nicolas Cage; Donny Osmond; Arm Wrestling; New York Skins.

57. SEPT 87 Matt Dillon exclusive interview; Ken Livingstone by Paul Morley; Lloyd Cole; Charlotte Rampling; John Boorman; Germaine Greer; Julian Barnes; Cliff Richard; Jesus & Mary Chain; Gaultier's BLITZ Birthday Suit. **£2.20**

58. OCT 87 In Season - Who's In Fashion, starring John Galiano, Stephen Linard, Stephen Jones, John Flett, John Moore and more; Alan Parker; Victoria Wood; Bananarama; Non-Alternative Comedy; Ian McEwan; JG Ballard; Tim Page; Holograms; Andreas Whittam Smith. **£2.20**

59. NOV 87 Comics from Three Continents - Ben Elton, Steve Martin, Barry Humphries; Clive James; Tariq Ali; Al Goldstein & Screw magazine; Tilda Swinton; Rattlesnake Annie; Desmond Hogan; Tom Hulce; Peter Greenaway; Patrick Swayze; Aboriginal Suicides. **£2.20**

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24. SEPT 84 Nick Rhodes; Gary Kemp; Best of BLITZ; Mel Smith; BLITZ/Olympus Photography competition; Company Of Wolves; Tim Roth; Fela Kuti.

25. OCT 84 Boy George writes about the media; Neil Kinnock and the selling of the Labour party; Miles Copeland; History of the Showroom Dummy; Aztec Camera.

31. MAY 85 Morrissey interviews Pat Phoenix; Billy Connolly; George Cole; Billy Bragg; Los Lobos; The Untouchables; Jesus & Mary Chain.

33. JULY/AUG 85 Billy Idol in New York; Gil Scott-Heron; the Selling of Bruce Springsteen; Nicolas Cage; Level 42; Jay McInerney.

41. MAY 86 What next for Vivienne Westwood?; Blow Monkeys; Anthony Sher; American Football in Britain; Helena Bonham Carter; Jonathan Richman; John Peel.

44. AUGUST 86 Paul Morley interviews Norman Tebbit; David Sylvian; Nina Myskow; Crime as a career move; Aswad; the BLITZ Fashion Gala; Willi Smith; Poly Styrene; So It Goes; Charles Bukowski.

DESIGNER COLLECTION PROGRAMME The official programme for the BLITZ Fashion Gala and Victoria & Albert Museum exhibition. Prices as follows: UK - £3.00; Europe - £3.30; US and the rest of the world - £5.50

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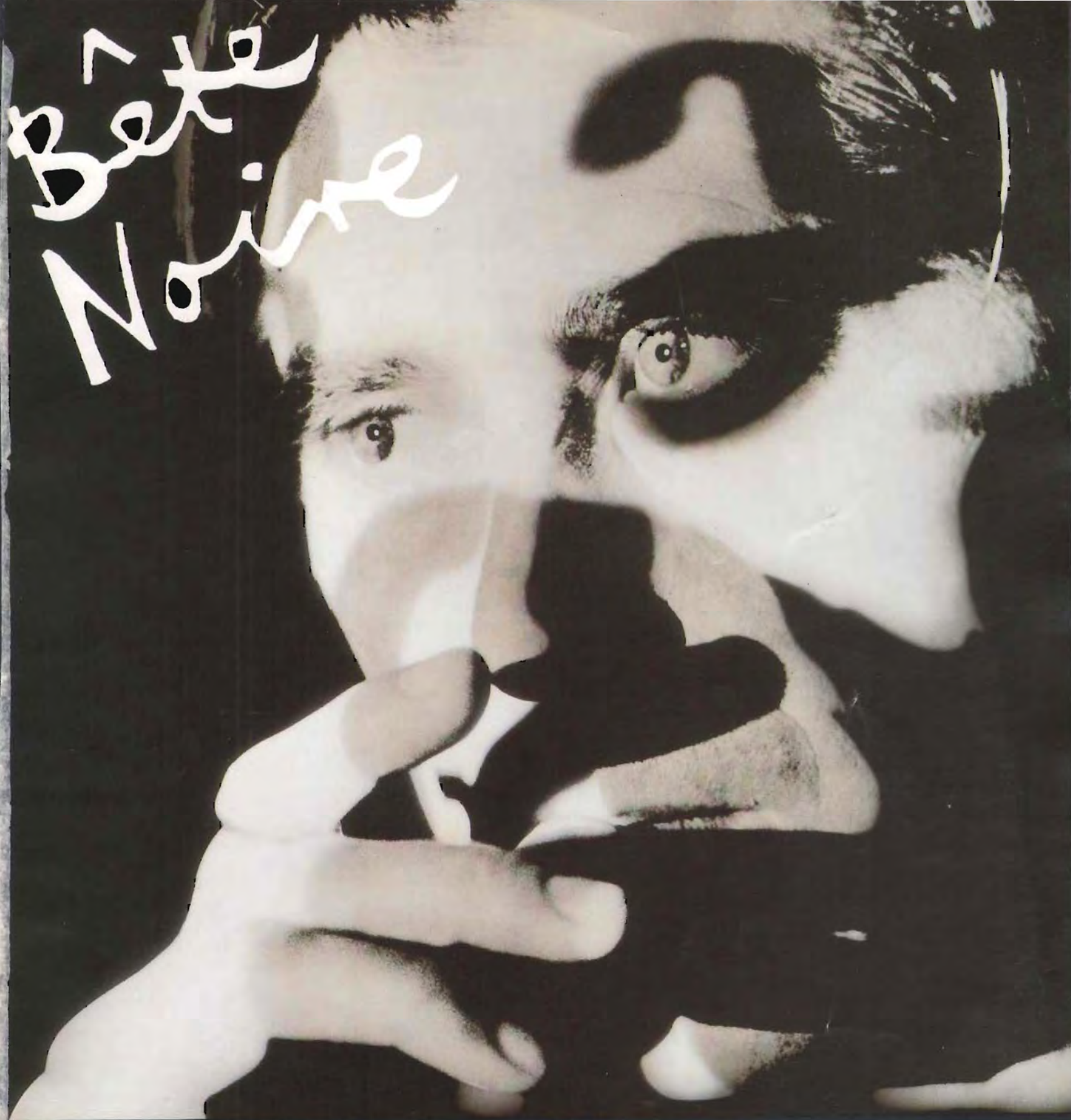


instant images

This month's Polaroid images were shot for BLITZ by actress and comedienne Ruby Wax.



FROM THE LEFT (top to bottom): my closest friends; the Sheriff of London; Orient Express; snuff photo; I found Garbo; My Dream Date (i) The Desire, (ii) The Seduction, (iii) The Morning After... I am fulfilled; foreplay; English progress; make my day!; The American Dream.



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